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THE IGNORAMUSES.

== CROWNINSHIELD ==

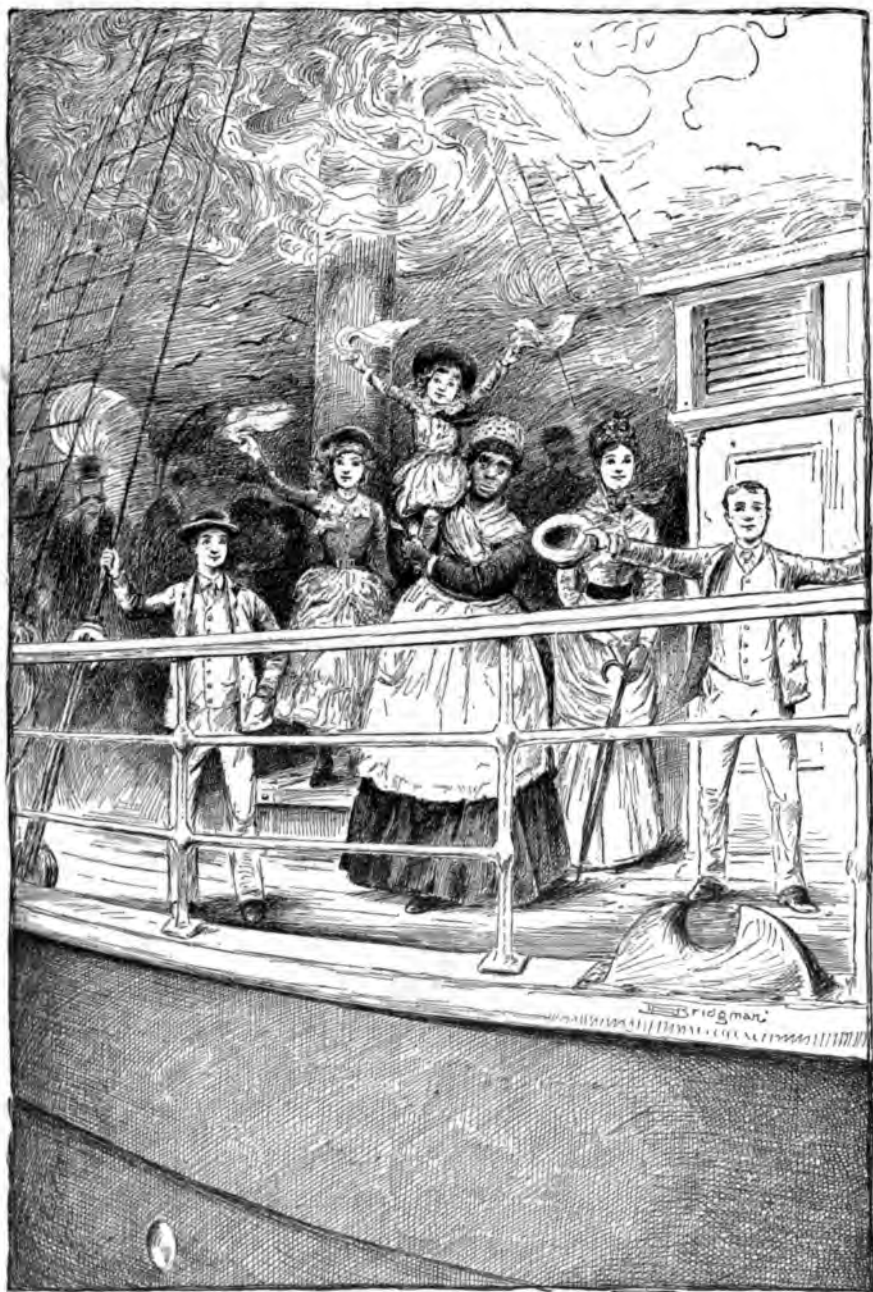


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THE IGNORAMUSES

A TRAVEL STORY

BY

MRS SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD

AUTHOR OF ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES

SOCIETY.

BOSTON

D LOTHROP COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

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To those whose joyous voices have gaily answered mine as together on early frosty autumn mornings we climbed the pathway which led us to the summit of the Uetliberg ;

To those in whose dear company I have passed the quiet weeks among the upper *alms*, or crossed the glacier crevasses ;

To these and to those others remembered still, who never more will follow in the paths we trod together, whose shadowy footsteps are now upon the misty mountain tops, but who even in that distant land, cannot forget the friend with whom in by-gone days they wept and sorrowed and laughed and sung and made merry,

I DEDICATE THIS SIMPLE STORY

MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD.

New York,
May 10, 1887.

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THE IGNORAMUSES

CHAPTER I.

Outward bound. — A sad accident. — The travellers choose a name for themselves. — Cortland as interpreter. — The independent girl. — Rescued by a Prussian officer.

HOW slow they are in starting," said John. "You seem to be in a great hurry to get away from your own country," returned Violet. "Perhaps you think yourself water, or rather *sea* proof. I am not sure how we shall feel to-night and to-morrow. What do you think, Cortland?"

The big fellow thus addressed, replied, without turning his head, for he was watching with interest, that all-absorbing sight to a novice, the coming and going of the passengers and visitors who crowd the pier at the departure of a steamer for Europe.

"What did you say?" asked Violet.

"I only said that I never wanted to be so ill again as I was on board the Goldenrod last year, when we took that cruise with Uncle Tom."

"Dear me!" returned Violet, "I'm afraid that we know nothing of real motion; though Mr. Guptil used to say that he believed the old Goldenrod would roll in a dry

dock. Why, we have none of us, except mamma, ever been out of sight of land. I'm afraid we shall find it pretty rough outside — ”

“ There's your father, John,” broke in Cortland, who seemed to find Violet's plain truths anything but pleasant, “ and your mother and the children, waving from the crowd.”

John felt choked. I suspect that his anxiety to get away had been because he had said “ good-by ” once, and felt as if he could hardly bear the parting over again. He took off his cap and waved his handkerchief, for the bell was ringing, and the warning “ All Ashore ” had been given. Violet leaned over the vessel's side, and looked far down below. She saw the steerage passengers crowding all about the lower deck, saying their last farewells to those they must so soon leave behind. Little keepsakes — flowers and delicacies, were handed or thrown over the rail, and one quite old man came limping hurriedly from a fruit-stall, bringing with him a large red handkerchief tied round something which protruded in large bumps. He ran the end of his cane through the opening in the handkerchief and carefully raised it, with its precious burden, to a young woman who appeared to be quite alone. She stretched out her hand, but before she could reach the handkerchief, the ends had parted, and the present, a dozen golden oranges, had fallen into the muddy waters of the river. The crowd on the wharf, ever ready to be amused, at the expense of, no matter whom, laughed brutally. The girl shook her head, smiled through her tears, and called out, “ Never mind, father,” though Violet could not hear the words, for the bell was ringing again, and for the last time. Hurrahs and good-byes rose, deafen-

ing the ears of every one, as the great steamer slowly moved away from the pier. John raised his eyes, dimmed with tears, to take a last look at the carriage where his father and mother and the children sat watching him. A gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Be a brave boy, little John. Wave your cap and smile, and mamma will go home the happier."

John did as he was told, though the blur before his eyes made him see two or three carriages where he knew there was only one—but he waved his handkerchief vigorously, and caught one more smile from his dear mother's face, before the crowd of carts and drays intervened, and the carriage was hidden from sight.

"It's all very well for Violet, Aunt Eleanor," said John, with a long, sobbing sigh, as he turned toward her. "She has you and little Tom with her, and you will all meet Uncle Tom out there. But it's pretty lonely for a fellow to go off without any one."

"Why, you've got us all," burst in Violet, "and you must just try to imagine that you are only going off for a ten days' cruise in the *Goldenrod*, and by that time you will have had your mother's first letter. Come, now, don't be blue; look at Cortland; he hasn't got any one in particular to leave or to go home to."

"No, I don't suppose his aunts count for much; though they ought to," added John, with some compunction. "Well, I suppose I'm better off than he is, after all. Yes, I'll try to imagine that I'm only off for ten days in the light-house tender."

From which conversation you will understand that we have

not severed our acquaintance with our little friends of the Goldenrod. The cruise along the coast of Maine, among the lighthouses of that district, created in them all three a thirst for knowledge, and a delight in travel and sight-seeing, so that, Uncle Tom's duty as lighthouse inspector being completed, and Uncle Tom himself having started in command of a vessel of war, for a cruise on the European station, our young people had the great happiness of being allowed to sail for Europe with Mrs. Gordon. They sailed for Hamburg, where they intended to stay for a short time, and after travelling somewhat through Germany, they were to go to the south of France to meet "Uncle Tom"—as John and Cortland called Commander Gordon; John, because Uncle Tom was truly his uncle, Cortland, because John was his cousin, and, as Uncle Tom said, he was "Uncle to all the boys."

"Me want to see, too."

It was little Tom who had climbed partly up, by the netting, toward the top of the rail, and only a sudden jerk from a faithful black hand, which nearly tore the little kilt skirt from the waist, brought him back to the deck and safety.

"*Mass'r* Tom! *Does* ye want ter drowned yerse'f an' kill yer poor ole Rosie?"

The "*Mass'r* Tom" thus addressed flew at the wrinkled black face, and covered it with kisses, pulling away the toil-hardened hands that were pressed close upon the yellow lids, in vain effort to see if Rosie were "c'yin', or *on'y* *pertendin'*"—as was too often the case. When little Tom had been reduced to a state of quietude, Rosie turned to Violet:



LITTLE TOM.

"What I'se been studyin' about, Miss Vi'let, is dis:— *Does dis—yer—boat—tie—up—ev'y—night?*"

"Tie up! Tie up how?"

"Why—tie up, Honey—jes' along de bank or de levee."

The three older children burst into a roar of laughter.

"O, Rosie, Rosie! what an old goosey you are!" exclaimed Violet, as soon as she could speak. "Don't you know that we are going across the wide, wide ocean, where it's miles and miles deep, and that we sha'n't see any land to-morrow, or next day, or next day, nor for a week or more?"

Rosie started to her feet. The whites of her eyes seemed to be her most prominent feature.

"I'se goin' right ashoah dis blessed minit. Missis nebber, *nebber* tole me *dat*. She say, 'Rosie, I'm gwin' to *Yupe* an' Pa'is. I'se been to Pa'is myse'f. 'Twan't no great mat-tah. We jes tie up ev'y night. Dis boat mus' be stop. I'se a-goin' ashoah."

At this Master Tom began to howl, clinging to Rosie's skirts, Rosie, while expostulating with, and kissing him, vehemently declaring through the mist of her own tears and the salt of little Tom's, that "dis yer boat mus' be stop;" that she was "a-goin' ashoah."

"Why, 'Lias knew all about it," argued Violet; "he must have told you where we were going."

"Ef my son 'Lias know'd 'bout de boats not tyin' up," declared Rosie, "he nebber tole me." Now he's gone off wid yer pa, sailin' right over dese yer drefful places, miles an' miles deep, an' no lan' in sight. Well, ef my son 'Lias boun' ter be a fool, I don' see dat it follers dat his moder shel be, an' I'm goin' ashoah. Somebuddy stop dis yer boat!"

Little Tom's howls reached even to the cabin at the foot of the stairs, where Mrs. Gordon was sitting for a moment; she hastily appeared on deck. Her calm and smiling face had a quieting effect upon the two turbulent spirits, Rosie and Tom. Her mouth twitched, but she restrained her laughter when Rosie explained the dilemma that she was in.

"You could not get ashore, if you would, now, Rosie," said she, "and do you think that I would take Miss Violet and Master Tom, or go myself, where I do not consider it safe?"

"No, no, Mis' Eleanor," sobbed Rosie, "but I nebber t'ought to ask you ef dis yer boat tied up ev'ry night. When I went to Pa'is we did. We tied up at Memphis, an' tuk de train fur Pa'is."

"Is it possible, my poor Rosie, that you thought we were going to Paris, *Kentucky*?" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, laughing in spite of her efforts to preserve her gravity. "I did say that after visiting Germany, we might go to Paris in France. But, Rosie, I don't believe that you would leave your baby now, even if you could get ashore."

"Wal, Mis' Eleanor, maybe I wou'n't," returned Rosie, somewhat reassured by the laughter of Mrs. Gordon and the children, "but I'm boun' ter say right yere, dat ef I'd a-knowd you was a-goin' 'way out dere, where you wou'n't see no lan' day nor night, for a week or mo', even dis yer blessed little white-souled angel wou'n't a got old Rosie to come along."

"What is this thing tied up here against the netting?" inquired John.

"That? Why, you used to see them on board the Goldenrod. It's a life-preserver."

Just then a pleasant-faced young officer came by.

"Will you please tell us how you get these off in case of an accident?" asked John.

"Cut 'im away," smiled the rosy-faced Teuton. "Shust vip out your knife, an' cut 'im away."

"I should think that it would need a pretty sharp knife," said John to Violet. "You see this round ring is covered with canvas—I suppose it's cork inside—and the canvas has been painted over and over until it's as hard as iron; then the cords that lash it to the netting and the railing have been painted just as often—however, I suppose the officers know what they are talking about."

The children wandered round the deck watching the sailors as they got things "to rights," and taking interest in all they saw on board this wonderful floating world. They watched the shores on either side of the bay as they passed, with their forts, hotels, and country houses. Through the narrows they went, across the lower bay, and then, oh! then, Cortland succumbed, and rapidly disappeared from view. Violet soon followed suit, and John, with Rosie and little Tom, was left quite the hero of the party. Violet was not very ill; she lay on the sofa in her stateroom, feeling most unpleasantly the rolling of the vessel. Her eyes seemed fascinated by the motions of her ulster, which hung on its own particular nail on the door of the room, and swung now this way, now that, as the deep long roll carried it from side to side. Then she began to wonder why ships will always "smell so," and then the door of her room opened, and struck the side of her berth with a loud bang, closed itself, and swung back with another bang.

"O dear!" sighed Violet fretfully, as she tumbled off the sofa to close the door.

"What's the matter, Vi? Seasick?" It was John's voice.

"No, not exactly," said Violet; "only dizzy, and so hot; and my ulster will swing back and forth, back and forth, on the door; it makes me sick to look at it."

"Shut your eyes," returned John, "or hang it up on the floor; that's the way I do. You never saw such a mess as my room's in, and Cortland's groaning and kicking about like sixty; he's got all the stewards he can get in there now; but I shall be sick if I stay down here," and John, ending suddenly, ran up the companionway and disappeared from view. Violet took John's advice, and slamming the door, threw her ulster in one of the berths, and then buried her hot cheeks in the cool pillows. "Bang," went the door again. Up she got to shut it, and had just laid down, when the door of the washstand gently opened itself, and went swing-swang, swing-swang, until it seemed to Violet as if she must be swinging, too. Finally, however, she dropped off into a dose, but was suddenly awakened by perfect stillness. The steamer had stopped. She heard the confused sounds of footsteps on deck, hurried orders, cries, and shouts, and after a few moments, a boat was lowered. How still the steamer lay! No sound of screw or engine. Languidly opening her eyes, she saw that her door had again opened itself, and then hearing John's voice and her mother's outside of her room, she called out, "What is it?"

Mrs. Gordon's face was very white as she looked through the half-open door.

"Go to sleep, dear child," she said.

"But I want to know what it is, mamma."

Then John's dilated eyes and bloodless face appeared beside his aunt's.

"A man overboard, Violet," he said.

"And did they get him? O, John! you don't mean to say that they didn't get him; that we are going on without him?" For the screw was beginning slowly to revolve, as the great steamer started on her way again.

"Yes," answered John, "they tried to, but they couldn't."

"Why, where was the life-preserver?" asked Violet.
"That one the officer told us about; and there were others, too; I saw them."

"I tried to cut away that very one," replied her cousin.
"I whipped out my new knife, the one that father gave me yesterday, and cut and hacked at those cords, but it was no use; that hard paint turned the edge of my knife-blade, and I saw that poor fellow just throw up his arms and go down. Oh! oh! oh! it was terrible—I shall never forget it."

"Did he fall overboard?" asked Violet, her ready tears coursing down her cheeks in sympathy.

"No," returned John; "I heard one of the sailors telling another, just now, that he was a 'stow-away.' That he had hidden himself on board, trying in that way to get back to Germany. He was found just after we started, and the captain ordered him to work in the fire-room. He went down below and tried it, but he was weak and ill, and they say that no one who isn't accustomed to it can stand the heat of the fire-room; the heat and sickness seemed

to turn his brain, so that longing for fresh air and coolness, he rushed up on deck and threw himself overboard."

"And did no one try to save him?" asked the girl.

"O, yes! after they knew what had happened they lowered a boat, but he was half a mile astern before they got it in the water; but there was no use, he never came up."

"What a brutal man that captain must be!" exclaimed Violet through her tears. "I only hope that I shall get well enough to tell him so."

This was a sad beginning to the voyage, but for several days our youthful travellers had little time or inclination to think of that or anything else but their own particular troubles, for the weather was bad, and the sea rough, and all three were more or less ill. Mrs. Gordon and little Tom were the only ones not overcome by the motion of the vessel. Even the faithful Rosie succumbed, and lay in her berth day and night, declaring that had she known what was in store for her, and if "Mis' Eleanor" had only told her "dat de boat didn't tie up ev'y night," she would have stayed at home, "shuah's yer bawn."

The care of the invalids devolved entirely upon the stewardess and Mrs. Gordon, and as she had to be nurse to little Tom as well, her burden was no easy one.

One night Violet, who had been sleeping much during the day, was very wakeful. Her convalescence had really begun, and she lay in her berth thinking, with something akin to pleasure, of what wonderful things she should do and see in that historic land toward which she was sailing. Suddenly she felt a terrible jar. It seemed to come up from the bottom of the vessel. She lay still, with a rapidly

beating heart. Then came another bump that seemed to her to shake the ship from stem to stern. She looked at her mother as she lay quietly sleeping, her arm round little Tom, who nestled closely at her side. She could not awaken her. "Poor, tired mother!" she said to herself. Then she began to think of all the terrible things of which she had ever heard as occurring at sea, and finally, being able to stand the silent communion of her own thoughts no longer, she slipped out of her berth, and hastily throwing on her dressing-gown, and pulling on her worsted slippers, she passed out through the narrow passage, devoted to the rooms of her own particular party, and into the cabin. How desolate it looked! Nothing to be seen but empty tables and chairs, and one gloomy lamp which went *swing-swang, swing-swang*, in exact imitation of her washstand door. Yes, there was some one there. A watchman, who had been half-asleep, arose as the little blue-robed figure came toward him.

"*Was wollen Sie?*" asked he, sleepily.

Violet's German was not of the most fluent, but thinking of the great hole, which, her imagination told her, was at that very moment letting the floods of the ocean into the hull of their doomed vessel, she hesitated not, but pointing downward said, in a breathless whisper, the one word:

"*Wasser!*"

"Oh! *ja, wasser; sogliech,*" answered the half-awake custodian, with an ill-concealed yawn, turning, as he spoke, toward the water-cooler.

"*Nein, nein,*" said Violet, shaking her head vigorously, and still pointing downwards.

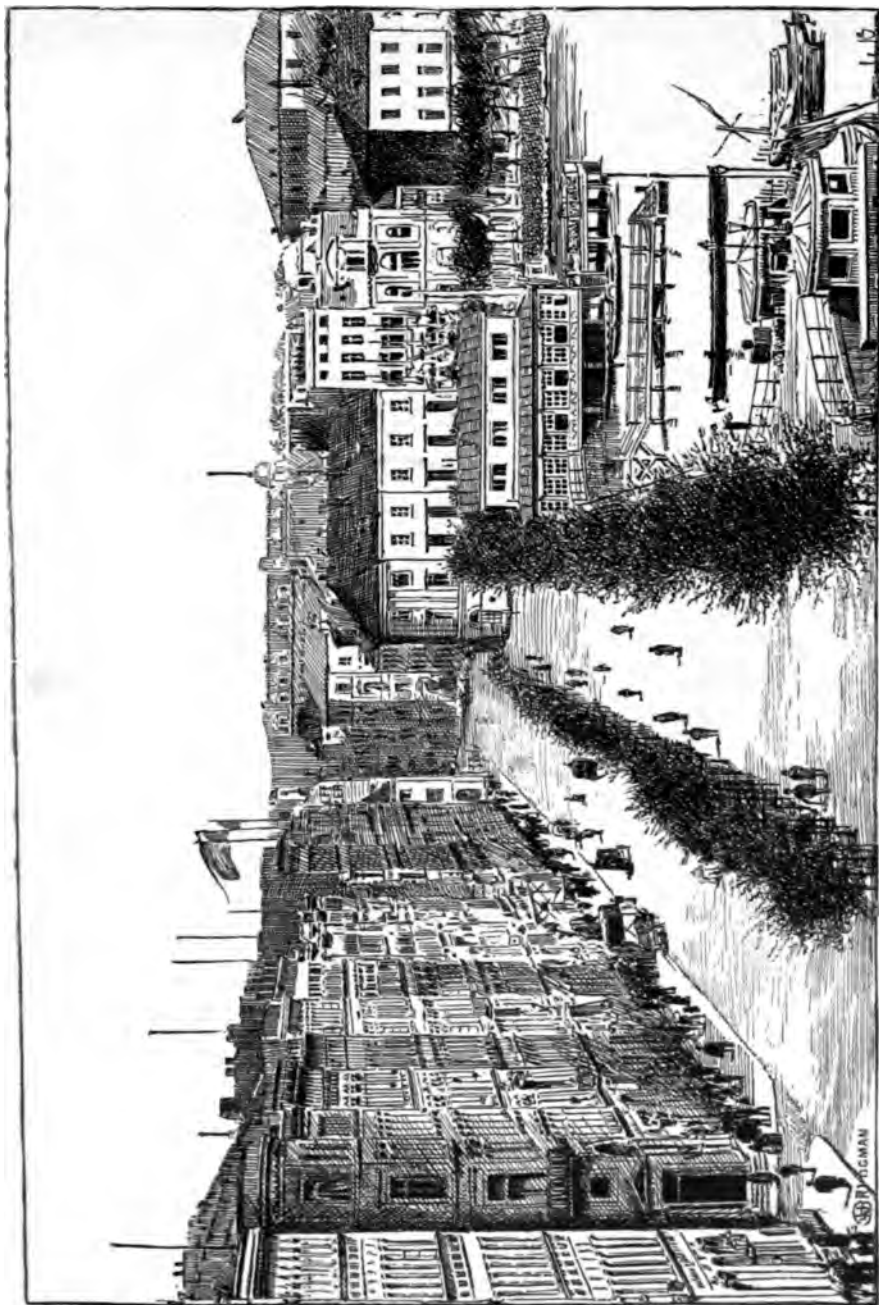
"*Wasser, wasser, unten — es kommt hinein.*"

But no amount of bad German, and no gestures, however despairing or violent, could by any possibility convey to the befogged brain of the tired watchman what Violet would have him understand, and with a hopeless sigh she crept back to her stateroom. There she lay awake in terror, ready to start to her feet at the first sound of alarm, until the earliest streak of dawn stole in through the air port, expecting at any moment to have to awaken her mother and little Tom, the boys and Rosie, at the order "Man the boats!" She even went so far as to gently pull a life-preserver from under her berth to a convenient place, and while she was wondering if there were enough for all of them, she fell asleep, and was only awakened by the stewardess, who came in at ten o'clock with such a tempting breakfast that she sat up and ate it, and then dressed herself and went on deck. There she found her mother and little Tom, with John, who looked pale and forlorn, but who, like Violet, was beginning to improve. Violet found ready sympathizers when she told them of her fright of the night before.

"It must have been a whale," said John, "or else imagination."

"It was no imagination," exclaimed Violet indignantly; "it may have been a whale. It was certainly something. I did not imagine it, that I know, and if ever I am shipwrecked I don't believe that I can suffer more than I did last night, planning how to save you all."

"I should have managed well enough while I was ill," said John, "if I could have asked for what I wanted. Cortland says that he speaks German perfectly, but I couldn't get him to say a word, and there I lay and groaned for ice, and couldn't get a mouthful."



HAMBURG.

"Why didn't you ask for it?" said Violet.

"Because I didn't know any German," returned John.

"Why, even I know enough for that. It's just the same thing,—*eis*, *e-i-s*. If you had said ice, they would have brought you any quantity."

"No! is that so? I declare, what a goose I was!" exclaimed John. "Well, there's one good thing, anyway; we sha'n't have any trouble when Cortland gets well, for he speaks German like a native, he says, and we shall get along well enough in Germany, no matter what difficulties we have in other countries."

"Yes; and mamma speaks French, and if ever we go to Italy or Spain I hope that papa will be with us, so we are all provided for with interpreters."

"Why, here comes Cortland!" was John's exclamation. Every head was turned toward the companion-way where Cortland had appeared, and soon he was seated among the little group receiving kind inquiries and attentions from Mrs. Gordon and the young people. Violet sat for some time thinking earnestly and looking out over the rail.

"Mamma," she said suddenly. "Don't you think we might call ourselves something?"

"Do I not think that we might call ourselves something? How, my dear? We do call ourselves something, do we not?"

"Yes; but I mean, have a name of some kind, — The Wide Awakes — or —"

"The Fast Asleeps," suggested John roguishly.

"Don't be absurd, John. You know very well what I mean. In all the books that I have read, where children have gone off travelling, they have taken some name; there was the Canoe Club, and —"

"This isn't a canoe," remarked Cortland.

"Indeed! you don't say so!" from Violet.

"Always speak the truth, Cortland," added John; "it is a good maxim."

"Come, John, suggest something," insisted Violet. "What do you think of The Argonauts? I thought of that from the very first."

"Well," said John, who, as has before been hinted, was fond of ancient history, "this ship isn't called the Argo, and we are not exactly going after the golden fleece — going to be fleeced, people say who have been abroad. How would you like The Adventurers?"

"I do not think it a good name, John," said his aunt; "it has not, in one sense, a very reputable meaning."

"I have thought of a splendid one," shouted Cortland loudly — "the best yet — The Westward Ho's! What do you think of that?" with an air of having solved the difficulty.

"So appropriate! as we are sailing directly eastward ho! try again, Cortland," said Violet.

"The Stupids would be more appropriate after such a proposition as that," added John.

"Well, then," said Cortland, "The Will-o'-the-Wisps."

"Just the thing," returned John ironically.

"Well, why not? Now here, now —" the steamer gave a lurch and threw Cortland across the deck where he brought up suddenly against the lee rail — "there —" ended he. John and Violet laughed unrestrainedly.

"Now here and now there!" and John imitated as nearly as possible Cortland's movements. "Now you see him and now you don't."

"Well, I see that you are determined not to accept any thing that I propose — no matter how good it is."

"Propose something good, and you'll see," answered John.

"The Sea-Farers," suggested Violet.

"Worse than mine," returned Cortland. "We shall land, in a day or two, and then we shall be land-farers."

"Well, then, The Wanderers."

"Too common," was the reply.

"The Know Nothings," said John.

"Too ordinary."

"That gives me an idea," said Mrs. Gordon. "Why not call ourselves The Ignoramuses?"

"O, mamma! with you in the party?"

"Why, yes, my dear; I am as ignorant as any of you about the practical part of our tour. I am afraid that when we land we shall find our book knowledge of little use. We none of us know how to get along, but Cortland, for he speaks German. Well, what do you say?"

"Let us vote," said Violet. "Each one take a slip of paper — here, I can tear them out of my note-book — and then we can write the names which we prefer, and fold them up. If two of us write the same name and the two others are different from each other, the first two will have it. Isn't that a good way? If it is two and two, we will try again. Let me see: there were The Wide Awakes, The Fast Asleeps, The Will-o'-the-Wisps, and The Westward Ho's —"

"The Stupids," suggested John.

"Yes, and the Sea-Farers, and The Wanderers, The Know Nothings, and The Ignoramuses. Now let us all disguise our hands so that nobody will know how we have voted."

The names were secretly written, the papers folded again and again, and all four deposited in John's hat. Mrs. Gordon drew them out and read the four, one after the other. There were three in favor of The Ignoramuses, and on one slip was printed, in large letters, Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"Now here, now — there," laughed John, pointing to the rail.

"The Ignoramuses it is. Motion made and carried," said Violet.

"I don't agree," said Cortland.

"But you must; if there had been three, or even two, Will-o'-the-Wisps, and the others were different, we should have had to agree to your name."

"Very well; then I agree under protest," said Cortland.

"The Will-o'-the-Wisp agrees to become an Ignoramus under protest," proclaimed John.

I must not dwell too long on the voyage and its incidents. I am glad to be able to tell you that Violet had no more frights, that Cortland and Rosie recovered so as to enjoy themselves on deck for several days, before the end of the voyage, and that every one was well and happy when at last the great steamer entered the mouth of the Elbe, and sailed through its broad waters up to the city of Hamburg. But when they landed the babel that met their ears was anything but reassuring. Mrs. Gordon, at all times a rather timid person, and who knew nothing of the German language, felt utterly bewildered as the confusion of sounds vibrated upon the air, but she preserved a calm and confident exterior, and smiled at Rosie's anxious expression, and to Violet's inquiring, "What shall we do, mamma?" replied quietly, "It will be all right, dear. I will go with Cortland and get a carriage, and come back for you and

the others. Now, stay just where you are, that I may not miss you in the crowd."

Cortland felt quite elated, and looked somewhat overbearingly at John as he gave his arm to Mrs. Gordon, but his heart misgave him somewhat as they hastened along the quay to where the cabs were standing. The shrieks and cries were renewed, each cabman vociferating in his hard gutturals that his was the very one they were in need of, though he might as well have been speaking Arabic, for all that Mrs. Gordon, or Cortland either, for that matter, could understand of it. One cabman, or *kutscher*, as perhaps I ought to say, in particular, seemed to claim them especially for his own, and having by gesticulations and loud talking driven off the other claimants to their persons and their purses, he motioned them to get into his droschky. Mrs. Gordon resolutely shook her head.

"No, no; tell him that we must have a large carriage, that small one will never do — or two cabs, Cortland, we have so many bags and rugs, and such a large party."

Then began a scene which I have no power to describe to my satisfaction. You must imagine it, if you can. Cortland stumblingly jerked out a few words. The coachman, apparently in perfect ignorance of what language Cortland was trying to speak, fired at him a volley of real Hamburg German. Again Cortland tried, and again there poured forth a stream of gutturals which made Cortland turn to Mrs. Gordon with a puzzled sigh.

"I thought that I could speak some German, anyway," he said, "but I don't understand a word that this fellow is saying — not one single word." Mrs. Gordon's woman's wit came to her rescue.

"Let me try," said she.

She began in French, but the coachman's face looked blanker than Cortland's, and finally she was reduced to pantomime. Holding up two fingers, and pointing to the carriage, she at last, with many gestures and motions toward the steamer, made the talkative Teuton comprehend that she needed two carriages such as his. His dawning smile broadened, and overspread his glowing face, and ejaculating "Ja, ja," he turned his horses and trotted off.

"He must have understood us," said Mrs. Gordon, "or he would never have left us alone and unappropriated."

She proved to be right in her surmises, for in a few moments their red-faced Jehu reappeared closely followed by another, almost the counterpart of himself, who drove just such a carriage as the one he followed, and, the party and trunks collected, they were soon on their way to Hotel d'Europe.

"Oh! isn't it lovely here," exclaimed Violet as they emerged from the ancient part of the town, and drove out upon the broad street which encloses one end of the Lower (or *Binnen*) Alsters, as it is called. These alsters (of which there are two) are large ponds or lakes, which are connected with the river Elbe by a series of canals. These canals are spanned by bridges which are well and solidly built. One can sail a long distance on the alsters in small steamers hardly larger than our tug-boats, or one may take a row-boat (with a rower), from one of the many sets of stairs which lead from the streets on three sides, down to the boat-landings below. Our young strangers in this strange new land were wild with enthusiasm over all that they saw as they drove from the boat-landing to their hotel.



MARKET WOMAN.

One gets a fine view, in taking this drive, of the lower alster on the left of the roadway, of the shops on the right, filled with beautiful and odd articles, of the people, an interesting and motley crowd, for Hamburg is one of the great ports of the world. At the extremity of the Binnen Alster a fine bridge spans the waters, and separates this nearest lake from the outer or Aussen Alster.

Our travellers arrived in Hamburg early in the morning, and, beyond a very slight breakfast of coffee and rolls, they had eaten nothing since rising. The delays had been long and tiresome, and they each and all expressed themselves as ready for another meal.

"What will you have, children?" asked Mrs. Gordon; "it is too early for lunch, shall we have a second breakfast?"

A hearty assent was given.

"And a real American breakfast, too," exclaimed John. "None of your coffee and rolls for me; let's have some steak and chicken."

"O, yes! some broiled chicken," added Violet, "though I don't know that I can eat anything, this room's going round so."

"It's goin' right up to the ceilin'," affirmed little Tom.

"Very well," rejoined Mrs. Gordon, smiling at Tom. "Cortland, will you go and ring the bell, and order our breakfast for us? You are our only reliance. They must speak good German in the hotel, of course. That coachman evidently knows nothing about the language purely spoken."

Thus encouraged, Cortland rang the bell, and when the waiter appeared, the two stepped outside the door, and, shutting it, stood talking for a long time; Cortland persisting, the waiter protesting.

"Oh! do hurry up," shouted John. "We're all nearly starved; they'll have dinner ready before you get through ordering."

Cortland looked harassed and worried when he returned to the little salon.

"I never saw such stupids as they are here," declared he, "nor such rude people. I wonder if they never have their chickens broiled? When I asked for them, he laughed in my face."

"I cannot understand that," said Mrs. Gordon. "Of course they know how to broil chickens."

A long delay ensued, during which John said that he must run down to a fruit stand which he saw on the quay, and get something to appease his appetite, and little Tom expressed it as his opinion that he and Rosie would "'tarve to deff pitty soon." Finally there came a knock at the door. The children rose, expecting a summons to the long-wished-for meal, but a pleasant face followed the knock. The head steward, through whom all orders were carried to the cook, would like, if not of too great trouble to the *herrschaften*, to speak with Madame. This man spoke a curious mixture of English and German, but Mrs. Gordon thanked a kind fate for the sound of her native tongue, and prepared to listen to what the steward had to say. He looked at them all with an astonished smile, and, with a great many apologies, and bows, and slips, and blunders, he made haste to explain that there were no "leetle dogs" in the hotel. In fact, if Madame would be so condescending as to pardon him, that, though it was undoubtedly the custom in America to eat leetle dogs, it was not, and never had been, the custom in Germany. In France — yes, possibly; the French

were a curious nation ; they ate frogs — dogs, no doubt, also. *Bifteke* he could furnish ; oh, yes ! of the very best ; *kaffee*, and *eier*, and *kartoffel* in various forms, but — a shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence. He evidently wished to make it plain that he drew the line at dogs.

“What in thunder do you mean ?” roared Cortland, crimsoning in his anger, and forgetting to be very choice in his language. “Who ever said a word about dogs ? Miserable Dutchmen ! We don’t eat dogs any more than you do. I ordered beefsteak and chicken,— broiled chicken — *hundchen*, *Verstehen, Sie ?*”

“*Ach ! ach !*” was the steward’s reply, as Cortland’s meaning dawned upon him. “*Hühnchen, Hühnchen*, aber vat de young herr call *Hündchen*, dat is ein leetle dog. Oh ! ja, ja ; Madame shall be serve at once, im-mediate,” and the steward disappeared hurriedly, his head bent low, his gravity well preserved, though John declared afterward that he could see him “shaking inside.”

“O, Cort, don’t do it again ! You will certainly kill us all, and then where would you be ? All alone in Germany, with no one to interpret for !”

Every one was convulsed with laughter, with the exception of the unfortunate Cortland, who walked to the window, his face very red, and his eyes brimming over with angry tears. Even kind-hearted Mrs. Gordon could not repress her amusement.

“That’s the best thing !” stammered John, through his shouts of laughter. “A little dog for breakfast. O dear ! O dear ! A little dog,” and John rolled on the sofa in a paroxysm that promised to prove dangerous.

“Don’t be an idiot, John ! Of course I never said it ; these dumheads can’t understand anything.”

Before very long a delicious breakfast appeared and this put a stop, for the moment, to the hilarity of Violet and John, but the lesson was not without its effect upon Cortland, and it was very noticeable after this how carefully he refrained from all allusion to his proficiency in speaking the German language.

After the breakfast (which had been procured with such a mixture of annoyance and amusement to the different members of our party) was finished, Mrs. Gordon and Violet, escorted by their youthful cavaliers, started out to see the principal sights of Hamburg. We will not follow them in their sail across the alsters, except to tell you that they saw, during it, the beautiful residences upon the Aussen Alster, which are the homes of some of Hamburg's merchant princes, nor will we go to the Zoölogical Garden, for you have all seen menageries and collections of animals; it is enough to say that all these sights impressed and delighted our young people, but by the time that they had spent three or four days in Hamburg they were quite willing to start with Mrs. Gordon for Berlin — that famous capital of Europe. A pleasant afternoon in September saw them seated in the train, a joyous smile of anticipation on every face.

"W'at a funny t'ain," remarked Master Tom as he ran across the narrow compartment, from one door to the other, climbing on the seats and sliding off, alternately hugging Rosie and kissing his mother, stepping on the boys' toes, and making of himself a nuisance generally.

"O, Tom!" sighed Violet for the fiftieth time, "do be quiet; you will wear us all out."

"Come along, Honey. W'en deys all clar down on Rosie's blessed angel, him knows whar to come."

Rosie looked reproachfully at Violet as she tried to gather "Mass'r Tom" to her capacious breast, but Tom was not always an angel, by any means, and gave his poor Rosie a push that made her cover her eyes with her hands and "pertend," very hard, to cry. Tom's usually tender heart was not, however, to be beguiled this time; he climbed again upon the seat, from which his sister had lifted him, intent only on his own amusement.

"Come here, Tom; mother has a headache," called Violet to him from her corner of the carriage.

"Let him alone, Violet; he is quiet now," said Mrs. Gordon, unclosing her eyes for a moment; "he does not disturb me in the least." After which slight reproof Violet settled down into her corner, and Master Tom was left to his own devices.

"This is a funny train, as Tom says," said John. "What should we think in America of a 'compartment' with doors on each side? It's something like our drawing-room cars, but I don't think it's half as nice."

The carriage, or compartment, was given up entirely to our travellers, with the exception of one seat, which was occupied by a plain young girl who looked through a pair of blue glasses at the party generally, and who seemed extremely amused at little Tom's performances. "Some German governess, poor thing!" thought Mrs. Gordon. Violet and the boys were thoroughly enjoying their new experience, and were chatting quietly when the train began, as Cortland said, to "slow down."

"I wonder what for? Perhaps it's some town. Let me see the Baedeker, John." For Mrs. Gordon had been thoughtful enough to procure a guide-book of North Germany at one of the

Hamburg shops, and the cousins felt quite important as they now and then consulted its pages.

"No; I can't see anything about an important town just here. The last town was — what was the name of that place, John, where you got" —

But the train had stopped, and almost before it did so the door of the compartment opened, and one of the guards stepped in among them.

"What is the matter, is any one very ill?" he asked in very creditable English.

Mrs. Gordon raised her head and sat upright.

"How polite they are," whispered Violet to John.

"Thank you; I have only a very bad headache," answered Mrs. Gordon.

"Nothing has happened — no accident?" questioned the guard, his face white, his lips quivering with suppressed excitement.

"An accident! No, indeed, nothing of the kind," returned Mrs. Gordon in astonishment.

"Then why, Madame, may I ask, do you ring to have the train stopped?"

"We have not rung, I assure you; we did not know that there was a bell."

"Not rung, Madame? Certainly some one has rung. Did no one press this button here?" And the guard pointed to a small knob sunk in the panel of the woodwork above the seats. By this time another guard had put his head inside the door, and the conductor of the train had come to the opposite window, so that the small amount of daylight which still remained was thoroughly obscured with official cloth and buttons.

"No," said Mrs. Gordon, in answer to this last question, and then, more decidedly, "no; no one has even touched it."

"Excuse me, Madame," here spoke up the blue-spectacled girl, in what John called real American-English, "but I think that your little boy must have done it by mistake; I saw him fumbling round the button."

"Come here, Tom," said his mother sternly. "Did you push that little knob up there?"

Tom, who was absorbed in a highly-colored picture-book, containing the entrancing story of "The House that Jack Built," dropped his book reluctantly and crawled and slid along over the various persons between himself and his mother. He looked up at the knob with his big round eyes, and then at his mother's face. Not a whit abashed at what he saw there, he boldly replied, —

"'Ess; me push 'im 'leven times."

Eleven was the greatest number that Tom's little brain could grasp or remember.

"O, Tom! you naughty boy," began Violet, but Rosie gathered her erring angel to her faithful breast to shield him from the coming storm. The chief guard, or conductor, was polite, but severe.

"Does Madame not read German?" he asked of the guard, who spoke English, pointing, at the same time, to the sentence printed underneath the button; "that says distinctly, that the knob is only to be pressed in case of accident."

"No," answered poor Mrs. Gordon, when the English-speaking guard had explained this to her; "we none of us read German, and it never occurred to me, for a moment, to look at that."

"There is a fine," began the guard, "of *fünfzig thalers*," but the evident innocence and truthfulness of the party had impressed the conductor favorably.

"We will ask no fine this time," said the conductor courteously, "but," taking out a large note-book, "I must take the name of the lady and her family; where she has come from, where she is going, her occupation, birthplace, — ah! Americans; I thought so." Those last three words spoke volumes.

"O dear!" sighed Mrs. Gordon, "is it only Americans who do these dreadful things? I had hoped that we should avoid making ourselves conspicuous in any way, and now, the first thing that we have done is to stop an express train, and I have narrowly escaped paying fifty thalers."

She looked again sternly at Tom, but that small disturber of the peace had nestled down in Rosie's arms, and, with an angelic smile upon his baby lips, had fallen fast asleep.

"I do not think that it is only Americans who do these things," said the blue-spectacled girl, with what we call a Western accent. "Any stranger who had never seen such a thing before, might do just as your little son did. In fact, I was myself wondering what that little thing was, let into the panel there, — my friends say that I have a microscopic eye, — and I think that I was just on the point of trying to make the discovery when your little boy saved me the trouble. O dear! what if I had touched it! I have no fifty thalers to pay for fines."

Indeed, the very plain and almost threadbare appearance of the girl's clothing testified to the truth of this statement, as clearly as any words could do.

"Where are you going?" asked Violet.

"To Berlin, to school," answered the girl, and there the conversation ended for the present.

"Why, we are stopping again," exclaimed John, after a few moments of quiet. And so they were; and then came one of those inexplicably tedious waits (most unusual, I must confess, in steady, slow-going Germany), because a train had been derailed ahead of them, and there was no knowing when the track would be cleared. Cortland got out to ask questions, but came back in a bewildered state, saying that he could discover nothing further than that it would be very late before the train could arrive in Berlin. So they all settled down to sleep as best they might. Violet remembers dozing fitfully; awaking now and then to see her mother, with her pale face pressed close to a small opening in the window, so that the cool night air might blow on her aching forehead, or else rising to place Tom more securely on the sofa where he lay stretched out and soundly sleeping. Rosie had doubled up on the floor, her head on the cushion close to her darling; John and Cortland, in various awkward and ungraceful positions, were sleeping the sleep of tired boys and sight-seers.

It seemed to Violet that she had just dropped asleep, when the doors on either side of the compartment were opened, and "All out!" was the cry. How they all gathered up themselves, bags and bundles, and stumbled out into the dark, chill night, is something so painful that they will never in their lives forget it. And just as they were standing, some on one side, some on the other, of their special compartments, among a crowd of shivering, suddenly-awakened passengers, the order was given "All in!" again. At least Cortland told them so, and, broken reed as he was, they were forced to lean upon him, for want of

a better. In they stumbled, some from one side, some from the other, and the doors were hardly slammed to, when the train slowly started.

"Well, that was a great old performance," ejaculated John. "What did it all mean?" No one could discover.

"Some one had blundered." At least, that was the solution given by the blue-spectacled girl, who was evidently an admirer of Tennyson, and her hearers were fain to accept her explanation.

"Good laws, Missy! whar my baby?" It was Rosie, her eyes three times their natural size. Mrs. Gordon's face lost every trace of color.

"Didn't you have him with you? Oh! Rosie, Rosie, have you left my boy behind? My baby, my baby! Ring that bell, some one, quick! Stop the train! Tom has been left behind."

Imagine, if you can, the excitement in the carriage. Violet burst into tears, Rosie fell into a heap in one corner, and Mrs. Gordon's strength seemed to leave her on the instant.

"Touch that — button — John," she gasped. "The baby has — been left — alone in — the dark and cold — John, touch" —

But John was laughing, and, looking where his eyes rested, she saw a round yellow head protruding, and a solemn pair of eyes looking at her from under the valance or curtain that ran along the front of the opposite seat.

"Don't touch dat button, John," said Master Tom solemnly, "or you has to pay 'leven or ten dollars."

Perhaps you can imagine how Master Tom was caught up off the floor, and scolded and petted, and told that he was "a darling," and "a naughty bad boy," and asked if he wanted "to kill his poor mamma," and further questioned as to whether he

wanted to "break his pore ole Rosie's heart," and so generally caressed and pulled about, this way and that, that he declared if they did not release him at once, that between them they would "break *all* his legs."

It was some time before the travellers quieted down, and when Violet at last dropped asleep it was only because her eyes ached with the tears she had shed, and the wearisome looking out into the black night, where an occasional red lantern showed plainly forth the plowed-up ridges by the side of the track, or pieces of the splintered carriages that must have run just outside the rails upon the sleepers for many miles, before the final crash came. Again the brakes slowly and lingeringly squeaked.

Violet opened her eyes. The blue-spectacled girl sat upright in her corner, looking as if she should never be sleepy again in all her life to come. Seeing Violet's eyes open, she smiled, and held up a piece of money. The rays of the lamp overhead shone full upon it. She looked round the carriage.

"What is that?" she whispered softly, not to awaken the sleeping ones.

"I think it's a mark — yes, it is," returned Violet.

"And that," said the girl, holding up a smaller piece.

"Oh! *that's* a groschen, or five groschen. Yes, five groschen. Don't you see there, where it's marked *fünf*? That means five. I have learned a few words since we landed."

"It's rather hard for me," said the girl, "to get to Berlin so late at night. I heard the guard say *cin uhr*; that means one o'clock, doesn't it? You see I am quite alone, and I know neither the money nor the language."

"Where are you going?" again asked Violet.

"Oh! to a school; but the trouble is, that I've lost the address,

and I can't remember the name of the school, or what street it's on."

"How perfectly dreadful!" exclaimed Violet, at once mentally placing herself in the position of this poor girl. "Alone, at night, in a strange city. What *will* you do?"

"Oh! I'll get along. You see my aunt sends me to school, but she only pays for my education. I am fitting myself to teach German and music, and lots of things. My aunt lives in London, and she was to meet me at Southampton, but a telegram was waiting for me there saying that she was ill, so I just had to come on alone. I never thought much about the address of the school, as my aunt knew it. I hadn't any money to go to London, and my passage was paid to Hamburg, so I just came on. I got into Hamburg at mid-day, and started right off for Berlin."

"You must come with us," declared Violet with decision. "Mamma will never let you go off alone at night in that way."

"Excuse me," said the girl, with a dignified smile, "I could not do that. I cannot afford to go to a hotel, and I could not depend upon your mother."

"What will you do, then?" persisted Violet.

"Oh! I have thought it all out. If no one is waiting for me, I shall just take a cab and drive round to all the schools in the city, and ask if I am expected."

"What an idea!" exclaimed Violet. "You must be perfectly crazy," candidness getting the better of her usual politeness. "I do not like to awaken mamma now, but when she does wake up I shall tell her all about it, and she will make you come with us for the night, anyway."

"Nobody ever yet made me do anything," replied the girl with

a smile, and it proved that Mrs. Gordon was not to be the first one to break through the line which this young girl had marked out for herself.

On hearing the story of her compatriot's dilemma, Violet found that her mother's ready sympathy was at once awakened, but her powers of persuasion were used to no avail.

"Even if I did not feel it so much, I cannot have it said that I allowed an American girl to leave my protection at midnight, in a foreign city. You would much better come with us, my dear," urged Mrs. Gordon. But the strange girl smiled, and independently shook her head.

"I shall never forget your kindness," she said, "but I am sure that it will be all right. No one has ever wanted to run away with me yet."

"I shouldn't think they would," murmured Cortland, *sotto voce*; "she's ugly enough to tree a ghost."

"I suppose that's one of your refined Indiana expressions," returned Violet, with as much scorn as she could throw into her undertone.

"O, dear!" sighed Mrs. Gordon helplessly, "if I could make any one understand me, I would call upon the police to prevent your going off alone. Well," in a tone of resignation, "I can at least see what sort of a coachman you have."

"This guide-book says to ask for the 'droschken — *bes-tel-lung*,'" said Violet, looking up from the red-covered book which she had been diligently consulting; "that is, when we reach the station at Berlin. Cortland," with her forefinger keeping the place, "what *is* a 'droschken — *bes-tellung*?' " asked she, her accent entirely on the wrong syllable.

"I'm sure I don't know. I never heard of any such thing."

"What do you know, anyway?" inquired John, with some degree of rudeness, I fear. "You're about as much use as Tom."

Cortland retorted angrily, and an unpleasant altercation might have ensued, but for the timely entrance of the train into the station at Berlin.

"O, dear!" sighed Mrs. Gordon again, "what are we to do?"

They were standing inside a large bare sort of room or enclosure, in front of a counter. Across this counter, among the variously colored and marked pieces of luggage, they recognized their own, for Uncle Tom had advised them to have every piece of baggage, however small, marked with one and the same device, and each trunk, bag and valise was stencilled on the cover with two red rings, a black arrow running through them, so that there was no mistaking any one's trunks for their own.

"There are our things," exclaimed Violet. "I see them just over there, but these men don't pay the slightest attention to anything we say."

"What stupids they are!" added John, forgetting that the stupidity consisted in coming to a country of whose language they knew nothing.

"Why, at home," John continued, "you don't have to say a single word — just hand out your checks, and there you are."

"They are the most perfect idiots," remarked Cortland; "I have said 'droschken — *bes*-telling' to every other man, and they just stare like what they are, dumheads! Why did we ever come to such a beastly country?"

"I speak a leetle Eenglish; can I help you?"

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, in the uniform of a

Prussian officer. He touched his hat as he addressed himself to Mrs. Gordon, who grasped at him, metaphorically, as a drowning man does at a straw.

"Oh! thank you. You are most kind! Will you kindly tell me where to find the droschken — *bes-tellung*?"

"The droschken? —" He paused, with an inquiring air.

"*Bes-tellung*; the guide-book says that we must ask for it; is it —" A smile broke over the handsome, genial face.

"Ach! der droschken — *be-stellung*. He is the man, Madame — but stop! I will myself see — one carriage, two?" and he was gone. At that moment a bony, white-aproned woman walked into the baggage-room, and as our party were apparently the only foreigners left in the station, the rest, being older and more experienced travellers, had driven away to their hotels, she approached them, saying something about an "American Mees."

"I'm found!" exclaimed the blue-spectacled girl, turning with beaming face to Mrs. Gordon. "She must be for me! Yes, that's right: I am Dora Parker. Ah, yes; Madame Stahl, that's the name. It's all right. Here's my aunt's telegram — Mrs. Wood, London" — as the maid-servant handed her the yellow official envelope. "Well, now that I am found, I don't mind saying that I'm glad enough."

She shook hands with Violet, kissed sleepy little Tom, who was lolling over Rosie's shoulder, nodded in a friendly way to the boys, and pressed Mrs. Gordon's hand in both of hers.

"Good-by, dear, dear lady! It can hardly be that we shall ever meet again, our paths lie such different ways. But I shall never forget you. May you never want a friend," she said, her voice trembling a little, and she was gone.

"What a nice girl," said Violet. "I hope that we shall see her again some day."

And now, at last, the gallant Prussian reappeared with two numbers, which he had procured from the mysterious office with the terrible name; the numbers designated the carriages which the travellers were to take, then, with a word to the station officials, the trunks were whipped over the counter, piled upon the carriages (the good Samaritan even paying the fare, and handing Mrs. Gordon her exact change), the whips were cracked, the wheels rolled over the stony road-bed of the *platz*, and they were off in the dark for their hotel, and were soon resting their tired and aching bones between the cool linen sheets of their respective beds.

It was a late breakfast at which Mrs. Gordon's party assembled on the following morning, but every face was bright and cheerful, after several hours of refreshing rest.

"I thought that it would amuse you, children, to breakfast down here, instead of in our own salon, and then, too, I think that you will have more opportunity to speak the language; at least, to try," added she with a smile.

"I suspect it's Rosie's idea, now isn't it, mamma? She wants to bathe Tom in that parlor of ours, and then they two will have their breakfast there together."

"Did you sleep well, boys?" asked Mrs. Gordon, as she poured from a little pot at her right hand, the fragrant black coffee, and filled it up with milk from the small silver pitcher.

"I should have slept very well," said John, "if it hadn't been for a fat kind of pillow, tied up with tapes; it was the only thing I had for a cover beside a sheet and one blanket, and it got so cold in the night that I had to pull that thing up off the

foot-board ; when I had it up to my chin, I was warm from my knees up, but my toes were freezing, and when I pulled it down over my feet my shoulders were chilled through. I got up at last and unfastened my shawl-strap, and put on my overcoat and polo cap, and when I doubled up like a hedgehog I was pretty comfortable." After which lengthy statement John devoted himself to his untasted breakfast.

"You never saw such a looking object as he was," said Cortland. "My bed is at the opposite side of the room, and it seems about a mile between us, but when I did get over to John's side of the room, there he lay asleep, with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and his hat on his head. Now my bed was well enough if it had been a little longer, but you know I've grown pretty tall this last year, if I am only sixteen, and my feet had to stick out over the foot-board."

Violet and her mother laughed heartily at the boys' account of their tribulations. The latter said : —

"You remind me of a picture in Hood's 'Up the Rhine,' called, I think, 'A Terribly Short Bed.' The occupant's feet are sticking through a small window at the foot of the bed, and the fowls are roosting upon them."

"H'I tell you h'I won't paay a penny more. H'it's h'all paid for h'in my ticket."

The young people turned involuntarily at the angry tones and looked across the room at the speaker. He was a short, red-faced man, and in his altercation with the waiter his tones had grown so loud that the attention of every one in the public breakfast-room was drawn toward him. The poor waiter with his head on one side, his shoulders drawn up to his ears, his hands spread, palms upwards, before him, was trying to make

the irascible cockney understand something; what, no one could discover.

"'E sayes h'as 'ow h'our ticket don't h'include chops," interposed a woman's voice.

"'Old your tongue, h'if you please, h'Ann. This ticket," drawing the square book from his breast pocket, and tapping it several times with his finger-nail, in a manner which was intended to admit of no appeal, "this ticket h'includes h'every-think, h'an' I won't paay a ha'penny more, blowed h'if I will!"

Two gentlemen rose from the small table next Mrs. Gordon's.

"What a disgusting exhibition," said the shorter one of the two. He spoke with a decided British air and tone.

"I am happy to find that it is not always my countrymen who hold their own nation up to ridicule," said the other, in what Violet termed a real American voice.

"They spoke my thoughts," remarked Mrs. Gordon, as the two gentlemen passed out of hearing.

"Yes," returned Violet, "I had just whispered to John, 'Thank Heaven! he isn't an American.'"

The altercation had now become so loud that one of the hotel managers had been called in, and as he was trying to make the tourist comprehend that his ticket did not entitle him to every luxury down in the menu, but only to stated articles and meals, our friends left the room, too disgusted with the scene to wish to remain witnesses of it any longer.

"And now for *Unter den Linden*," said Mrs. Gordon. "That much German is known, I imagine, the world over."

Some time was spent in wandering along the broad and handsome street, planted with linden trees, on either side of a central promenade, which give it its well-known name. There



BRANDENBURG GATE.

are two carriage-drives on the right and left between the rows of trees and the sidewalks.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Cortland, "I don't think much of those trees; little scrubby, stunted things! Why, out in Indiana" —

"Hold up, Cortland, we didn't come to Europe to hear about Indiana; do give us a rest," broke in John, unsympathetically.

"Well, I leave it to Violet if there aren't better trees than those at Cherry Hill, or down in Portland, or anywhere."

"Well, yes, perhaps there are," answered Violet, "but I think, with John, that we didn't come out here to tell them what we've got at home; there are plenty of our country people doing that all the time, I imagine. You know yourself, Cortland, how it sounded at Hamburg to hear those Californians bragging about the big pears in San Francisco — you know, when we had those delicious little ones handed at dessert. I've tasted some of those San Francisco pears, at least, I've bitten into one, and there isn't any taste to them."

"Let us first walk down to the Brandenburg Gate," said Mrs. Gordon. "It must be this way. Murray says that it is at the end of this street, and when we get there I will tell you what more I know about it."

The young people were delighted with the beautiful specimen of architecture, and admired most enthusiastically the group of the Goddess of Victory in her chariot driving her fiery steeds, which group surmounts the massive gateway. So much life is there in the cold metal that the bronze horses seem about to leap into the air from their lofty pedestal.

"Mamma, haven't I read somewhere that that statue was carried off by the French?" asked Violet.

"Yes, it was," resumed her mother, "but it was restored in

1814, and the Goddess was then given the iron cross which she carries now."

As they walked past the palace of the Emperor, John said, excitedly:—

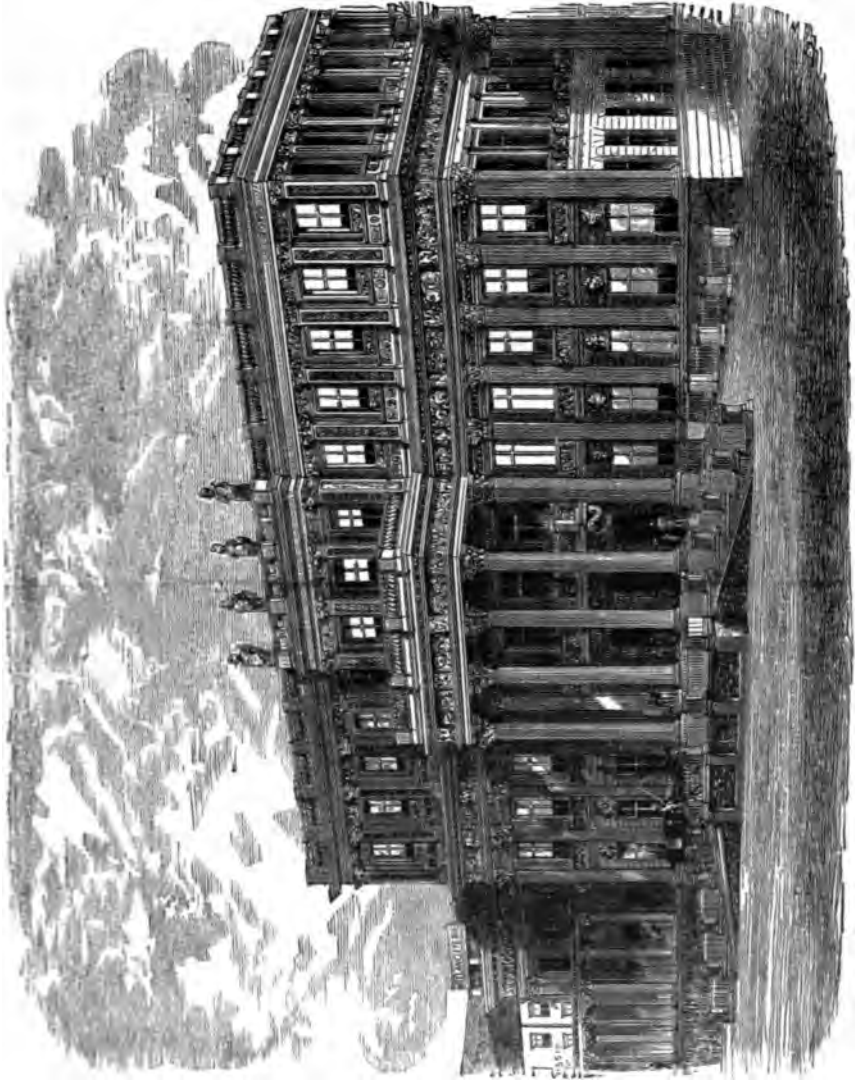
"He must be there now! My book says that the flag is only hoisted when he is at the palace; how I wish that I could see him!"

John's wish was hardly spoken before an open carriage rolled round the corner, and in it were seated two gentlemen in the uniform of Prussian officers. People were lifting their hats on all sides, and John involuntarily raised his, and stood gazing with all his soul in his eyes, for in a carriage with his back to the horses was seated the officer who had come to their aid in such a timely manner the night before; opposite to him in the back seat, which he filled in a kingly manner, sat an old man, wearing the uniform of a Prussian general. His soldierly bearing and unmistakable features (the eagle eyes, prominent nose, and long gray mustache) proclaimed him at once the Emperor William. He smiled and bowed graciously as the carriage passed rapidly by, and the officer on the front seat touched his hat and smiled at John, as if the incidents of the evening before were still fresh in his memory.

"That was the Emperor," exclaimed Violet, for she had not studied the features of the several photographs which she had already bought, to be mistaken at the first sight of His Majesty.

"What! where! who?" asked Cortland, turning round from the window, where he was busily employed in scrutinizing the beautiful collection of jewels, just in time to see the back of the carriage as it rolled rapidly away.

"Why, there, in that carriage," said John. "He was the



PALACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE,

image of the photographs, and all the people took of their hats, and so did I."

"The Emperor! I don't believe it!" returned Cortland. "You and Violet always manage to see more than anybody else."

"Well, it was," persisted John, "and that officer was with him who helped us get our trunks last night, and he knew us, too, for he bowed, didn't he, Violet? and when the other people bowed he just left the Emperor to return it. He smiled, too, as if he remembered us."

"Well, what a fuss you do make. I suppose you can see him any day if you stand here by the palace gates. I've seen the President, anyway, and you haven't."

This childish retort on the part of Cortland was unnoticed by Violet and John as they strolled along the busy streets, adding their figures to the hundreds of those that were thronging it east and west. There were officers and soldiers and peasants and students and maids and children and tourists and sight-seers like themselves.

"That clock's all out," remarked Cortland, as they paused opposite the Academy of the Arts and Sciences, which the clock alluded to surmounts. As he spoke he took from his pocket a very pretty watch, which had been given to him by his aunt on the day of his departure from home.

"Oh! you don't say so," ejaculated John. "You'd better go right in and tell them the proper time, Cortland. My book says that the clocks of Berlin are regulated by this one, and I think it very important that they should have it corrected—by Indiana time," he added, laughing.

"It isn't Indiana time. I set it at Hamburg." But here

Mrs. Gordon was obliged to interpose, as she often was forced to do, and tell the boys that they must hasten on to the Museum, as they had a great deal to see there. As they passed the royal guard-house the military band was pouring forth strains of most delightful music, as it does daily between eleven and twelve o'clock.

"First to the Arsenal," said Mrs. Gordon, who had not studied her Murray and Baedeker for nothing, and whose "bump of locality" was so well developed that she led her small band directly to the doors.

The boys were particularly interested in some leather cannon which were taken from the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, as well as in the battle-flags which had been captured from the French and Austrians. While they were looking at these a party of tourists came and stood near them. They seemed to be full of fun and gayety, which was apparently brought forth by the remarks of one of their party, made in a monotonous and drawling, though gentle voice.

"When I was at Chelsea, London" — began the monotone.

"Some of our compatriots," said Mrs. Gordon to Violet, in a low tone.

— "I saw flags all hung round the hospital. One old soldier says to me, says he, 'Them's the flags we took from the Americans.'"

"Saucy thing!" exclaimed a lady of the party.

The soft monotone continued, undisturbed by the interruption: "I eyed 'em a minute. It did rile me, you bet! There were the blessed old stars and stripes all rotting and dropping to pieces. It sent a lump into my throat quicker than chain-lightning. I turned and looked at him, and then I



MONUMENT OF VICTORY.

looked at the dear old captured flags. • ‘Yees,’ said I, ‘yees, you took the flags and we kept the country!’”

There was a general burst of hilarity at this, in which the cousins could hardly refrain from joining, but the gentle-voiced monotonous joker moved solemnly on and never smiled.

“What a funny man!” exclaimed Violet, in low tones to John. “I do hope that we shall see him again.”

The windows of the court of the Arsenal were particularly fascinating to Violet, for the keystone of each arch, and there are twenty-one, is carved in the exact likeness of the head of an expiring warrior. The expression of each is so painfully natural that the little girl shuddered as she at the same moment looked again. To tell of all that our young friends saw would take too much time. They went from the picture galleries and sculptures in both old and new museums, to the Royal Palace, full of beautiful pictures, and portraits of the royal family, and the Ritter-saal or Hall of the Knights, containing the royal throne, vases, goblets, and many treasures of gold and silver.

“My eyes fairly ache!” exclaimed Violet; “they are so tired with just looking.”

Cortland had wandered away from the rest, and was standing gazing at an ancient gold vase which had belonged to one of the dead and gone Brandenburgs, when — “Ghosts!” came in whispered tones over his shoulder.

Cortland started visibly; the day had become overcast, and the room had grown dark and gloomy.

“What do you mean?” he said, as John began to laugh.

John retrieved this error by looking solemn again in a moment.

"It *does* seem ghostly, John; suppose we get out?"

"It *ought* to," returned John, in low, mysterious tones. "There is a ghost who haunts these chambers. Aunt Eleanor has just been reading to us about her. She is called the White Lady."

"Well, well, let's get out; you can tell it outside as well as in this pitch-dark hole."

"She murdered her children," continued John relentlessly, in what he considered a sepulchral voice, "and now she has to walk — and walk — and walk — forever!" His voice sank to a whisper. "She appears whenever there is to be a death in the family. Do you see anything, Cortland? Oh! what is that?"

The nervous Cortland almost shrieked. John held his arm tightly, and pointing down a dark corridor, Cortland turned his frightened eyes in that direction, and saw — a white figure approaching. He struggled to get away, but John held him until the White Lady, or rather, a lady in a white flannel dress, had passed them, when she said quite clearly, and in most unghost-like tones, "Why, Aunt Eleanor! where under the sun have you come from?"

CHAPTER II.

An unexpected meeting.—Tom endeavors to purchase a monkey.—A visit to the home of Alexander Von Humboldt.—The Colonel relates the veracious Story of Turncoat; or, The Miller's Cat of Sans-Souci.

KATHERINE, my dear, dear girl, where have you come from? I thought that you had gone to Switzerland," was Mrs. Gordon's reply to these words of welcome.

"Well, so we had—and is that Violet? What a tall girl she has grown to be!—but papa, you know, never knows exactly what he does want, so, hearing of a famous picture that he wanted to see in Dresden, we came racketing back, and while we were here he thought that we might just as well revisit Potsdam. We are going there to-morrow. And who are these? O, yes! I remember; little John, of course. And this is the cousin who travelled with you last year," and Katherine laughed, as if some of Cortland's experiences on board the Goldenrod were not strange to her. "They stare pretty hard for such very young men," continued she, with the ease and manner of a woman of the world.

"We — we thought you were a ghost," stammered Cortland.

"At least His Royal Highness did," corrected John. "I was repeating to him the story of the White Lady, and he thought that he saw her at once, though I never knew that he had any of the Brandenburg blood in his veins."

There seemed to be some danger of another altercation, as

Cortland's face flushed at being thus ridiculed before a very charming young lady only a little older than himself, and she was laughing at John's nonsense, which made it all the harder to bear. Cortland had arrived, within the past year, at the dignity of standing collars, and a cravat and pin; he also wore a cutaway coat and vest, and looked down upon little John with his childish blouse and belt and broad turn-over collar. He looked very angry now, but Mrs. Gordon, as usual, quelled the rising storm by asking innumerable questions about Katherine's plans.

"Oh! here's papa," exclaimed Katherine, as a tall, thin, soldierly-looking old gentleman came up with both hands outstretched, uttering expressions of astonishment the while. "Now, we can just go to the hotel, and talk it all over together. We are staying at the Nord. You are, too? How delightful!"

Colonel Bedford had married Mrs. Gordon's elder sister who had died many years before, leaving Katherine to the mercy of a devoted and indulgent father. "The only wonder is," said every one who knew her, "that Katherine Bedford is not entirely unbearable." She was not, however, at all unbearable, but very charming. She had, it is true, in travelling with her father wherever he chose to roam, contracted some queer habits and notions, and as she ruled her father (unless as sometimes happened he surprised himself and her by what he called "putting his foot down"), her manner was at times dictatorial, but she was an affectionate girl to her friends, and of these her Aunt Eleanor was one of the truest and oldest, Katherine having made her home with her aunt for some years after her mother's death, so that it was a real pleasure to them

all to meet again in this most unexpected way. Colonel Bedford was no less delighted than was his daughter, and soon the whole party were seated in Mrs. Gordon's salon, arranging plans for the following day.

"Come here, Bouncer!" called out the Colonel's hearty voice, as a door opened, and Master Tom came toddling in, followed by the protesting Rosie. In Tom's arms was closely held a monkey—a real live monkey—who grinned, and pulled off, and replaced his cap, in the space of a second, and at every pull from Rosie of his cord, turned and clattered fiercely at her, clinging to Tom the while.

To the questions which poured upon Tom as to where he got the little animal, he replied,—

"Me buy 'im."

A vigorous pull at the rope, its source being far beyond either Rosie or Tom, nearly twitched the little fellow out of Tom's arms.

"How did you buy him, Tom?" inquired Violet, Mrs. Gordon too astonished to even ask a question.

"Buy'd 'im wid pennies," exclaimed rosy-cheeked Tom.

"Laws, Miss Vi'let, we jes' f'owed some pennies, dese yere Dutch pennies, yer know, down to der orgin man, an' Mass'r Tom tink he buy him. It was disa-way," said Rosie, standing at a respectful distance from the monkey, who opened his lips viciously and showed his teeth whenever she approached the place where Tom stood, "dat monkey clim' up de outside de house, an' he come in de winder. Mass'r Tom was eatin' bread and milk, an' he fed de monkey, an' he eat like he starve; den he eat a peach, an' frow de peels at de orgin man, an' den he 'cide fur to stay wid Mass'r Tom. Why, dat orgin man been

jes' nearly pullin' dat monkey's head off, but, laws, he don' min' ; he come ter stay, he has."

Mrs. Gordon walked into the bedroom occupied by Tom and Rosie. Below in the street, surrounded by a crowd of men and boys, stood the poor organ grinder, pulling and jerking at the chain in his hand, which, attached to a very long cord, allowed the monkey to wander at will. When he caught sight of Mrs. Gordon he gesticulated wildly, and said something in Italian.

"Come, Tom," said Mrs. Gordon, decidedly, returning to the salon, "the man wants his monkey ; set him down."

At this the tears began to course down little Tom's cheeks, but he only held the monkey the tighter.

"He mine. Tom pay pennies for 'im," he said, as well as he could for crying.

"Oh! let the child have him, Eleanor," exclaimed the Colonel, "it's much the easiest way. Katherine always had what she wanted — here, I'll settle it."

"What! Get Tom a monkey to add to all our paraphernalia in travelling! Who is to take care of it? I never heard of such a thing."

"Well," smiled the good-natured Colonel, "I hadn't heard of a good many things until I took Katherine here to live with me; and I always found it the easiest way to give her everything she asked for — especially what she cried for. I do hate tears," ejaculated Colonel Bedford, glancing nervously at Tom, who was perfectly limp with crying, "and by following my rule you avoid all useless discussion, and the child is made happy. Poor things! they can't be children but once. See how well it worked with Katherine; she had everything that she wanted," urged the Colonel.

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"Yes," answered Katherine, "and the consequence is, that I don't want anything now."

Violet looked up from her occupation of drying Tom's tears as well as she could for fear of the monkey, who showed his teeth, as if he dreaded that he was to be taken away, and gazed at Katherine whom she mentally characterized as "that happy girl."

"Come, now, Eleanor," argued Colonel Bedford, "see the poor little beggar, how he wants to stay. It's strange, too, for they are not usually fond of children. But I suppose that's because the child has fed him. Don't cry, old man, I'll make you a present of him," and, raising the window, he called down to the owner below, in Italian, "How much?" at the same time lifting Tom and the monkey up in a chair, that the man might see them. But for once Mrs. Gordon, generally rather inclined to spoil her baby, was firm.

"Your plan has acted well enough, perhaps, Henry, with Katherine," she said, "but my children have no purse of Fortunatus with which to buy anything that they may fancy, and Tom may as well learn now, once for all, that he is not to have everything that he cries for. No, no, Tom, give him to uncle."

And, with a cry from the little animal, and a howl from little Tom, that drowned all sounds, the monkey was carried back to the bedroom window, and set gently outside, where with many and various jerks and pulls, he was coaxed back to his master. Colonel Bedford looked at Mrs. Gordon.

"Believe me, you are making a mistake," he said, as he threw a thaler out of the window.

"To pay for keeping him so long," called he to the organ grinder, "and to insure his good treatment," he added to Mrs.

Gordon, as the Italian bowed and smiled and doffed his cap, and made the monkey do the same.

"O, Henry! what mistaken ideas you have," sighed Mrs. Gordon, "but what a big heart."

"An' my pore baby jes' a-sobbin' he's little gizzard out, bless him," commented Rosie.

The afternoon was passed in driving out to Tegel, the home of the celebrated Alexander Von Humboldt.

"What was Humboldt, that people should make such a fuss about him?" asked Cortland of Colonel Bedford.

"Ask, rather, my boy, what he was not," was the reply. "In calling to mind the great men who have lived before us, or indeed those of the present time, I can recall no one man who combined so much that was great and good as Alexander Von Humboldt. He was a great naturalist, a traveller and explorer; a scientist; being a meteorologist, a mineralogist, and a geologist. He was an astronomer, a botanist, a politician and an author, and was certainly one of the most learned and cultivated men of his day, or any other. He was helpful and generous to those who needed it, which great men either often forget, or have no time to be.

"He was sent on a political mission to France and, living there some years, he published his great work containing the chief results of his travels. This work consisted of twenty-nine volumes. He studied anatomy, and published a work on comparative anatomy and geology. In fact, I might talk to you all day, and not be able to tell you all that I should like to of this remarkable man. Though he was the friend and confidant of the late King of Prussia, his positions were not bought by favoritism; he carved his own way, as we must all of us do, for you

have often heard it said 'that there is no royal road to learning,' and Von Humboldt recognized that fact early in life.

"When finally he returned from his travels, and his various political missions, he held a very prominent position at the Prussian court. When we go to Potsdam to-morrow, I will show you the room which he occupied while there, and, if it has not been removed, the screen which he made with his own hands."

This little preparation for the visit to Humboldt's home gave the young people an added interest in the excursion, and they gayly took their seats in the two carriages awaiting them at the door of the hotel, which they comfortably filled, Rosie and Tom being allowed to join them on condition that Master Tom would shed no more tears over his lost monkey.

The nine-mile drive was a delightful one, and the young people as well as the older ones felt repaid when they saw the charming country place which had once been the property of the Great Elector.

Cortland attached himself to Katherine, and seemed to consider it a decided interference when either Violet or John spoke to them, or interrupted their conversation in any way. Katherine, who was a charming, attractive girl, accustomed to attention from many older and more distinguished persons than Cortland, accepted his devotion as a matter of course, and Cortland became so elated and flattered that he was, as John confided to Violet, "perfectly unbearable." When Katherine got out of the carriage at Tegel, Cortland gave her his hand; he also carried her parasol and wraps, and put on the airs of a man, greatly to John's and Violet's amusement. Even Mrs. Gordon noticed Cortland's change of manner, but she was secretly pleased, for she knew that there is no better mode of

refining and improving a boy at Cortland's awkward age, than that of placing him in the companionship and under the attraction of a girl older than himself, and she quite congratulated herself at his improvement in manners, noticeable since the morning.

Our travellers one and all admired the Roman villa in which Humboldt had lived for so many years, and looked with admiration on the works of art which it contained, and which, the Colonel said, were many of them real treasures. Then, after feeing the care-taker, a duty which the thoughtful Colonel never forgot, they passed out of the door and down the walk leading to the tombs of Alexander and William Von Humboldt. While here Colonel Bedford and Mrs. Gordon united in relating much more of this noble man, all of which I cannot tell you, or we should never leave Tegel. You must read about him for yourselves, and perhaps you may be inspired by his courage and perseverance to aim at following somewhat in his footsteps.

"He was forty different things!" exclaimed the Colonel, "and great in all. I wish that I was as thorough in any one thing as he was in each one of his studies."

They were all still standing at the burial-place admiring the statue which was erected in memory of Humboldt's wife. The statue of Hope — "A most beautiful creation by Thorwaldsen," the Colonel said, when suddenly there fell upon their ears the clanking of swords, the click of spurred heels, and two young men in the uniform of infantry officers, were making their bows and their greetings to Katherine and her father. After speaking a moment with the Colonel, they asked, as well-bred Germans always do, to be presented to the rest of the party; even John and Violet were not forgotten, and poor little Violet felt

very small and very shy when she found that the heels were clicked together and the bow made to her individually, as well as to the others. One of the officers, a stout, pleasant-faced man, who could speak English passably well, attached himself to Mrs. Gordon and the Colonel, but the younger, a fair-haired, blue-eyed Hanoverian, turned and walked by the side of Katherine, and then began such a voluble conversation in German as made Cortland's countenance all at once blacker than any thunder-cloud. The day was over for him, and he walked along behind Katherine and the "Herr Baron" looking, John said, "as if he had lost a thousand dollars." He made his way to the carriage where Rosie and Tom were already seated, and when Violet and John came to take their places, he told them that one of them could "go home in the first carriage, he didn't care which; he wasn't going to, and that was all about it;" and as the gay voices reached him, his expression was so disagreeable that John's smothered amusement found vent and he laughed outright. Could he have heard Katherine's last words, rather, could he have understood them, he would have been more angry if possible than ever. They were:—

"Very well, then; we shall expect you. We take the nine o'clock train."

Last farewells were being exchanged as Violet ran up to her mother's carriage.

"Cortland wants me to take his place," said she.

"By the way," said Katherine, "where is my parasol? Cortland had it."

Violet called back to Cortland as to the whereabouts of the missing parasol.

"I gave it to that Dutchman," returned Cortland, sulkily,

loud enough, however, for them all to hear. The missing article was found safely stowed away in the back seat of the carriage. Katherine seated herself, with a farewell bow to her friends.

"What an owl of a boy!" said she; and that was all the notice vouchsafed by any of them to Cortland's rude remark.

"How gloomy and monotonous Berlin is after once getting into the country!" exclaimed Katherine, as they drove into the city streets again, and drew up at the door of the hotel. "You must come with us to Dresden, Aunt Eleanor, if you want to see a lovely, bright, home-y sort of a place. Of course this is interesting, but I should die of the horrors if I thought that I should have to spend an entire winter here."

"Are these friends of yours, the officers we met to-day, stationed in Berlin?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"O, no!" with a faint change of color; "Von K—— is stationed at Königstein, and Von Z—— at Dresden. They are only off on a little leave. They are Hanoverians who went into the Saxon Army after their own government was all broken up. I do hate the Prussians!" exclaimed this fierce young partisan.

The evening was spent in Mrs. Gordon's salon, where all joined pleasantly in conversation, except Cortland, who sat sulkily in his corner and read a book.

"That young Von Z—— is a remarkable fellow," remarked Colonel Bedford, as he referred again to the unexpected meeting of the afternoon. "For so young a man, he has done wonders; few men of his age have been decorated with the Iron Cross. He was very gallant during the Franco-Prussian War. There, boys, is a model for you. He saved his colonel's life at the risk of his own, and was left for dead on the field of

Sedan. He was promoted, but that is all that he got. He is very poor. I wish," added the Colonel, with enthusiasm, "that he had the appreciation he deserves."

"Yes; one can see that he is poor," returned Mrs. Gordon. "I noticed his carefully-mended white gloves, though he was as neat as possible in every way."

Katherine flushed.

"I hate rich men," she said; "they look down on and despise poor ones;" then, suddenly changing the subject: "And now listen, all of you—just remember this. If there is anything that you want to know about Potsdam, please study up to-night, that is, if you value my company; for when I get into the train to-morrow, if I catch so much as a glimpse of one of those horrid red guide-books, I shall simply step out again and stay at home."

Her father laughed quietly, but said nothing.

"What do you do, then?" meekly inquired Mrs. Gordon. "Strangers must have guide-books, especially those who do not speak the language."

"Yes, that's true, Aunt Eleanor, but I always depend on papa, and when we must have a guide-book, I slip on a black cover that I have had made for the purpose, and that conceals the dreadful thing, or else I study up the day before; but a red guide-book! I'd almost rather do Europe with a *valet de place*! However, fortunately, papa knows Potsdam pretty well, don't you, father? Would you believe it, Aunt Eleanor," taking her father's head between her hands and turning his face up toward hers as she bent over him, "this poor misguided old man actually went out there once and lived for six months (that was while I was with you), to study the place. So, on

this occasion, at any rate, you may leave your guide-book at home."

"And pray, Miss Impudence, why shouldn't a poor misguided old man live at Potsdam for six months, if he so chooses?"

Her eyes sparkled as she returned her father's admiring glance.

"Every one to his taste, sir," she said; "but how any one can waste six months in this part of the world, when Dresden lies bathed in sunshine, only five hours away, when there is the Saxon Switzerland a little further on, and the real Switzerland, and Seville, and Madeira are to be seen for the asking, surpasses my comprehension."

"If they are to be had for the asking," said Violet, "why don't you go there?"

"I am going," was the quiet answer.

The sun shone "as brightly as it could in Berlin," Katherine said, on the following morning, when the Gordons and Bedfords, with Cortland and John, met at breakfast, and not long after it was finished, six jolly travellers started for the railway station; for Rosie and Tom were to spend the day in Berlin, according to their own devices.

"How delightful travelling can be made!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as they were driving toward the railway station; "that is, when one has some one to depend upon who understands it all."

"In other words," laughed the Colonel, "some one who 'knows the ropes.' You would soon get accustomed to it, Eleanor, but while I am here I will gladly take all that sort of trouble off your hands; I delight in it."

"Whom are you bowing to, Violet?" asked John, as Violet

leaned far out of the window and nodded and smiled in a most friendly manner. "I did not know that you knew anybody in Berlin."

"Why, the obstinate, independent girl; there! don't you see her, with that long procession of girls? She is looking back now; take off your hats, boys; she must be awfully lonely, poor thing!"

John raised his little cap at Violet's request, but Cortland only remarked, —

"Homely thing! I think I see myself."

"Cortland associates with older people than we are, Vi," said John; "young ladies and grown-ups."

"Well; why not?" retorted Cortland. "I suppose you mean Katherine. She is only seventeen and a half, and I am sixteen. Of course she prefers a fellow of my age to children like you."

"Yes; she seems to prefer you to any one; I noticed it at Tegel," returned John, with a knowing look at Violet. But here was the station, and Cortland, whose night's rest seemed to have swept away the ill-nature of the day before, ran forward and helped Katherine and Mrs. Gordon out of their droschky, and then encumbered himself with Katherine's wraps, leaving John to take Mrs. Gordon's, while the Colonel went to get the tickets for Potsdam.

The only notice that Katherine took of Cortland's renewed good-humor was to say, —

"So your lordship has recovered your pristine glory!" to which Cortland did not reply, as Katherine often said very absurd things; and, finding that his sulkiness had had little effect upon Katherine, he followed her meekly through the station.

"I thought that Von Z—— was coming," remarked the Colonel, as the train started, looking at his daughter keenly through his eyeglasses.

"Yes, he did say so, didn't he?" answered the girl carelessly; "perhaps he decided not to go—possibly he missed the train."

This remark caused Cortland to feel a secret delight, but when the doors were thrown open at the Potsdam station, and the first words heard were, "*Wie geht's Fräulein*," the foolish boy's spirits sank to rise no more.

"The geese are not all dead yet," whispered John to his confidant Violet, as Cortland piled his parcels upon John's already overloaded arms, and walked off moodily, with his hands in his pockets.

But we have no time to spend on Cortland and his vagaries, for we are now to visit, with our friends, the Versailles of Prussia, as Potsdam has been so often called.

"This is the second royal residence." Colonel Bedford turned to Mrs. Gordon as he spoke. "You see this expanse of water? the Havel broadens here into a lake. The whole place, it always seems to me, has a grand air, for, besides the four palaces, the private residences are built, as you see, on a very fine scale."

"Yes; they seem really palatial. What charming homes they must be! but isn't the style somewhat old-fashioned?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"O yes! yes, indeed; the architects copied, one can plainly see, the style of the last century."

"What a long bridge," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon as the droschky drove slowly across the fine structure which connects the station with the town.



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

“ You have given it its right name : The Lange Brücke. Here we are at the Lust Garten, and, close by, is the royal palace. Come, now, out ! all of you, and see this old building, erected somewhere about the year 1660, or between that and 1671.”

“ O, papa ! don’t be quite so guide-book-ey,” said Katherine ; “ you are almost as bad as a red cover.” The Colonel laughed heartily.

“ Walk on with Von Z——, my dear, and don’t listen to me. These young people may never come here again, and I may bring you many times.”

“ I beg of you,” protested Katherine ; “ I hate sight-seeing.”

You may imagine with what interest, not unmixed with awe, these untravelled people followed the Colonel through room after room of this historic building, where had lived for so long one of the most famous monarchs that the world ever saw. It did not seem possible to Violet and John — little boy and girl who had hardly ever been away from their own homes — that they were looking upon the place where the renowned King Frederick the Great had made his home, and where the furniture, and much smaller articles which had been in daily use by him, were standing just as on the day that he died.

There were the sofas, old and time-worn, with cushions whose silken covers had been torn and defaced by the claws of the king’s favorite dogs, and stained by the marks of the plates from which they took their meals in the presence of their royal master. To them, at least, he was a loving master ; nothing more. From them he could be sure of affection and obedience ; not because he was a king, but because they loved him.

There stood the old-fashioned piano and music-stand, with music still upright and open upon it, written in the hand of

Frederick, and, indeed, of his own composition. They saw the homely worn green shade which he used at night when writing, or composing, or reading his favorite author and intimate friend, Voltaire.

"What a man he was!" exclaimed Colonel Bedford. "Not what a king, but what a man! I have seen books in the royal library which bear marginal notes in Frederick the Great's own hand. He criticises his favorite Voltaire's French in some of them. I have read sentences like these: 'One could not say this and be correct'; or, 'Voltaire has expressed himself improperly'; then again, 'Admirable,' 'Well expressed,' etc., etc. Now look at that writing-table! has yours at home as many blots, little girl?" laying his hand on Violet's shoulder; "but the ink," pointing to the stand on the table, "has been dry these **many** years."

"Where is the king's bed? it was here the last time I came," asked the Colonel of the custodian; and then turning to the boys, "a little narrow iron bed, one that you young men would, I dare say, be ashamed to sleep in."

"Oh! I wish I could see it," exclaimed John.

The custodian said something rapidly in German.

"He says," the Colonel explained, "that it had to be removed; that it was nearly torn to pieces by relic hunters."

"Americans, I suppose," sighed Mrs. Gordon.

"We will not ask," the Colonel laughed; "we will hope not."

"Why, Aunt Eleanor, is it as late as that? — twenty minutes past two! I don't believe that clock can be right."

"It hasn't been 'right,' as you say, for a good many years, my boy," said the Colonel. "The Great Frederick wound that clock with his own hands, every day of his life, and, as if to pro-



WINDMILL OF SANS-SOUCI — POTSDAM.

test that no one else should ever do the like office, it stopped at the very moment that the king breathed his last. Yes, it does seem almost like superstition, Eleanor: call it a coincidence, if you will; it is still an undisputed fact."

Adjoining the king's bed-chamber is a cabinet with folding doors. "Here," the custodian explained, "the king used often to dine, the table and appointments being let down from a trap door overhead." Here the king could sit with one chosen friend, and converse without being overheard by his attendants; for it seems that even kings do not find it easy to be alone: and, at a given signal, the table could be raised through the ceiling, reset, and replaced.

From the palace our travellers went to the Garrison Church, where, underneath the fine pulpit, they were told, rested all that remains of Frederick the Great.

"And now for Sans-Souci," said the Colonel gayly. "Now, Eleanor, I shall leave you and Katherine to the care of the Herr Baron, for I intend taking my proper seat — among the young folks.

"You know, all of you, what *sans-souci* means? — Yes, without care," as Violet at once gave the proper meaning to the name of Frederick's country palace; "and I suppose that the king really intended and hoped to live a perfectly happy life at Sans-Souci."

"What a funny old windmill!" exclaimed John, looking at the ancient structure which they were passing.

"Yes; and thereby hangs a tale. Now take a good look at it, all of you, and then I will tell you a story. Once upon a time — Katherine couldn't say that that is a guide-book-ey beginning, could she?" gayly said this young old Colonel.

"O, Uncle Henry, how perfectly delightful! Do go on," said Violet, sitting a little closer to him, on the back seat, where they were driving facing the boys.

"Very well, then; once upon a time there lived a miller" —

"The one who lives in that mill?" asked John.

"No; but he had the same name: in fact, he was the ancestor of the one who lives there now."

"Did he have three sons?" asked John.

"And a cat?" inquired Violet.

"And did the miller say, 'My son, I have nothing to give you; you must go and seek your fortune?'"

"And did he go and marry the king's daughter; and did" —

"When you have told all your story, I will tell you mine," replied the Colonel; "but mine doesn't begin or end at all in that way. My miller may have had a cat — deponent saith not. He may have had three sons; he certainly had one, for his descendants live at present in the mill which we have just passed."

"Go on, Uncle Henry! John won't interrupt you again."

"John! I like that!"

"H'sh!" Violet smiled, and laid her finger on her lips, and Uncle Henry took a fresh start:

"Once upon a time there was a miller, and he lived in just the spot where that mill stands to-day. He had a wife and one son (perhaps three)," looking at John, "and undoubtedly a cat; they never knew what color she was. She was born black, but, crawling round the mill, and rubbing against the miller's whitened clothes, she covered herself every day with flour and meal, and so they called her 'Turncoat.'"

"O, Uncle Henry! that isn't really the story."

“And I am not to be rewarded for my thoughtfulness? My dear, I put in Turncoat entirely out of compliment to you; well, let her stay. I’m sure there was a cat; if there wasn’t, there ought to have been, and, under the circumstances, her name should have been Turncoat. Well, one day Turncoat came to her master, and, rubbing herself against his knee, she looked up into his face and said, or, if she didn’t say it, she should have said:—

“‘O, master! the king is coming, — riding up to the door.’ Well, at any rate, the miller heard the hoofs of the king’s horse upon the pavement before the mill, and he did not shake, except to shake a little of the flour off his coat; and he did not quake, but he took off his hat and went out to the door of the mill, for the mill was near the gardens of the great king, and the miller saw him come and go almost every day, and he was not at all frightened, as almost any other poor subject would be. When the miller got to the door, there was a gay company laughing and talking in subdued tones, and in front of them all sat the king on his favorite charger. The king was mighty, gracious and polite.

“‘Know, O miller!’ he said, ‘that we have been considering the subject of including the lands of the mill within our own domain. We wish to extend our royal gardens, and it is our royal pleasure to take thy lands, and give thee a fair price for them.’

“The poor miller hesitated and stumbled. Turncoat rubbed against his knee, and, scraping off some of the flour, she left herself white on one side and black on the other. This caused the gay courtiers and gentlemen in waiting to titter in a subdued, respectful and lordly manner. The miller was taken a-back.

He lost his breath. His thoughts flew quickly through his bewildered brain. What! give up the mill where his father, and grandfather before him, had lived, long before any Brandenburg had come to erect a palace almost within sight of the mill windows! give up the mill where he had been born; where he had brought his Babette a bride from the *Spree-wald*; where his son had been born; where he had had his home for so many years, and where, God willing, he hoped to end his days! He stood thinking; he scratched his whitened locks, and the flour scattered out of his hair and made a cloud round his head, so that the courtiers tittered again. But Turncoat never laughed. She didn't even say a word. 'Let him decide for himself,' she thought, 'and then he can't blame me.'

"'Well, my good man, we await thy answer,' said the king. 'We give thee ten days to move out, as we wish at once to destroy the mill, and include thy land in our pleasure grounds.'

"Now Turncoat wasn't afraid of any king. She jumped up on the miller's shoulder, and rubbed her side against his cheek.

"'Tell him you won't do it,' said she. At least she ought to if she didn't. At any rate, the miller seemed to gain a sort of courage from her presence. He looked up from under his powdered eyebrows at the king, and ceased fingering the rim of his old battered hat.

"'Your Majesty,' he said, 'I cannot sell the old place.'

"The courtiers one and all nearly tumbled off their horses.

"'How!' thundered the monarch. — That's the way, isn't it, Violet? — 'How!' thundered the monarch, — his royal eyes flashing the while — 'cannot? Will not, perchance!'

"Turncoat walked round the miller's shoulders, and rubbed her side against his other cheek.

“ ‘Will not, if Your Majesty so chooses,’ replied the Miller.

“ At this the courtiers trembled, and one actually became so faint that he fell sidewise over his charger’s neck.

“ With this answer, the king put spurs to his horse.

“ ‘Thou shalt see, O base miller, whether thou wilt not when thy king desires! In ten days thy mill shall be crumbling about thy head.’

“ And the miller heard the sound of departing horseshoes, and saw nothing but the soles of the chargers’ hoofs as they clattered out of his gateway, the fainting courtier holding a smelling-bottle to His Nobility’s nose.

“ The miller went in to Babette.

“ ‘Hast thou heard the news, Babette?’

“ ‘Aye, that have I,’ answered Babette; ‘but sooner than part with a timber of the home that is so dear to us — where our little Hänschen was born — to make a pleasure-garden for the king, I will take a coal from my fire and burn it over our heads.’

“ Time passed — a week, nine days, ten — and on the evening of the tenth day came a summons to the miller to go to the court; not the royal court, but a court of law; and to this court the poor miller was cited to appear, and show cause why he should continue such a nuisance under the very nostrils of the kingly nose, or forever after hold his peace. Well, children, I cannot tell you all that happened, — all the conversations that the miller and Babette held that night, nor the pros and cons that helped to make up the arguments; but certain it is that on the day appointed, the miller, dressed in his Sunday best, with trousers much too short for him, and his coat-tail buttons half-way up to his shoulders, took his stout stick, and started for the court. He had nearly reached the court of justice when he heard a

mewing, and, looking round, he espied Turncoat, almost as black as he was himself, with only a patch of flour on her side, trotting along after him.

“‘Hast thou come to witness my sorrow?’ asked the poor miller mournfully, as he gathered her up in his arms. Well, when at the court the miller arrived, he found all the learned lawyers, and big-wigs, and judges; and when the case was called, ‘The King *versus* Hans the Miller,’ there was a great stir in the court. And when poor Hans walked up toward the bench where sat the lawyers, and the big-wigs, and the judges, and was asked in stentorian — isn’t that it, boys? — stentorian tones, who he had to defend him, and answered, ‘No one, Your Worship,’ the lawyers and all the people tittered, — all except the judges; for they were so stiff that they couldn’t; and one young man who sat in quite an obscure seat among the younger lawyers of the court.

“Again was the question cried forth: ‘Who defends this man?’

“‘I do, Your Worship,’ rang out in clear tones from the obscure seat where the young lawyer sat. And then the young man, much to poor Hans’ astonishment, climbed over benches and pushed between big-wigs, and bowed to the judges, and finally edged himself along to where Hans stood. He took Hans aside and questioned him, and soon he had the whole story, and when the case then going on had been disposed of, he was ready to begin.

“First, the king’s lawyer got up and stated the case; and I wish that you could have seen the astonishment, and the shrugs of the shoulders, and heard the ‘Oh’s!’ and the ‘Ah’s!’ and the ‘Shamefuls!’ and the ‘Monstrouses!’ and the ‘Ridiculouses!’

that sounded through that court-room when the lords, and the judges, and the nobility, and the people heard what a wicked, stupid man that miller was, not to be willing to give up the house where he had been born, that the king might enlarge his pleasure-grounds. The king's lawyer had finished, and the obscure young man had arisen to speak, when there was a slight stir in the gallery overhead and near the door. But the obscure young man was facing the judges, and heard nothing of the stir. He was so overcome by, and wrapt up in, his subject, that he could think of nothing else; and he became so eloquent, and was so carried away that he carried every one with him: and when the judges blew their noses three distinct times, he knew that his cause was won.

"It is hard to believe," continued the Colonel, "but the chief judge was actually in tears. And, with one acclaim, they said, all three, 'Let the poor man keep his mill.'

"And then, from the box near the door, the curtain was drawn aside, and there stood the king. The obscure young man blushed when he saw the king's eyes fixed upon him, for he had said some pretty hard things of His Majesty: had called him a 'grasping monarch,' and had spoken of the mill as the poor miller's 'one ewe lamb'; but he looked firmly, yet respectfully, towards the royal box, and bowed his head. Then the king, who was truly noble in heart, called the young man to him, and rewarded him by making him one of his secretaries; and, to show his real repentance, he at once ordered a better and larger mill built for Hans. When Hans walked into his house that evening, with Turncoat in his pocket, he was met by Babette. Her eyes were swollen with crying.

"'Shall I lay the coal on the timbers?' asked she.

“ ‘Thou mayest, when thou wilt,’ replied Hans, ‘for the king has promised to build me a better mill.’ And Turncoat ran through a flour bin, and came out snow-white, and jumped upon the miller’s black coat, so that he had to change it at once; and when the king rode up to the door, he was as floury, and as dusty, and as white as before.”

The Colonel stopped.

“And is that all?” asked the three breathless listeners.

“Isn’t it enough, and more too?” asked the Colonel.

“O, no! not half enough.” It was Violet who spoke.
“Was it a real king, Uncle Henry, or only a make-up?”

“A real king! I should think so. No less a king than Frederick the Great.”

“And Turncoat, — that dear Turncoat! — and Babette” —

“Don’t push me too close, Violet. I have embellished a little: but doesn’t everything need just a little embellishment?”

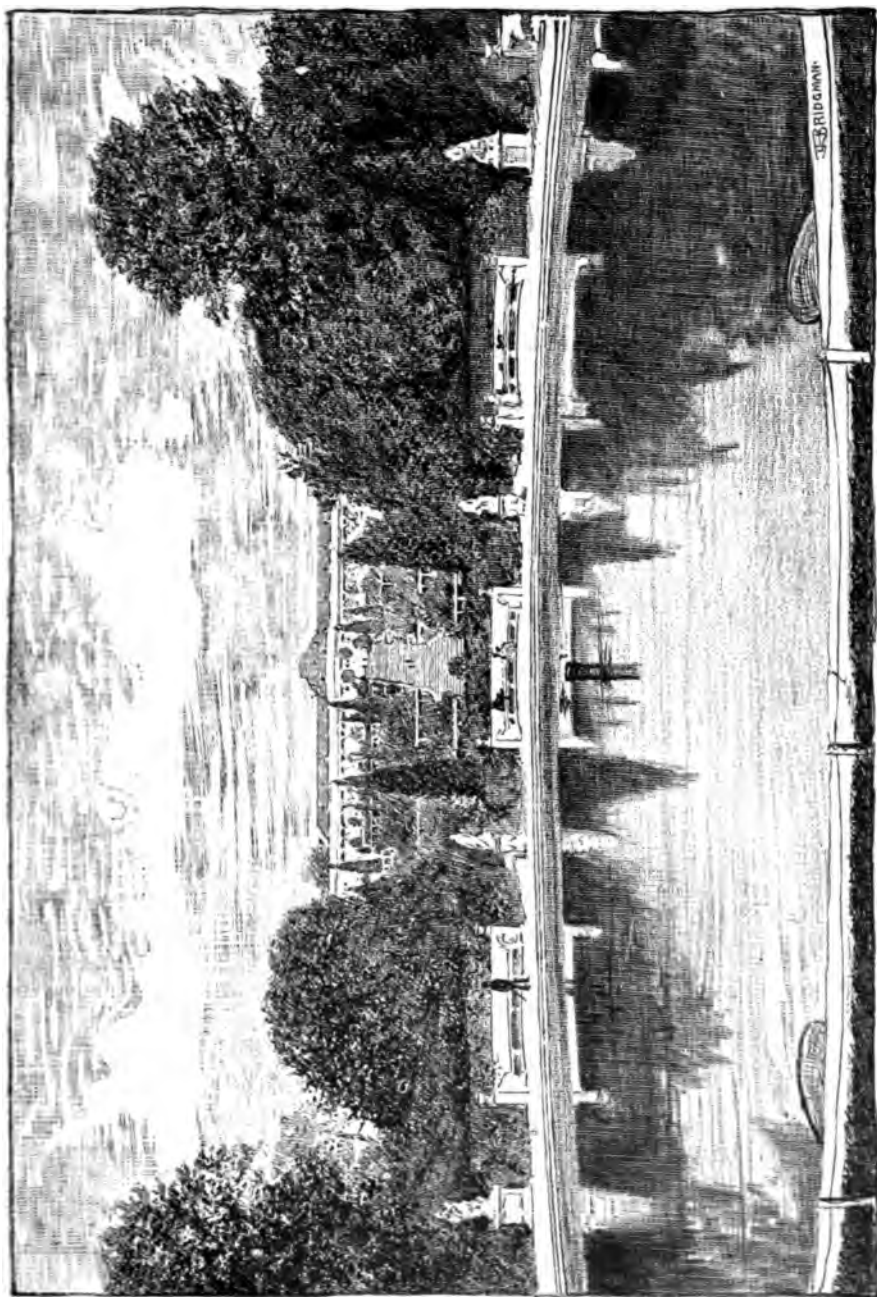
“And is that mill that we saw the one that the king built?” asked John.

“Yes; the very same one. And when the present owner of the mill, becoming embarrassed in business, went to the late king and offered to sell his mill, the king, instead of taking advantage of his troubles, settled upon him a sum sufficiently large to extricate him from his difficulties, saying that the mill had become historical, and that he considered it a sort of national monument.”

The carriage stopped.

“But here we are at the palace of Sans-Souci, and we have been so busily talking that I have not called your attention to the fine grounds through which we have been driving.”

“O, mamma!” contentedly sighed Violet, “Uncle Henry is



PALACE AND TERRACES OF SANS-SOUCI — POTSDAM.

too delightful ! only promise me that I may always have a seat near him, as long as we travel together ! ”

“ I think that altogether too selfish, Violet,” returned her mother, with a smile.

“ This is the new palace, and we must go over it before going anywhere else,” said the Colonel.

But John and Cortland stepped outside and wandered about the walks and green terraces, which are kept just as Frederick the Great laid them out. Upon the highest eminence of all, they found Katherine and the young officer standing. He was looking very solemn, and she, John thought, looked as if the tears were very near her eyes. She welcomed the boys with effusion.

“ Come,” she said, “ and look at the graves of Frederick’s favorite horses and dogs. Isn’t this a lovely spot to be buried in ? Would I like to be buried here ? No, John. Not anywhere, thank you, just at present. But the king did want to be buried here. He left that request in his will. But they don’t pay much attention to any one’s wishes after he is dead. *Nicht wahr, Herr Von Z—— ?* ” and she repeated her words in German. “ But come to the ape house, boys. Ah ! there is Violet ahead of us, already, with papa. I am inclined to be quite jealous of that young woman, do you know ? She seems to have taken entire possession of my father.”

At the Japanese house, called by Frederick his ape salon, the walls are decorated by figures of apes in all possible postures.

“ Why ! look at that one on the ceiling,” exclaimed Violet. “ It’s springing right toward me.”

“ Not at all,” returned Cortland ; “ it’s jumping directly at me.” Violet and Cortland were standing on opposite sides of the room.

“ The silver shield again,” remarked John, who stood directly

underneath the ape, and could not see that he was appearing to spring one way or the other. "You'd better be careful, Vi; remember the discussion that Cortland and I had on board the Goldenrod, about the Burnt Coat light-houses."

And now visits had to be made to Charlottenhof, the residence of the late king when crown-prince, and to Babelsberg. "The loveliest of them all," said Violet.

"Yes; it might be any pretty home-like country place, on the banks of the Hudson," agreed her mother.

While looking at the gardens, in the grounds of Sans-Souci, Mrs. Gordon asked the Colonel if these had not been laid out by Frederick the Great.

"Oh! certainly," was the reply. "He had a very extensive variety of fruits and vegetables grown here, and took the greatest pride in his gardens and hot-beds. You remember, Eleanor, the famous reply of the Prince de Ligne?"

Colonel Bedford never instructed those about him as if he knew more than they. He usually prefaced his remarks with, "You remember," or, "Doubtless you have heard," or else he told a charming little story to his delighted hearers, and, truly, as Mrs. Gordon often said, it was not only a liberal education to be allowed to travel in his company, but a constant delight and pleasure. Mrs. Gordon was frank enough to say,—

"No, Henry; I not only do not remember, but I never heard it."

"Oh! you have forgotten," was the rejoinder. "One can't remember everything one reads. The king, you know, was complaining of the failures of some of his favorite flowers.

"My vines pine in such a soil, and under such a climate," said he.

“ The Prince de Ligne was a ready courtier. He gracefully replied,

“ ‘ Sire, it appears that with you only your laurels thrive.’ ”

But the long, delightful, busy day at Potsdam had to come to a close, as all days must, no matter how pleasant or how sad they may be, and six o'clock saw our party safely back in the Hotel du Nord, with Tom and Rosie listening with wonder to their accounts of all that they had seen.

CHAPTER III.

Cortland refusing to go sight-seeing remains behind only to get into trouble. — The relics of the Lake Villages. — Cortland falls not only into the Lake of Zürich, but also from Katherine's good graces.

HOW glad I am that Katherine said so much about this place, and that Aunt Eleanor hurried on here, instead of staying in that gloomy old Berlin."

The speaker was John, the listeners Violet and Cortland. They were seated on the square open veranda of the Hotel Bellevue, at Dresden, and there they were taking their early breakfast, which, contrary to the European custom, they had ordered to be served below stairs, and at which they all, with the exception of Katherine, met at the hour of eight.

Cortland had been vigorously devoting himself to the demotion of sundry little birds, whose heaps of small bones looked, John said, like the pile which, the fairy tales tell us, are supposed to lie outside an ogre's cave, and until now he had had no time to join in the conversation ; he, however, did reply to John's remark.

"Ho!" he said, "Katherine only wanted to come here because that Dutchman is stationed in Dresden."

"How many times must I remind you, Cortland," sounded in Katherine's clear tones from behind him, "that we are not in Holland? the people who live in Germany are Germans."

Cortland had the grace to blush as Katherine turned to the others.

"But come, you lazy young people," she continued, "the carriages are at the door, and we are all ready, the rest of us, to go to Pillnitz."

"Why should we go to Pillnitz before we have seen anything at all of Dresden?" objected Violet.

"Because it's the least guide-bookey thing to do, for one reason, and because"—Katherine's eyelashes trembled a little—"because Herr Z—— can go with us to-day, and he is the best sort of a guide."

The drive to Pillnitz, the summer palace of the Saxon king, takes one along the bank of the Elbe, past peasant villages, country villas, and *gast-hofs*, and as the excursion is a long one, the young people found, when they reached the door of the hotel, that the ever-thoughtful Colonel was overseeing the stowing away of the large hampers, under the box seats of the open droschkies which stood waiting.

"Come, get in, Cortland," said the Colonel, as the others seated themselves.

The boy stood sulkily leaning against the pillar of the doorway, as the porter obsequiously held open the door of the large droschky.

"I'm not going."

"Not going?" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon.

"Not going!" echoed Violet and John.

"No, I'm not. I'm sick and tired of these excursions; I think it's perfectly ridiculous to start off for a place ever so far away, when you haven't even seen the city you're in."

"Well," returned the candid Colonel, in a tone of conviction, "I don't know but you're right, but you see it's all owing to Katherine, and she manages these things."

"Selfish thing! Just as she does everything," muttered Cortland.

The young officer, who had already taken his place opposite Mrs. Gordon and Katherine, looked inquiringly at the latter, but she chose to give him no satisfaction.

"But what will you do with yourself, Cortland?" asked Mrs. Gordon anxiously, as she leaned out of the droschky, and looked at the sulky boy.

"Oh! I'll get along," returned he, with scant courtesy. "I've got some money, and that's all these Dutchmen," with a scowl at Katherine, "seem to want;" and he sauntered into the hotel.

"Take care of yourself, then," said the Colonel as he took his place beside the young baron.

"Do you suppose that it is right to leave him, Henry?" asked Mrs. Gordon, who felt greatly her responsibility as to Cortland.

"O, yes, yes! Why not? If he airs his notions and prejudices he will be taken down, and, for my part, I must say that I think the sooner that happens the better for all concerned."

Mrs. Gordon sighed.

"Tom told me that I could not manage him, but the boy begged so to come, that I yielded."

"Why, here, this is all wrong!" exclaimed the Colonel; "I ought to be with the young people; and now that Cortland has stayed at home, I had better take his place. Katherine and Von Z—— can tell you all that you want to know."

The droschkies were stopped, and the exchange made, which Violet and John hailed with delight.

"We were just wondering," said Violet, "how we could find

out anything about anything. It's perfectly splendid to have you, Uncle Henry. You're better than any girl I know."

"Or any boy," added John.

"Thanks for the compliment," and Uncle Henry raised his hat and laughed. "I have never felt more than sixteen. I hope that I never shall."

"Where is Pillnitz?" asked John.

"On the right bank of the river," answered the Colonel.

"But we are going over to the left bank," urged John, as they rolled from the old bridge down into the Neustadt, and turned to the right, as their way lay up the river in the direction of its source.

"Do you know which is the right bank of any river?" smiled the Colonel. "It is always, you know, on the right-hand side, as you stand looking toward its mouth, so, though we drive up the river bank on what is the left side, as we look toward Pillnitz, we are, in reality, on its right bank."

The drive took our party through woods filled with lordly old trees, or along by the side of high stone walls, through openings in which they caught a glimpse, now and then, of beautifully laid out flower-beds, decorating the lawns which stretched in front of commodious mansions.

"This one," said the Colonel, as they passed a fine building which rose to their right between them and the river, "is the palace (as they call it here), of the Prince of Prussia. He is a brother of the present Emperor, but made what is called a morganatic marriage, which is, as you probably know, a marriage with a subject, or one not of royal blood, and, for this reason, he was not allowed to appear at court, but lived here the life that he had chosen for himself. Whatever a man's

failings may be, one cannot help admiring such constancy as that."

A pleasant drive brought our travellers to the "*Weissen Hirsch*," or White Deer, a little country inn, where the Colonel ordered brought out to them, one and all, mugs of foaming beer, which ran over and filled the tray with white and frothy bubbles. Violet made a wry little face, as she took a sip of the national beverage, but Katherine took hers down "like any Saxon of them all," so said the Colonel.

After this little halt, they drove on again through wooded country, and villages, until at last they drew up at the *gast-hof* at Pillnitz. A short walk brought them into the quaint, old-fashioned garden, with its straight walks, and angular trim rows of box and arbor vitæ. A ramble was taken down to the river to see the lovely view, before the palace was entered, and from the stone wall they turned and surveyed the strange-looking building with its green, sloping, pagoda-like roof, and its balconies, without which it would seem no German can be content.

"It's a lovely place," said the Colonel, "but it has never seemed the same to me, and, I suppose, for that matter, to any one, since the old king died."

"What a dear old man he was!" exclaimed Katherine, as they walked up the long *allée*. "Do you remember, papa, once when we came here during that first year that I travelled with you? I was a little thing, and I am afraid I was somewhat wild, Violet. I remember that I was hopping over the box borders. I saw an old gentleman coming toward me, and came back to the path, and stood still, not knowing at all who it was. He evidently thought that I was a boy. Papa, you did dress me queerly, I have heard them say — in very short skirts, I believe,

and coats — and he had had my hair cropped short, Violet, so that it stood up all over my head. The old gentleman stopped, and, in very good English, offered me his cane to ride. I blushed crimson, and then he patted my head and said that I must not mind him; that he was only an old man. And then I remember that you came along from somewhere, ordering lunch, perhaps, papa, and how he talked with you about the Mexican War, and our last war; and when you said ‘Your Majesty,’ I knew that it was the king. I learned more of our Civil War than I ever knew before. I remember how interested the king was in your account of Gettysburg, and how many questions he asked.”

“It was that same day,” said the Colonel, taking up the thread of Katherine’s reminiscences, “that Payne came out here.” The Colonel stopped to laugh, and the others gathered round him, expecting an amusing story. “Payne, Eleanor, had been a lieutenant in my regiment, and did some good fighting at Malvern Hills, and he was a good fellow — a very good fellow; a rough diamond, to be sure, but he meant well.

“After the war Payne went out West and made some money in pork-packing, and became quite a prominent man in his native town. People, I imagine, fell into the way of calling him General, knowing that he had been in the war, and in a region of the country where a plain Mr. is a rarity, it did very well; but, finally, Payne thought that he would come abroad. And out he came with ‘General Payne’ on his card, and was quite a swell. He spent money like water, and on the very day that I am speaking of, he had driven out to Pillnitz four-in-hand, and as I was talking with King John, whom should I see but Payne sauntering down the walk.

"My first thought, I must confess, was of instant flight, but it was too late; Payne had seen me, and before you could say Jack Robinson, he was upon me. He greeted me with great effusion, and then, by many nods and winks, gave me to understand that he wished to be presented to the king. Think what you like, I must acknowledge that I was ashamed of the bandy-legged little fellow, with his red face and diamond pin, and nods and winks; but it was no use, I had to face the music, and was just about to ask the king if I might present my countryman, when he saved me the necessity. With that lovely genial smile, which once seen could never be forgotten, he turned to me and said: 'I shall be happy to have your friend presented.'

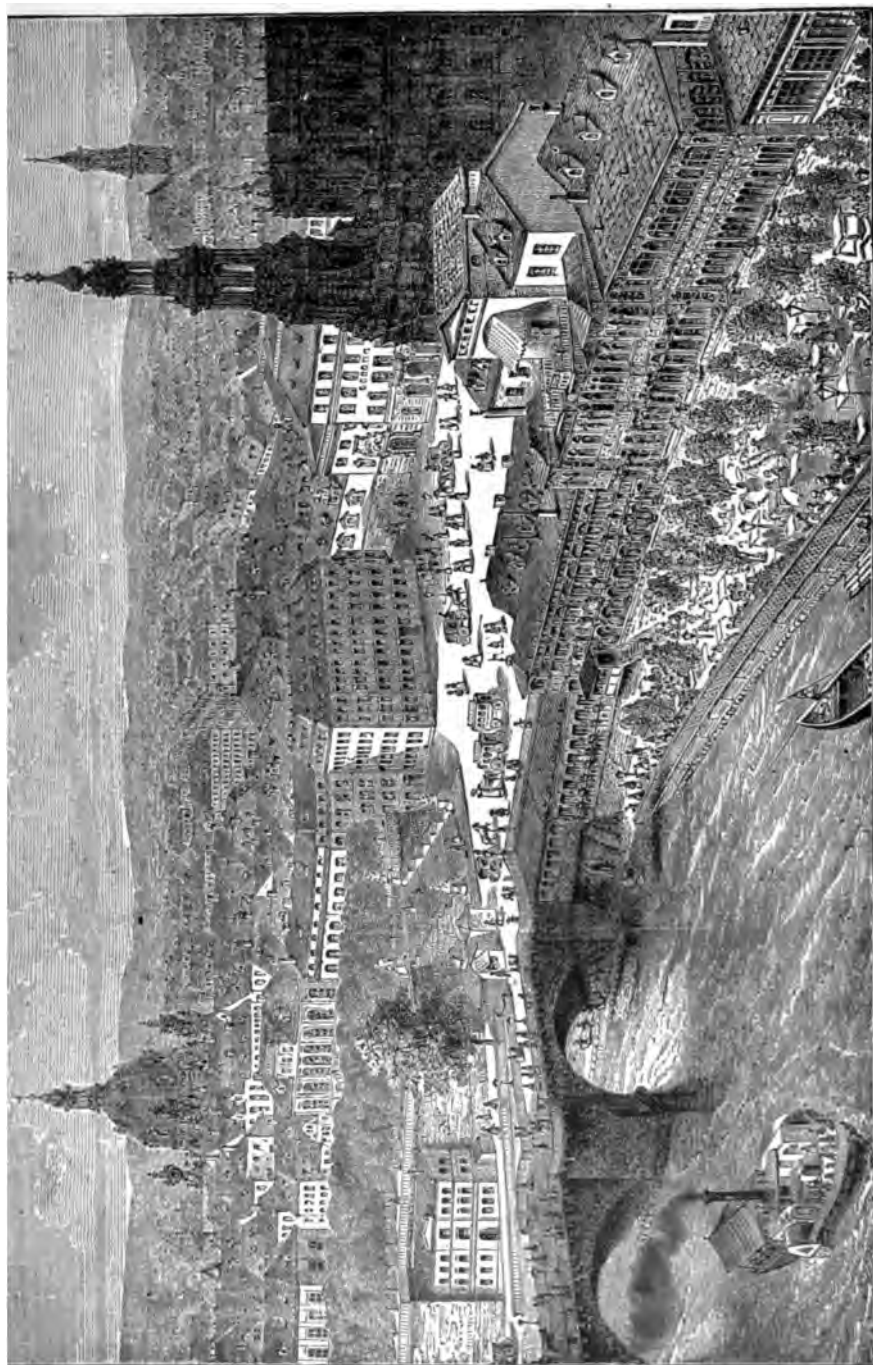
"Imagine it, Eleanor, my friend! But I could make no explanation, and presented Payne with the best grace that I could command. The little creature took off his hat with a flourish, stuck it on again sidewise, thrust his hands in his pockets, and, turning his back on his royal host, and surveying with a scrutinizing glance, the flower beds and shrubs, said:

"'King, you've got a fine garden here.'"

"I remember," laughed Katherine, "that I came running up, and that you seemed to be choking. I thought you were dying. King John had a very amused smile on his face, and that little turkey-cock of a man was strutting round as if he owned Pillnitz."

"It makes me ill to think of it," said the Colonel. "Come, let us go inside."

The Colonel led his party through the plain and old-fashioned rooms of the palace. The banqueting room, with its gallery at one end, where in old times the common people could enter, and see the royal family as they dined, was very interest-



BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE, DRESDEN.

ing to Violet, who could not imagine the willingness of persons, or personages, I suppose, would be a more proper word, to dine where "all the world" might see them.

She still lingered after the custodian had ushered the others through the door of exit, and John said that he really believed if he had not come back for her, she would have been there yet. "And I'm starved, Violet," urged John, as he looked through the doorway, "and there is the picnic waiting, if Tom and Rosie haven't made way with it."

A charming walk to a hill behind the gardens brought them to the scene of their mid-day meal, and there, beneath some grand trees, they found the hampers opened, and Rosie doing what she called her "purtiest," to keep the small Tom in a state of subjection.

"Ef I could on'y keep Mass'r Tom out o' de honey, Mis' El'nor, I'd be reconciled," was Rosie's greeting as Mrs. Gordon came panting up the last few steps of the steep ascent, and sat down quite out of breath on the carriage cushions which the Colonel had ordered to be brought to the spot. Busy hands were soon at work helping Rosie in her self-appointed task, and many were the jokes, none of them remarkable for their brilliancy, I have no doubt, and great the hilarity of the devourers of this merry feast, and the sun was much nearer its setting point than it should be, when the Colonel hurried them all into the droschkies, and their faces were turned homeward.

The route of the drive was only changed in that they crossed the river at Loschwitz, on a large flat ferry-boat, and drove back to Dresden on the left bank instead of on the right. When Violet and John were told that a certain house on the left-hand side of the road, as they were descending to the ferry-

boat, was the one in which the poet Schiller had lived, they could hardly believe it. It seemed so strange that they should be looking at the very place where this world-renowned man spent so much of his life! but they felt as if they had been for some time past living in a wonderful dreamland, and while many things that were told them seemed almost too strange to be true, still they were no more strange than those which had preceded them.

"I feel as if I were living in a sort of fableland," said Violet, "or as if I were a character in a novel. It doesn't seem possible that I am really seeing the places which I have read and studied about, with my very own eyes."

It was dark when the two cumbrous vehicles went clattering down through the schloss strasse, and drew up at the door of the Hotel Bellevue.

"How I shall bother Cortland!" exclaimed John, as he and Violet ran through the outer doorway, and up the stairs. "We have had such a splendid day!"

"I wonder what he has been doing with himself ever since we have been away? He must have been awfully lonely!" Violet could hardly speak for breathlessness.

John burst boisterously into the room which he shared with his cousin.

"You don't know what you missed. Such a day, and such a picnic, and such a" —

But John stopped and looked around the room; there was no answering voice.

"I say, Vi, he must be in your mother's parlor," said John, and off they scampered to the little salon where they were accustomed to assemble together when in the hotel, and to

which the children ran at least twenty times a day. No Cortland there !

"Mamma!" called Violet to her mother, as she came slowly along the hall, Rosie following with the sleeping Tom, "mamma, we can't find Cortland anywhere."

"Can't find him, Violet? He is probably in his room, or else on the terrace below;" whereupon the children ran down to the broad piazza, but a thorough search failed to reveal Cortland's well-known form.

"He'll turn up," said the Colonel.

"Yes, sah, in de lock-up!" was Rosie's unexpected response, which proved to the Colonel that which he had for some time suspected, that Rosie had for Cortland no overweening fondness.

But time passed on, the late supper was over, and still Cortland did not appear.

"I am really frightened about the boy, Henry," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Why, what do you think can have happened to him? Do you think that he has jumped off the bridge, or taken the train for home and freedom?"

"Don't laugh at me. I am really nervous. Do go and make inquiries."

Mrs. Gordon's anxious face and earnest words sent the Colonel hurrying below stairs, but his questions resulted only in the scant information that the "younger Herr" had gone out as soon as the party started for Pillnitz; that he had returned to the hotel for his luncheon, after which he had again gone out, and had not been seen since.

Mrs. Gordon was now thoroughly frightened, and Colonel Bedford was beginning to be somewhat uneasy. Violet and

John were in a state of terror at the mystery attending the affair. Katherine alone, of the whole party, maintained her composure.

"Don't worry, Aunt," she said: "I can tell you exactly where he is."

Her aunt started.

"What do you mean, Katherine?" asked her father. "How should you know? Where is he?"

"Probably in the city prison, father; what we call in America the jail," returned Katherine, with calmness.

"O, Katherine! how can you be so cruel?" It was Mrs. Gordon who spoke. "What has the poor boy done to gain your enmity?" Mrs. Gordon was always a brave defender of the absent.

"It isn't cruel, Aunt. My common sense leads me to believe that Cortland, wandering about alone all day, and unused to the customs of a strange country, has become involved in some quarrel; has perhaps struck some one, and has been carried off to the police station."

"I declare! I never thought of that," exclaimed the Colonel.

"You know," said Katherine, "that it is very different here from what it is at home. Cortland likes to act as if he owned the earth, but you cannot get into a fight in Germany without serious consequences; and if he has struck, or even pushed any one in anger, he is sure to be locked up — perhaps tried and fined."

"How long-headed you are!" exclaimed the Colonel, looking admiringly upon his pretty daughter.

"I call it anything but long-headed; unkind and uncharitable

would be more suitable words, in my opinion;" and Mrs. Gordon looked severely at Katherine.

"Well, Aunt," returned her niece, with perfect good humor. "think what you will of me, but the sooner that papa stops arguing the case, and goes to the chief of police, the better for Cortland."

Whereupon Colonel Bedford did indeed hurry off to that important functionary, and, after much inquiry from himself, and many questions shot off at him in return, like shell from the mouth of a bomb, and after much consulting of books and papers, and slamming of doors by the messengers, who ran here and there at the great man's bidding, Colonel Bedford discovered that Katherine had indeed been correct in her surmises, and that Cortland was confined at that moment within the walls of the city police station.

"I must see him to-night," said the Colonel decisively.

"That cannot be," returned the chief, with as much decision in his tones as the Colonel had displayed.

"I tell you that I must see him! The boy shall not sleep in such a place!"

"Indeed, the Herr cannot even see the young gentleman without a letter from his Consul, telling me who he is."

"Still better than that," was the Colonel's reply; "if the Consul is in Dresden, I will bring himself." And the Colonel was as good as his word.

The Consul was an old friend of Colonel Bedford's; not only had he known him intimately during his prolonged sojourn in Dresden, but they had played together as boys, so that when the Colonel's droschky drew up at the door of the Consul's house, it was with a feeling of certainty and reliance that he walked up

the steps and rang the bell underneath which were the words, "*Zweite etage*," or, second floor. As he pulled the knob, a second droschky drove up behind his own, and out of it got a lady and a gentleman.

"Harry, where under the sun did you come from?"

"Sam, is that you?" were the greetings which passed between these two old friends.

"Just let me take my wife up-stairs," said the Consul, after listening a moment to the Colonel's hasty explanation, "and I shall be ready to go with you anywhere."

As the gray-haired friends were driving towards the police station, Colonel Bedford told the Consul all that he knew of the situation.

"The boy must come out of there to-night," said he. "The mortification and disgrace would cling to him always; and it would nearly kill his family."

The Consul only replied: "We must first find out what his offence has been."

The Consul's appearance before the chief of police had the desired effect, and before long the two gentlemen stood in the presence of the missing boy. His face was red and swollen with the tears that he had shed; he had lost all appearance and spirit of bravado, and only implored Colonel Bedford to take him away from that dreadful place.

"He was a sight to make angels weep," exclaimed the Colonel, in relating the incidents of that eventful night to Mrs. Gordon.

"Bless my soul, boy! What did you do to get here?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"Why, nothing at all," said Cortland, with his usual facility for excusing himself. "I went into a beer garden and asked for

beer, and a fellow sitting at the next table, was very insulting. He laughed very loud, and ridiculed my pronunciation, and I got mad, Colonel," said Cortland, with truthfulness, no doubt, "and I answered back; and then he laughed harder, and told two men sitting at his table that I was a '*dumme bub*,' and, before I knew it, I had caught up my cane, — a new one that I bought to-day, — and I let him have it over the shoulders. Gracious! what a hubbub there was. I was tripped up and collared, and, before I knew it, I was in the hands of a policeman."

The Consul looked grave.

"This is bad business," said he. "You may say almost what you like, in Germany, but if you strike a person, in fact, touch him ever so lightly, in anger, it is a serious offence."

"What am I to do?" wept Cortland. "I have plenty of money, Colonel, and my aunts told me that I was to draw on them for all I wanted. Can't I get out if I pay? Must I spend the night in this fearful hole?"

"We will see what can be done, my boy," kindly answered Colonel Bedford; and again he and the Consul appeared before the chief of police. It was an argumentative half-hour that they passed before that official, who, finally, after much persuasion on the part of the Consul, and much demurring on his own, agreed to allow Cortland to depart in the custody of the two gentlemen, on condition that they deposited a considerable sum of money with him; and that the Consul would be answerable for Cortland's reappearance in the morning. In fact, the chief of police would trust Cortland in no other hands than the Consul's, and that good man kindly offered to take the boy home with him; guaranteeing his prompt appearance at the police court on the following day.

An anxious group of watching friends saluted Colonel Bedford upon his return to the hotel. It was nearly midnight, but neither Violet nor John could sleep until they had heard the fate of their companion, and Mrs. Gordon was more anxious than they, because, added to her anxiety, was the terrible feeling of responsibility which she always felt in regard to any trust. Katherine had, characteristically, retired to her room, where she dozed a little, and read a little, but appeared at the door of the salon, as soon as she heard her father's step, attired in a most dainty wrapper, her pretty hair curled in thick masses on top of her head.

The Colonel told his tale.

"Will they let him go to-morrow, Henry, do you think?" asked Mrs. Gordon, tearfully.

"They may, if we pay a heavy fine. If no one is there to prosecute him, he may only forfeit what I deposited this evening; and if the fellow whom Cortland assaulted is there, he may be tempted to let the case drop on payment of a good round sum. I think that I know just about the amount that will appeal to the soul of a Saxon; I have not lived here all these years for nothing."

But I will not prolong the recital of this part of Cortland's adventures; suffice it to say, that the devoted Colonel appeared with the Consul and Cortland, on the following morning, and satisfied all demands of a public or private nature.

"It is astonishing what a salve for real wounds money seems to be over here," said the Consul. "I believe that a Saxon would let you pommel him all day for twenty groschen; that is, after a regular agreement, supposing it would give you any pleasure. But the sum that you have had to pay is no light

one. I hope that it will teach this young man to be more careful in future."

"The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,"

quoted the Colonel, as he counted out the thalers for the benefit of the ill-looking fellow who had prosecuted Cortland, whose pocket was much lighter, and whose letter of credit showed a much smaller balance to his account than before this disagreeable experience; but he drew a long, deep sigh of relief, nor thought once of his missing thalers as he walked humbly down the See Strasse toward the Hotel Bellevue, after what seemed like days of imprisonment, once more a free boy.

"Poor, dear child! how he has suffered," said sympathetic Mrs. Gordon, as she clasped him in her arms.

"Corty, dear, how badly these hateful people have treated you!" exclaimed Violet, with streaming eyes. While John excitedly remarked, —

"I'd just like to have some of the fellows here from our school, Cort, — our gang, you know; if those bullies wouldn't get the best licking they ever had!"

"Better not try it," was Katherine's advice. "I consider it the best thing that could have happened to you, Cortland," she added, turning to him; "and I hope that you'll profit by it."

And when Cortland ran into the nursery after John, Rosie's severity was worse than Katherine's had been.

"You done got out o' dat prison, Mass'r Cortland, 'cause you'se bein' kep' fur a wusser fate. 'Tain't drownin', nudder. Any boy what'll tie a string 'cross a ole collud pusson's do' fo' to trip her up, has got a bigger kin' of a string preparin' fo' him some'eres."

Cortland reddened and retreated, but not before little Tom had called after him: —

“ Want to see you fedders, Corty ? ”

“ Feathers ? What feathers ? ”

“ Rosie say you got fedders.”

“ What do you mean, Tom ? ”

“ Rosie say you’s a jail-bird. Does dey have fedders, Corty ? An’ she say dey’d handy-cuff you. Has you got handy-cuffs, Corty ? *Do* let Tom see ’em.”

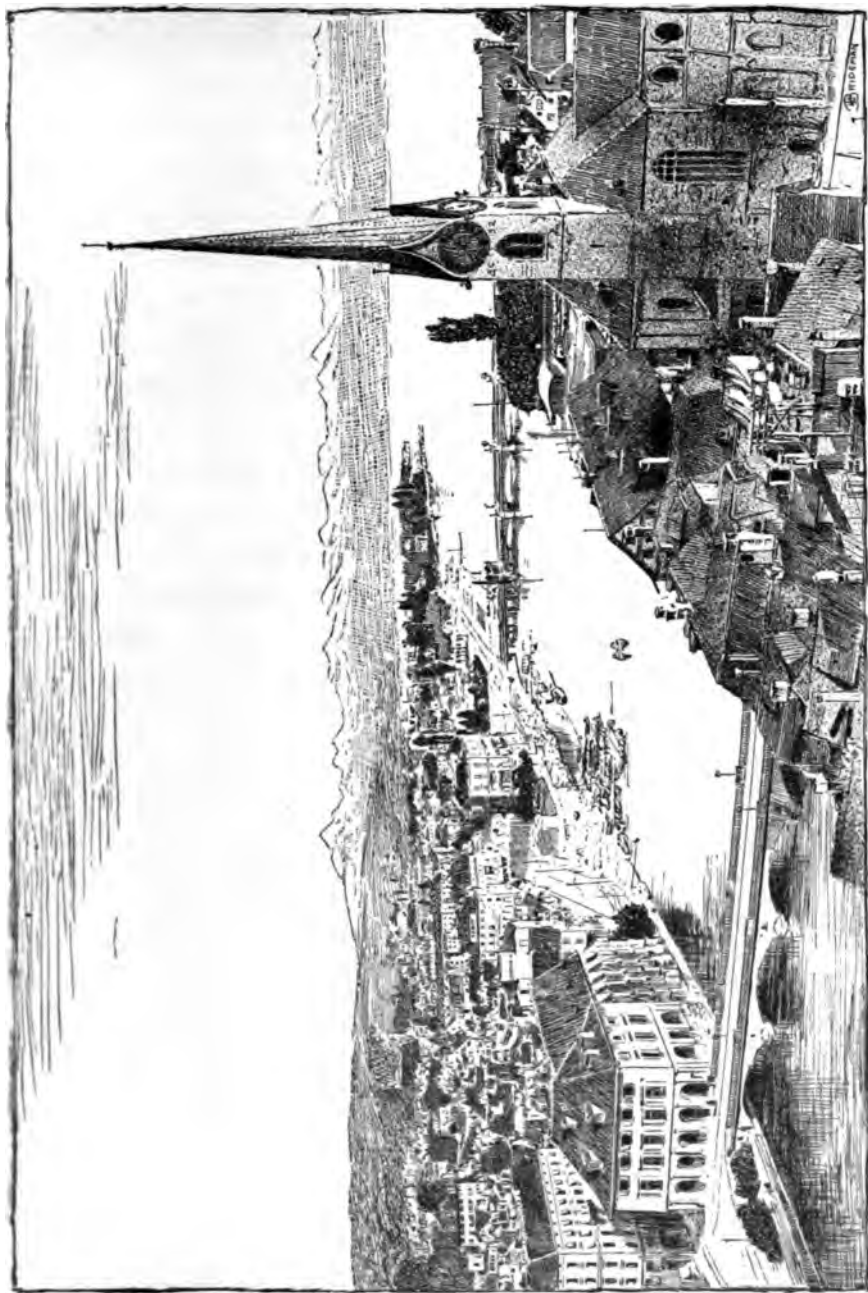
It was the source of no little mortification to Cortland, that often, after this, little Tom gazed long and curiously at his wrists, remarking audibly, meanwhile: —

“ Tom don’t see any handy-cuffs ; Tom don’t see any fedders ; Rosie says he’s a ” — whereupon a hand would descend, not too gently, and cover the small mouth, so that the obnoxious word could not escape, when there was usually a struggle and a cry, and Rosie, the avenging deliverer, would swoop down upon Cortland, and with a shake and a cuff, release her “ pore little angel,” and carry him away, sobbing, upon her shoulder.

“ And now to look for an apartment,” said Mrs. Gordon, the following morning, as she and the Colonel met at the breakfast table.

“ I was just wondering, Eleanor,” said the Colonel, looking up suddenly from his letters, and leaving his coffee to steam away untasted, “ I was just wondering why the apartment business could not wait for a few weeks.”

“ O, no, Henry ! that would never do. You forget that I have all this little family of mine living in an expensive hotel ; and I think that the sooner we have a home of our own, the better for all of us.”



ZURICH FROM ST. PETER'S.

"I quite agree with you, Eleanor; but why not travel a little first, and settle down afterwards?"

"I should like to very much, Henry," — and Mrs. Gordon gave a wavering and undecided sigh.

"Now, come, why not? I want you and the children to see something of Switzerland, and it seems to me that this will be your only chance."

"But the children must begin their lessons," faintly urged Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh! let their lessons slide, as Harry would say. Well, I don't mean exactly that; in fact, not that at all: the schools do not begin yet for three weeks, or more, and many of the teachers are not ready to resume their classes; so, before Switzerland gets too cold, let us go; for when the mid-winter comes, and you start for Tom and a warmer clime, you will have lost the opportunity."

Mrs. Gordon had decided to settle down at once in Dresden, but listening to the persuasions of Colonel Bedford, and, naturally, deferring to the opinion of one whom she thought much better capable of judging wisely in the matter than she, she agreed with him, that a little run down into Switzerland would be a very pleasant way of spending a few weeks before the lessons need begin. So, one lovely morning, shortly after the occurrences detailed in the preceding chapter, our friends found themselves entering the town of Zürich, situated, as you all undoubtedly know, on the Lake of Zürich, and the river Limmat, which is its outlet.

"No res' fur our ole bones, is dere, Honey?" was Rosie's remark as she pulled the struggling little Tom out from the mass of rugs and shawls that encumbered the interior of the

carriage, and deposited him within the doorway of the Hotel Baur au Lac. "I b'lieb I jes' rader done a good day's washin' dan take dat trip fum D'esden to dis yer place; jes' wish Mistis had a leff us quiet."

Colonel Bedford took it upon himself to be guide, counselor, and friend, during the few days that his little party stopped in Zürich, and was always ready and willing to go about with all and each of them, morning, noon or night, to the different points of interest.

"What's there to see here, Colonel?" asked Cortland, as he joined Katherine, and her father, and his two cousins, in the lovely gardens of the hotel.

"A great many things, in a small way, my boy," was the answer. "In the first place, Zürich is the seat of a university, as you will have cause to repent when you get into some of the narrow streets, and find them blocked with Poles, Russians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, 'Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free.'"

"Take breath, dear old man," interpolated Katherine.

"They seem literally to swarm, these students," continued the Colonel, ignoring the interruption, though he accepted the advice; "and they take possession of the place, much as the *studenten* do in Heidelberg, and other university towns. Look at that black little fellow, now, with his cuffs down to the tips of his fingers" —

"When they do wear cuffs they are determined that people shall have the benefit of the whole thing," from Katherine.

—"But his shirt is probably the color of his hat, or else he has decided that such an article is a superfluity. Remark, if you please, his gorgeous seal ring, and how generously his

boots are run over at the heel; but he sucks his cane, as you see, notwithstanding, whistles to his dog,—a real Heidelberg dog, Kathie; a turnspit: what Harry used to call a ‘one-story dog,’—and feels himself a veritable swell.”

“Impudent little puppies, they are!” exclaimed Katherine, as the small student sauntered near, and gazed with undisguised admiration at the pretty girl. “They always stare so!”

“You spoke of Cousin Harry just now, Uncle Henry,” said Violet, as she slipped her hand through her uncle’s arm, and sauntered with him down toward the lake, where Tom and Rosie were amusing themselves by throwing in pebbles and watching the eddies as they circled in waves to their feet. “Where is he now?”

“He is helping to build a railroad in Austria, my dear, and, as he has had no holiday this year, I telegraphed him last night to try and get a few days’ leave, and meet us at Amsteg, if possible, and go with us to Maderanerthal; then he can have his holiday just the same, and we can see something of him; he does stick to business so closely, and is so very independent!”

“O, father dear! have you really telegraphed for Harry? How perfectly delightful! He is the most charming boy, Violet, that brother of mine,” said Katherine, “the most generous, the dearest fellow! always doing the wildest things, getting into all sorts of scrapes, and getting out of them almost by a miracle.”

“What’s he doing in Austria?” asked Cortland, who did not relish listening to such extravagant praise of any one.

“He is building a railroad, Your Lordship,” answered Katherine.

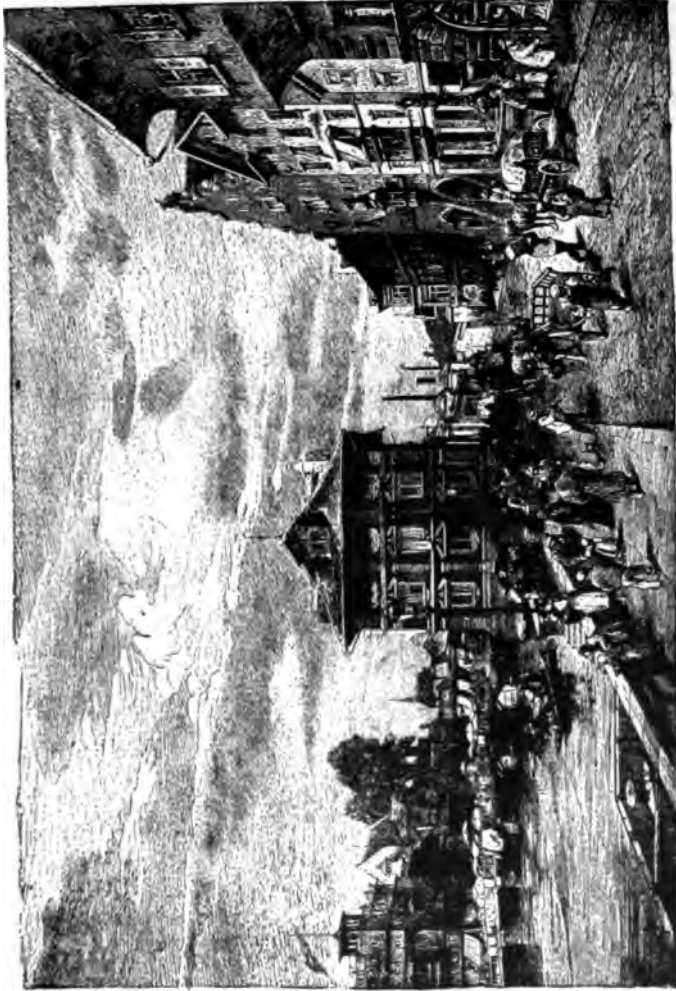
“Funny thing for a man to do who has plenty of money!”

"Yes; I can fancy that it might seem a very incomprehensible thing to some people," spluttered Katherine, her cheeks flaming; "but my brother is determined to make his mark in the world. He doesn't care a fig for mere money; and he has already been presented with a medal by the Austrian Government."

"Oh! do tell us all about it," exclaimed John.

"Why, they were blasting among the rocks on the line of their railway, somewhere up in the Tyrol, and Harry heard an explosion down below where he was standing superintending some work. He was sure, from the orders that he had himself given, that the explosion must have been premature, and he knew, also, that down below him there was a cave which contained dynamite, and that two ignorant Italians were drilling in the rocks near by. They had no business in the cave, having been ordered not to go there, but Harry felt at once that they had disobeyed orders, so, knowing that the way round by the road was a mile and a half, and fearing some terrible accident to the men, he at once fastened a rope around his waist, and ordered the workmen to lower him down. They declined at first, but he insisted, and, seeing that he was in earnest, they lowered him over the precipice. Think of his hanging there in mid-air, hundreds of feet from the valley, not knowing whether another explosion would send them all to eternity the next moment!

"When Harry reached the cave he found one poor fellow quite dead, and the other very much injured, and though, because of the smoke in the cave, he could not discover the cause of the explosion, he groped about, raised the wounded man gently in his arms, and fastened him securely to the rope, and then jerking the signal line, the poor fellow was hauled up



RATHAUS QUAY, ZURICH.



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by those above. When the rope was again lowered he sent up the poor fellow who was killed, in the same way, and there he stayed, never thinking, for a moment, I suppose, of his own safety. When I heard it, I cried. 'What did you stay for, Harry?' I said. 'Why, I wanted to find out what caused the explosion.' Just as cool as that, Harry is. That is the sort of man my brother is, Cortland, and you can see that money, or the love of it, does not enter into his calculations at all. You will hear of Harry Bedford from other persons beside his father and sister one day, mark my words."

Violet had never seen Katherine so excited.

"How I wish that I could see him!" exclaimed John enthusiastically. "I can hardly wait to see him."

And thereupon was developed in John's soul a species of hero-worship which did not decrease on nearer observation of his idol, but lasted his lifetime.

And now the Colonel started with our young people to make the tour of Zürich, and as he had it all at his fingers', rather, his tongue's end, and was not confined to the pages of guide-books, so despised by Katherine, he made the drive and walk more than pleasant to them all.

"This town was a Roman station," said the Colonel.

"Why! did the Romans get way up here? Just think of that!" exclaimed John.

"It was called *Castrum Turicense*."

"O, father, spare us!" pleaded Katherine.

"This station probably gave rise to the town, and its name as well. It was one of the centres of the Reformation," continued the Colonel calmly, as if unaware of Katherine's displeasure.

"Why, Luther didn't live here," said Violet.

"Do you think, my dear, that there were no Reformers but Luther? Zwingli was a reformer, and a great and good man. I want you to remember his name, for when we get to Einsiedeln you will see the place where he preached as a priest, and then so vigorously as a reformer that for some years the monastery was nearly deserted; and it was there that he decided to join the movement for reform."

"I want to get some money," here broke in Cortland. "Where can I get it?"

The Colonel looked up, rather surprised at Cortland's brusque tone and interruption, but said only: —

"Why, we are just going into the Münster, this large church. There! You see that your aunt and Rosie are just getting out of the carriage; run along and tell the coachman to drive you to Pestalozzi's bank, and then you can return here for us."

The Colonel gave the order, and Cortland drove off in state. Some time was consumed in wandering about the old church, and just as the Colonel was holding the heavy door open for Mrs. Gordon to come out, Cortland drove up.

"All right?" inquired the Colonel kindly.

"Right enough, I suppose," answered Cortland shortly, with scant respect, "but I think they're the rudest lot I ever came across."

"Are there any passably decent people in the world," asked Katherine, "from your point of view?"

"Well, I'll leave it to you, Colonel: I was just as polite as I could be" —

"As you could be," murmured Katherine.

— "I walked in and handed my card" —

"O, goodness! your card! Come, Cort, that's too swell,

entirely," laughed John; for Cortland's card-plate, which he had ordered just before leaving New York, was one of the hidden glories which had not, as yet, been revealed to his young companions.

— "Yes; my card — why not? — to a young duffer, and told him to take it at once to Mr. Pestalozzi."

"I can imagine your lordly and well-bred air," remarked Katherine.

"To whom?" roared the Colonel.

"Pestalozzi, — Mr. Pestalozzi; and he just grinned from ear to ear, — impudent Swiss beggar! and said that I had better see Mr. Orelli."

"Well, I should think so!" exclaimed the Colonel, laughing until his eyes were wet. "He must have thought you a visitor from another world, — a full-blown disciple of Theosophy, who had just returned to your old haunts, from dwelling in some strange body somewhere or other; a friend, perhaps, of some mouldering Pestalozzi, who had come back hoping to find him still inhabiting his Swiss tenement of clay, when, in reality, he may be a Hindoo widow, or a North American Indian."

"What do you mean, Colonel?" asked the bewildered Cortland, certainly with some reason. "Why shouldn't I ask for Mr. Pestalozzi? I wanted to tell him who I am, and so forth, and so sent in my card."

"Who you are!" laughed John. "Who are you?"

"I do not suppose that there has been a Pestalozzi in that establishment for more years than I should care to count," explained the Colonel, as well as he could for laughing. "Young Jones must, indeed, have been very much amused; and so far from being a Swiss beggar, he is an Englishman, — the

son of a rich merchant, who has sent him out here to learn the business. But forgive my laughter, Cortland ; mistakes will happen, and you may have a joke at my expense, very soon."

Cortland looked red and sulky, and muttered something about "Seeing a name over the door, of course one would suppose," etc., as he walked after the Colonel and the cousins, who were following Mrs. Gordon's droschky as it drove along the Limmat quay toward the Town Library. Violet admired very much the stone walls bordering the river, and the picturesque bridges which cross it, and could hardly be persuaded not to stop and throw crumbs to the beautiful swans who sail and float here and there, making this portion of the river their home. But Colonel Bedford hurried the young people along, as he wished to reach the Library as soon as possible after Mrs. Gordon and Katherine.

"It looks more like a church than a library," said Violet, as they drew near.

"With good reason," answered her uncle ; "for it was a church ; the Wasser Kirche, or Water Church. There is very much of interest in it, beside its one hundred thousand volumes ; but come inside, and you shall see for yourselves."

And now began an interesting stroll among curiosities and antiquities of every description ; but our young people stopped longest by the glass cases in which one sees what remains, after so many centuries of submarine burial, — the relics of those early dwellers in the Swiss lakes, the first of which were discovered at Ober-Meilen on the Lake of Zürich.

"Why did they live in the lakes ?" asked John.

"We cannot tell, with absolute certainty," answered Colonel Bedford. "Neither from history, nor tradition can we discover

anything regarding the pile-builders of the Swiss lakes ; but from the histories of other countries, where this mode of living was found as necessary as it was to the early inhabitants of Switzerland, we can learn enough to understand why such dwellings were built in many of the lakes of the continent."

"Why, Uncle Henry! did other people use them, too? I thought that it was only just about here that these remains were found."

"O, yes, indeed, Violet! Why, Heroditus, in writing of the Persian invasion, which took place five hundred years before the Christian era, writes of the failure of a certain Satrap Megabazus, to capture certain inhabitants of the dwellings built in the Lake of Prasias."

"Where is the Lake of Prasias?" asked Katherine, really interested.

"I think, my dear, that it is the modern lake of Takinos, in Roumelia; so, you see that fashions, or customs, rather, were spread over a large portion of the globe, especially when we remember that the early Swiss lake dwellers knew nothing of these people who used the same methods for protection."

"But I think, Henry, that lake-dwellings, or crannoges, as they call them there, have been discovered in Ireland and Scotland, have they not?"

"Yes; though I do not know that they were exactly the same thing. I think that the Scotch crannoges were fortified islands, but the Swiss dwellings were built upon platforms laid upon piles, and were, in some cases, connected with the shore by a bridge or causeway; in others, the inhabitants depended entirely on their boats and canoes to reach the land."

"How do people know so much, father, about things which happened about the time of Moses?"

"They have proofs of various kinds, Katherine. As to the boats, several have been found: one large one at the bottom of the Lake of Bienne, fifty feet long, and three and one half feet in width; also, a canoe filled with stones, to be used in the construction of a wall, lies near the remains of a Swiss lake village."

"That's a pretty tough story!" said Cortland, incredulously. "No one can make me believe that a canoe has lasted twenty-five hundred years."

Cortland's tone was not respectful, but Colonel Bedford only said, "How do you suppose that the piles have lasted all these years? Look at that piece of timber standing there behind you! it speaks for itself, and the canoes as well. How do you suppose those massive palaces in Venice have been supported for so many years? They are, to be sure, modern structures compared with the buildings of the lake-dwellers, but the piles on which they stand seem as firm to-day as when they were driven into their ocean bed."

"O, mamma! I remember all about them now," exclaimed Violet.

"Did you live in a prehistoric age, Vi?" inquired John roguishly.

"Nonsense, John! don't be a goose. But you remember when I went to Washington with papa, don't you, John? It was when he went down after old Small's pension, you know," and Violet turned to the boys, referring to an incident which occurred on board the Goldenrod. "Well, we went to the Smithsonian Institute, and there I saw the prettiest little models of

the Swiss villages—just as cunning!—little huts built on platforms; little bridges leading to the shore; little boats tied to the piles that supported the platforms,—and everything just as people suppose they had it in those days.”

“And the water?” asked John.

“Oh! they had glass for that; thick glass, colored, so that it looks just like these greeny-blue Swiss lakes. I thought what a pretty plaything that would be. I mean to try to make one some day for Tom; that is, if we ever settle down in one place again.”

“How can they tell when the lake-dwellers lived?” asked Mrs. Gordon.

“Partly by the implements used,” said Colonel Bedford, “partly by the depth below the bed of the lakes, at which the remains are found; in some cases, they were buried to the depth of eleven feet. It would take a great many years to cover whole villages so entirely as these were covered; think of the centuries during which they have lain there concealed from mortal knowledge!”

“How were they discovered at last?” asked Katherine.

“Some persons would call it chance, others, fate; archæologists and antiquaries would call it Providence. During the winter of 1853 and 1854, through the dryness of the water-courses, little rain or melting snow, the Lake of Zürich sank to a lower level than was ever known before. Some of the thrifty inhabitants of Meilen took advantage of Nature’s aid, and began the work of reclaiming a piece of land from the lake. Dr. Ferdinand Keller, a very learned antiquary, heard that the workmen had discovered rows of piles driven deeply into the bottom of the lake, and, making an immediate and exhaustive

search, he discovered, deeply embedded in the mud, round the piles, heaps of weapons of primitive construction, as well as tools and utensils made of stone and bone.

"Almost immediately the remains of other such erections were discovered in other lakes of Switzerland. As many as forty were found in the upper and lower lakes of Constance, thirty in the lake of Geneva, twenty in the lake of Neuchâtel, etc., indeed, there are few of the Swiss lakes in which the water-dwellers did not seek a home. I do not remember, however, hearing that the Lake of Lucerne was the home of any of these strange people, but when you see it, with its deep waters and towering crags, you will not wonder that pile-drivers, — I am speaking of the people, and not, of course, of the very modern appliance, — found no encouragement there."

"Oh! do look at this piece of fringe, Katherine," exclaimed Violet; "just like that we have nowadays, only, of course, not so fine."

"I suppose that's a proof that 'there is nothing new under the sun,'" answered her cousin.

"I have always thought it possible since seeing these relics," said Colonel Bedford, "that what looks like a bit of black fringe, with what you ladies call a heading — is that it, Katherine? — is the remains of some sort of cloth woven by the aborigines, and that the rest of it has rotted away, leaving only the edge or heading, as we call it, and the few fringe-like threads that you see there."

"Why, they weren't Indians!" exclaimed Cortland.

"Nobody said they were," retorted John.

"He did, — the Colonel, I mean; he said," explained Cortland, "that the aborigines wove that cloth."

Katherine laughed heartily, and John could not forbear smiling in sympathy with Violet, but the Colonel kindly replied:—

“A very natural mistake, my boy. You have always heard the North American Indians spoken of as the aborigines, and so they were, but it only means the original inhabitants of our own or of any other country. Now, here is an apple petrified,” continued Colonel Bedford, to withdraw notice of Cortland’s discomfiture, “and these are small grains of various kinds, which show us that these strange people grew wheat and barley. We also find that they baked pottery; that the women knitted and spun; that they wove linen cloths and made hempen mats. From the remains of wood, and seeds, and fruit, we find that they had apples, pears, wild plums, and wood-raspberries; that they ate the flesh of the goat, the pig, the sheep and the ox. They had horses, dogs, and cats; and among the beasts which they hunted, was a species of bison now extinct.”

“Why, there are ornaments in that case,” said Violet.

“Yes; and arrow-heads, and daggers; and there is a sword,” added John.

“And I do believe that I see some pins; do you remember, Violet,” asked her mother, “when you once inquired if they used thorns for pins when I was a little girl?”

There was a general laugh at this. Violet laughed, and blushed, too, as she answered, —

“Well, mamma, I was a very little girl, and you did seem so old to me.”

“As old as Moses?” asked John.

“Why do they say that these aborigines,” with a look at Cortland, “lived in the time of Moses?” inquired Katherine.

“What did Moses know of them, or they of him?”

"Nothing at all, my dear; but that is simply to fix the date in one's mind. We know that Moses lived, was born, rather, sixteen hundred years before Christ; and he lived to be one hundred and twenty years old. The Swiss villages, or *pfahlbauten*, date, according to archæologists, back to the fifteenth century before Christ, so that we say they were in existence in the days of Moses. A hundred years later or earlier does not make much difference to such moths of the moment as we are."

"How could one man protect his family, living alone as they did?" asked John.

"They did not always live alone, my boy, but in companies. At Morges, on the Lake of Geneva, the piles stretch twelve hundred feet in length, by one hundred and twenty in breadth, and that amount of piles would have supported a platform whose area might have been eighteen thousand feet. This, according to the calculations of those who have made this interesting subject their study, would have held comfortably three hundred and sixteen huts, with a population of twelve hundred and sixty-four persons."

"O, father! do have done with statistics," sighed the impatient Katherine.

"Just a minute, Katie," begged Violet; "I do want to know why they lived out here."

"Why, as a means of protection against enemies and wild beasts; I thought that every one knew that," said Katherine.

"Well, what did the children do?" persisted Violet.

"Yes," added her mother; "just think of little Tom running round on a platform of that kind? he would be in the water fifty times a day."

"Heroditus — begging your pardon, Katherine — relates,"

said the Colonel, "that the dwellers in Lake Prasias had each his own hut, with a trap-door which gave access to the water below; and that every man had only to open his trap-door, let down a basket, and draw it up filled with fish."

"Pretty easy, that!" remarked Cortland.

"Easier than catching mackerel, isn't it, boys?" laughed Violet, referring, as she often did, to the merry cruise on board the Goldenrod.

"But about the poor little children," urged Mrs. Gordon.

"That was easily managed, my dear Eleanor," explained Colonel Bedford. "They just tied the children, by a string round the ankle, to some post, or projection, and so they were, in a measure, 'staked out,'—as they say 'out in Indiana,' eh, Cortland?—and thus were kept from falling into the water."

"Poor children!" sighed the tender-hearted mother; "just think of 'staking out' my little Tom."

"Well, well; come, come! 'we can't spend all our money in one place,' as my friend General Payne would say;" and the Colonel dragged the reluctant children away from the cases.

"There used to be a cross-bow and sword, said to have belonged to William Tell; I wonder where it is," remarked Colonel Bedford, as he walked through the rooms, looking this way and that for this interesting relic. "Possibly they do not show it any more, because so much doubt has been thrown upon the statement of his having existed at all; but, for my part, I shall always believe in the brave old patriot, and I am sure that you will be ready to agree with me, children, when you visit Tell's Chapel and Altdorf."

Thus the good Colonel instructed and amused our young people, and it was nearly one o'clock when they left the town library.

"Before we return to the hotel, you must just come back with me a little way down this street, towards what we used to call the Cheese Arcade, when I was younger, for I want you to see the Hotel Raben—or Raven Hotel—as thereby hangs a tale, which I will tell you on our way to Einsiedeln."

"What is the Cheese Arcade, Uncle Henry?" asked Violet, as she slipped her hand within her uncle's.

"Simply an arcade, Violet; those arches which you see there, under which they sell the strongest sort of cheese: the odor is something terrible to an American. I daresay that there is a flavor of sauerkraut mixed with it; it exhales odors, like those of Araby the Blest, to a Swiss nose."

"What a smelling place!" exclaimed Violet, not for the first time in her life.

"Worse than Eastport, isn't it, Vi?" exclaimed John.

"Oh! a thousand times; that was fish, this is everything. Do hurry, Uncle Henry!"

"Here we are, my dear, at the Raven Hotel. Now notice, Violet, and you, too, boys, the two ravens cut in the stone; and Katherine, where is she? oh! picking her steps daintily along the quay towards the bridge. Evidently the Arcade has been too much for her, and for your mother, too, my dear. Well, those who won't eat the bread, sha'n't have the cake; and I will reserve my story for you three good children who braved the terrors of the Cheese Arcade to gaze upon the effigies of the two faithful ravens."

Our young friends reached the hotel in a ravenous condition, and hungry enough they were for their mid-day table-d'hôte dinner.

"Is there really no rest for the wicked?" asked Katherine,

as, immediately after dinner, she found her father preparing for another excursion.

"O, yes, my dear! you may rest as much as you please," was the merry reply. "But we young and good people are going to ascend the Uetliberg."

"I'll go if you'll walk," said Katherine eagerly.

"No, no, my dear; I must get my mountain-legs on, first. After a week of this air, I will give you all the climbing that you care for."

"O, pshaw! we could do it easily," exclaimed Cortland, "if it's that hill over there."

"Not as easily as you imagine, my boy. There is a long plain to cross first, and though there is a good road, part of the way is pretty steep."

"We might try the Leiterli," said Katherine.

"Don't speak of it, Katherine," ejaculated her father, almost turning pale. "I never shall forget the horrid half-hour that I passed once because of that terrible place."

"What is it, Katherine?" asked John.

"There! my dear," exclaimed the Colonel nervously, "you have made these children curious about it, and they will be for trying it next themselves. Now, boys, Violet, I tell you frankly, that unless you promise me solemnly not to ask to go near that horrible Leiterli, I will not take you to the Uetliberg at all."

"Of course we'll promise, Uncle," said Violet.

"I am sure that they would not think of going where you think it unsafe," added her mother.

"But what is the Leiterli, Katherine?" asked Cortland.

"Oh! only a short cut, where I got caught once."

"Got caught! I should think she did. It was an early au-

tumn morning, children," said the Colonel; "we had had a fine mist the evening before, and Katherine, with a party of young friends, started to climb the Uetliberg, to see the sunrise. Some one, when they reached the entrance to this short cut, dared her to go through, and the foolish child started alone. When I arose, very early also, and looked out of my window, and saw that everything looked slippery and frozen, it came over me at once what those foolish children might attempt to do. I rang for a droschky, and paid the man double fare to drive me up the Uetliberg. When I had nearly reached the top, I overtook the party, and Katherine was not with them. They looked frightened enough when they saw me, and well they might. But I had no time to berate them. I flew to the restaurant on top of the mountain; explained the circumstances as quickly as I could, and was soon at the upper entrance to that horrible place, with a young man who had come up and gone down that way many times; but he hesitated when he saw the ice-covered rocks. 'Better look for her down below!' he said."

The Colonel's eyes were moist, and his voice husky, as he recounted the incident of that terrible time.

"I offered the young man anything if he would make the attempt; and finally, securing the aid of two more stalwart Swiss, he knotted the rope round his waist and started, the two others holding firmly the rope's end. Do you wonder that it seemed hours to me from the time I lost sight of his gray coat until I heard his *jödel* coming round the jagged rocks? It was just fifteen minutes from the time that he left me until he came upon Katherine, standing straight up upon her narrow footing, holding on to some twigs overhead."

"Poor old papa! I will never do it again," said the girl.

"Then I waited and waited and waited, — it seemed years to me," continued the Colonel.

"He was tying the rope round my waist," explained Katherine. "It wasn't hard after that, for he had sprinkled ashes or earth or something as he came down, and we climbed up easily enough."

"How did you feel," asked John, "when you found yourself stuck there all alone?"

"Well, not happy, I assure you. I tried not to, but I could not help thinking of all the people who have slipped and been lost over that very place; but I wouldn't mind trying it if the rocks were dry. Of course I did not think of their being coated, as they were in some places, with ice."

"I don't think we'll try it," remarked Cortland, "ice or no ice."

"I should like to walk up, though, — the safe way, I mean," said Violet; "this air makes me feel as if I could climb Mont Blanc itself."

"No, no, my dear; we will all go together by train," was the Colonel's decided answer; and so they did.

Those who have ascended this beautiful little mountain by train, will remember that the railway takes such a course as to hide the southern view from the traveller, and it was not until our party came out upon the crest of the hill that the grand expanse to the southward burst all at once upon them like a wonderful picture.

When they arrived they could see spread far below them the valley in which lies the town of Zürich, the silvery Limmat, and the Sihl to the westward of it, winding like glistening threads through the vale and city spread at their feet.

And now they witnessed a sight which, beautiful as the unobstructed view of the valley and Lake of Zürich is, is one which I hope that my young readers may chance to see when they visit Switzerland. A mist arose and began to creep up the hills, and it spread and stretched its fleecy clouds until one seemed to be looking at a lake of down. Up it came, nearer and nearer; southward it crept until the far-lying villages of Horgen, Meilen and Rapperschwyl were quite covered in, then the near green mountains sank in this sea of vapor, and there was nothing left above it but the silver pinnacles of the snow mountains that begin way down in Southeastern Switzerland, near the borders of the Tyrol, where the Sentüs rears its lofty head, and, curving grandly, complete their arc, toward the western horizon. They rose, all those snowy points, as if they had forced their way through the white lake of mist that enveloped them, that they might still bathe in the glory of the sun.

They were ever changing in the varying light, and our children, as well as the elders of the party, though walking or playing about amid the pines that cover the summit of the Uetli-berg, turned each moment to watch the glorious beauty of those distant sparkling pinnacles of ice and snow, whose pure cones seemed to reach the very heavens. And now a soft roseate hue began to steal along the western face of the snow slopes. A delicate pink at first, deeper it grew, and deeper, as the sun sank farther below the horizon, and brighter and rosier and of a richer red grew those white surfaces as the evening light shot upward out of the far west, until from the vale of mist, not white, but glittering crimson peaks stood in their stately circle pointing heavenward.

“The *Alpen-glühen*,” said Katherine.

"The Alpine-glow," explained her father; and almost in a moment it seemed, as they stood there watching, breathless, as if a word might break the spell, the color paled and faded slowly, slowly, and the peaks were left gray and cold.

There was a simultaneous sigh of regret; and then: "Come, children, we have stood here too long; the train is about starting. We must gather our traps together and be off."

"Couldn't we walk down, Uncle Henry? Oh! do let us; I feel as if I could walk a thousand miles."

"So do I," said John.

"What! so late? No, indeed; I suppose you feel very enthusiastic and very vigorous," said the Colonel; "that is due to this bracing air, but I think that we shall have to content ourselves with that modern abomination, the train; come, hurry! there is the warning whistle."

"But we haven't seen the Leiterli," urged John.

"So much the better for you, my boy. You would be wanting to try it next. There! your aunt and Katherine and Rosie are waving to us; we must run for it;" and the breathless loiterers reached their carriage just in time.

"A pretty close shave, that!" remarked the Colonel; "we just missed being obliged to stay up here all night."

"Don't I wish we had, though," from John.

"What?" asked Violet.

"Had to stay up here all night; it's the jolliest place I've seen."

"Those *pfann-küchen* and the coffee were the best things I ever tasted," was Cortland's remark.

"Tom, did you see those pretty pink mountains?" asked Violet.

"No," and Tom shook his sleepy head; "Tom eatin' all de time."

"I should think he was," said his mother; "like 'the queen,' he was 'in the kitchen eating bread and honey.' What delicious honey they have in Switzerland, Henry."

"Glycerine," grunted the Colonel, who was nodding.

"O, papa! how you do take the bloom off of everything; there is nothing that I like better than Swiss bread and honey."

"Well, they say so, my dear. Where could they procure the millions of gallons of strained honey that are eaten in the Swiss hotels and pensions every summer? and I don't really believe that any one could tell the difference."

"Katherine, will you go out for a row on the lake before breakfast?" asked Cortland, as they broke up for the night.

"Yes, I don't mind, if you can row," answered Katherine, yawning sleepily.

"Row! well, I should think so. You know I've been all down the coast of Maine, and have had lots of experience in boats."

"Very well, then, I will be ready at seven, as we start for the Au at nine."

Bright and early both Katherine and Cortland were down in the garden, and seven o'clock saw them standing at the small wharf from which they were to embark. Cortland had chosen a long, canoe-looking affair, and Katherine, stepping lightly down the incline, gathered her skirts daintily about her, and took her seat.

"Gracious! how it goes up in the bow," exclaimed Katherine.

"That's all right," answered Cortland. "See! now that I am in, she's steady as a church."

"You're never going out in that thing!" shouted John breathlessly, as he tore after them down to the wharf. "It doesn't look safe, Kathie; don't go with him!"

"Please attend to your own affairs," said Cortland, shortly.

"Why?" called Katherine, in answer to John, "can't he row?"

"No, not much; he can't paddle, anyway."

"I can," snapped Cortland, plying his blade so vigorously as to send the water flying in drops over Katherine.

"Let me go ashore at once, Cortland. I thought that you knew all about it," and she vigorously shook her over-dress.

"I do; John is only jealous."

"You never saw a canoe," spluttered John, his face red from anger and fear; "and that thing looks more like pictures of a kyak than anything I — there! you'll be over in a minute;" for Cortland's uneven strokes and unsteady seat were tilting the unsafe craft from side to side.

"Let me go ashore, Cortland, at once," from Katherine.

"Just you sit still," answered the boy, aggravatingly, as he began to paddle into deeper water.

"I order you to put me ashore." Katherine's eyes flashed, and her lips were white.

"Oh! you do, Miss; order away. I should like you to see that somebody knows something, as well as yourself."

"You insulting boy! put me ashore, I say. John, go and call my father. I've no wish for a wetting, and I'm all dressed for travelling."

John turned at Katherine's request, but had hardly disappeared, when a young student, who was probably out for the first time, and knew less, if possible, about canoeing, than

Cortland himself, shot out from behind some piles; the bow of his long boat ran high up over the bow of Cortland's, which slowly turned upon its side, as if yielding gently to persuasion, and deposited Cortland and Katherine in the Lake of Zürich.

Katherine, who was a good swimmer, and had made up her mind what to do, the moment that she saw the stranger's craft approaching, turned and seized the boat, and blowing the water from her nose and mouth, and passing her hand across her eyes, she moved her feet slowly and began to look about her for Cortland. Just then a row-boat came swiftly toward her, and a second student, dressed in boating flannels, ran towards the bow of his boat and held out his hand to her.

"May I help you, Fräulein?" he said in capital English.

"Don't bother about me," replied Katherine, with more force than courtesy, "please try to find that idiot of a boy. He's down there somewhere," and Katherine cast her eyes over her shoulder towards the depths of the lake, as if she could penetrate the green density. "There! I see him. No; he has gone down again."

She laid her hand on the stronger row-boat as offering better support than the kyak, and, almost before she knew it, her youthful deliverer had kicked off his low shoes, and had plunged into the water after Cortland, Katherine, meanwhile, clambering into the boat as best she might. And then she heard her father's voice, and he shot toward her, in a fourth boat, propelled by the brawny arms of a sturdy boatman.

"Good Heavens! my child, how did this happen?" Her father was quivering with excitement. "There! he's got him

— stupid creature ! I hope it will do him good, and soak some of the conceit out of him.”

Katherine gave a vicious wring to her skirt.

“ He has spoiled my new travelling gown, father ; just look ! it’s perfectly ruined.”

“ Katherine, you heartless creature ! ” exclaimed the Colonel, as Cortland, more dead than alive, was tumbled into the Colonel’s boat ; “ what is a dress worth, more or less, when your life has been in such danger ? and this poor boy is nearly drowned,” as Cortland gasped and gurgled, and then lay still ; but Katherine was out of ear-shot, as the young student had clambered again into the boat, and was rowing her rapidly to land.

“ A nice preparation, I must say, for a long sail,” said Katherine to John, as, having thanked her rescuer, she went dripping along the garden walks toward the hotel. “ Run back, John, and tell papa to find out the name of the young man with the blue cap, and tell him to thank him liberally,” going to her room, where Mrs. Gordon, Violet, and Rosie were awaiting her.

“ Stand off,” she cried. “ There are barrels full left, though they’ve squeezed my skirts until I feel as if I had been in a patent wringer. Here ! give me that flat bath-tub, Rosie. Now I’ll stand and drip until you unpack some clothes for me. Was he always such an idiot ? ”

“ Who ? ” asked Violet.

“ Why, that Cortland. I never saw such conceit and impudence combined in one person. That blue flannel dress, Rosie — it will have to do.”

“ Kantankerous ain’t no name fer him, Miss Katern ; he’s de wusstest critter fer a young gen’l’mán. Tink, now, o’ tyin’ a string cross a ole cullud pusson’s do’—”

"Those low shoes there in the shoe bag, Rosie; and you must unpack that blue sailor hat of mine, and —"

"I'm afraid they can't bring him to," whispered John, creeping in with a white, scared face.

"I'se 'fraid dey can, Mass'r John. Now jes' tink o' tyin'—"

"There, Rosie, that will do. Run away, and see that Tom doesn't fall in the water next thing, and send some one to take away these wet things;" and Mrs. Gordon dismissed the old nurse from the room.

This accident prevented the departure, that day, of the party for Einsiedeln. Cortland had recovered, but felt weak and languid, so, that all things considered, a day's rest was thought best for every one. But John and Violet were full of life and spirits, and, in the afternoon, begging the Colonel to take them out with him, he turned his face toward the Peterskirche.

"Why are we going to that old church, Uncle Henry?" asked Violet.

"I want you to see the church, my dear, of which Lavater was minister for twenty-three years," replied the Colonel, as he sauntered along, the young people on either side of him.

"Lavater was author of that wonderful work on physiognomy which has made him so famous."

"Uncle Henry," said Violet, "I suppose I ought to know, but I am not certain just what physiognomy is." And John looked as if he were very glad that his cousin had been honest enough to ask the question.

"Oh! you have probably forgotten, my dear. Physiognomy is 'the science of discerning the character of the mind from the features of the face;' at least, I think that is the definition given in the dictionaries; but I wish that the world could more

generally learn of Lavater's goodness, for, after all, that is better than fame."

"Was he so good?" asked Violet.

"How was he good?" asked John.

"There is one tale told of him, the last one of his many active demonstrations of kindness, which keeps his memory green in the hearts of his towns-people. Zürich, you know, was captured by the French, in 1800 ("Do I know that?" thought Violet), and though these enemies of the Swiss filled their city, Lavater's nobleness of soul caused him to rise above such petty considerations as whether a man was a friend or an enemy. If he was sick, or wounded, or in trouble, Lavater was ready to aid him, whether he wore the uniform of the French soldier, or was dressed in the costume of his own countrymen. One day, when going about, doubtless on his messages and errands of mercy and charity, he met, in the street, a sick and suffering soldier, a Frenchman, to whom he gave some wine, then offered him money, and, turning to assist another poor creature, the first recipient of his bounty raised his musket to his shoulder, fired, and shot Lavater."

"What a brute!" was John's indignant exclamation. "Did Lavater die?"

"Not immediately, John; it would have been better for the noble man if he had. He lingered in great agony until January, 1801, — three months, — when death released him from his sufferings."

This true story of Lavater made a deep impression upon both Violet and John, and the latter declared that "as soon as they settled down" — a time toward which they were always looking with mingled dread and longing — dread because their pleasant

journeyings and jauntings about would end for a time, longing because there was so much of interest to learn, which could not be accomplished until then — “he would read the life of Lavater.”

The morning following that of the boating accident saw our travellers embarking on board the steamer which takes its zig-zag course through “Zürich’s fair waters” every day, but they were not going to Rapperschwyl, at the head of the lake, but only to the Au, a green high hill which stands boldly out into the lake, and on the summit of whose grassy knoll stands the plain hotel, where they intended staying for the night.

Cortland had lost something of his jaunty air, and looked pale and depressed, so that John and Violet did their best to amuse him, and the Colonel and Mrs. Gordon were also unvarying in their kindness. But Katherine was relentless.

“I don’t mind the wetting,” she said, when her father remonstrated with her, “though I do feel the loss of that pretty new gown, I must confess; and I could bear that easily if it had been done in any other way; but that boy is so overbearing and so pig-headed — yes, I will say it, papa! it isn’t pretty, but he really is pig-headed; and then the idea of his keeping me out in the lake that way, when I ordered him to take me in! and you never saw such attempts at paddling. Why” —

“An’ tyin’ a string as he bin gone and done ’cross a ole cullud pusson’s” —

“O, Rosie! we know your grievance,” laughed Katherine.

The children spent the morning, what there was left of it, in wandering round the lovely hill meadows of Au, and when the somewhat frugal meal was announced, they were one and all

ready for it. At about three o'clock good Frau Weber appeared with a large key hanging upon her middle finger, and said that if the *herrschaften* wished to bathe, there was the key of the boat-house, and here were towels, handing a liberal supply to Rosie. So down the steep path leading to the lake trooped Violet and her mother, Rosie and Tom, Katherine declaring that her bath of yesterday would last her for a day more, at least.

Colonel Bedford and Katherine were sauntering slowly along on the top of the hill, in the sunshine, when they heard strange sounds issuing from the boat-house, violent splashings and despairing howls, mingled with soothing remonstrance in Rosie's Southern tones, and Violet's laughter. Stopping to listen, they heard distinctly, in little Tom's high key,—

"O, mamma, mamma! put in a little warm; put in a little warm!" But there was no "warm" forthcoming, and Master Tom's wet and shivering little body was hurriedly snatched from the water, and he was rubbed dry and red in less than no time.

After a night spent at the Au, our travellers started on their drive to Brunnen, a small town situated on the Lake of Lucerne, intending to take the Monastery of Einsiedeln on their way.

"How jolly it is to travel with no impedimenta!" exclaimed Katherine, as she followed her aunt into the large open travelling carriage, and deposited her wraps on the front seat, in care of Rosie. "The trunks will meet us at Brunnen, and we have nothing to worry about but these valises and small parcels. I wish that we could always travel so."

"How do the trunks go?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"Oh! round by rail, through Zug and Lucerne. I believe

that we are coming back that way. Papa thought that it was a pity to go twice over the same route when there is so much to see."

"I am wise in my generation, my dear," said the Colonel, who was standing by the side of the open door, to see that Mrs. Gordon and Katherine were comfortably seated, and that nothing which would add to their comfort had been forgotten. "I can recall very bad quarter-hours which I have spent while you were waiting for the trunks, needing a gown for some unexpected ball or dinner."

"Balls and dinners!" exclaimed Violet, who was hanging on to the opposite door of the carriage, to say good-by to her mother before she took her place with the young people, "balls and dinners, where?"

"Don't you believe a word he says, Violet; he is a very ungrateful old man," was Katherine's saucy reply, with that mixture of familiarity and devotion in her tone which was ever a fresh cause of surprise to the well-behaved, respectful little girl. "Papa knows everybody, everywhere, and he can never resist a good dinner; so when we arrive, tired out, at some place where I imagine that I am going quietly to bed at nine o'clock, some one turns up at once, papa is pounced upon, and we are asked out to dine. Of course I can't go in my travelling dress, and as he will not go without me, I have to array myself and go, and be bored to death. He really is a very double old gentleman;" but Katherine's look at her father was more loving than reproachful.

"Well, well, my dear," answered the Colonel good-naturedly, "I'm 'free, white, and twenty-one,' though you seem sometimes to have forgotten that fact. But you must be starting," slam-

ming their carriage door, "and I must run back to my young people. Sure you have all you want? Very well; then *Au revoir!* at Einsiedeln," and the ponderous vehicle started slowly down the hill, away from the lake, and that containing the four young people, as the Colonel said, was soon following after.

CHAPTER IV.

The Colonel beguiles the way by the tale of Meinrad and the two Ravens. → The Monastery of Einsiedeln. — Starvation sets in. — Harry. — Cortland is again a victim.

AND now began the long, delightful and beautiful drive to the Monastery of Einsiedeln. There were new and fresh pleasures at every step, from the curious little town of Wädenswyl, which lies just at the foot of the hill on which the Hotel Au stands, to the thick woods and groves that at times shut the fine smooth road quite closely in. Then a summit was reached, and the whole party halted to turn their heads and gaze on the blue sheet of water lying below: John called it blue.

“Green, you mean,” said Violet. “I never saw such a color anywhere, did you, Uncle Henry?”

“No, Violet; I hardly think that there is anywhere in the world a color which rivals that of the Swiss lakes. Haven’t you in your list of colors or shades, some word which describes that wonderful blue-green or green-blue of the water we see there below us? There is Nile-green, and Bismarck-red; this shade, it seems to me, should be called Swiss-green.”

“Peacock-blue is nearer than any thing I can think of, Uncle Henry; but that isn’t quite green enough. Are they all like this?”

“Yes; I think they are, only, as the boys say, more so. The water of the Lake of Lucerne has the most vivid color of any of

em, I think; this same shade, only more intense as to its green and its blue: possibly that is caused by the shadows of the high crags and mountains that seem to rise directly out of it."

With such pleasant conversation passed the time away. Sometimes the horses were drawn up, at an exclamation from one of the children, as a large rabbit or a squirrel ran across the road and scurried away into the bushes. Sometimes they stopped at an outlying *gut* or farm, to beg a glass of water or milk, when the kind attention was always liberally rewarded by the good Colonel. Once while they halted a coarse bag was produced by the driver or *kutscher*, who drew therefrom a loaf of hard black bread.

"Poor man, he is hungry!" said Violet. "Let us offer him some of our luncheon."

"He is a merciful man, and merciful to his beast, my dear," was her uncle's reply. "That bread is not for himself; there! do you see? He is cutting it in thin slices and giving it to his horses."

"To his horses!" said all three together.

"Well, this is the greatest old country," said Cortland, "and the stupidest. The people don't seem to know anything."

"They can row," said John, with a sly look at Violet, "and one of them can swim, or you wouldn't be sitting here abusing them."

"Ah! there it is!" This from the Colonel.

All three young people stood up. They had been gradually and slowly ascending, for some time past, a long hill, and as they came out upon its summit, the horses were halted to rest, and the Colonel made the exclamation, "There it is!"

All eyes were turned towards the large imposing building which stands proudly up in its solitary grandeur, the little hamlets nestling at its foundations, the grand Fürstenwald surrounding it far as the eye can reach.

"There what is?" asked John.

"The Monastery, my boy. The Monastery of Einsiedeln."

"Hasn't it any other name?" inquired Violet.

"O, yes! a name which John may translate: *Monasterium Eremitarum*."

"The Monastery of the Hermits," said John promptly.

"The French name is *Notre Dame des Eremites*."

"Our Lady of the Hermits," translated Violet.

"Why our Lady?"

"Perhaps because of the Black Virgin, whose shrine it is."

"How did they ever come to put a monastery in such an out-of-the-way place, Uncle? It seems as if we hadn't seen a house for miles."

"Why, thereby hangs a tale," answered the Colonel, "and two miscreants as well."

"O, Uncle Henry! not a story — not really a story," exclaimed Violet, clapping her hands and beaming with delight. "Oh! how lovely. Do tell it to us at once. Is it as nice as the Miller's Cat of Sans-Souci? Is it about any animals, or only people? Do go on, Uncle! see, we are all waiting."

"I have been taught, my dear, that it is not polite to interrupt, and, being a very well-behaved young man, I am only waiting until you give me a chance."

Violet laughed, and drew close to her uncle's side. Two pairs of young eyes mutely appealed for a speedy beginning from John's and Cortland's seat, and the Colonel began:

"Once upon a time" — Violet gave a nervous little squeal of delight — "there lived a famous emperor named Charlemagne."

"Oh! Uncle, is it history? We knew that before."

"Did you indeed, Miss?"

"O, Violet, do be quiet!" in despairing tones from John.

"As I was saying, when I was interrupted," continued the Colonel, with a pretended frown at Violet, "once upon a time there lived a famous emperor called Charlemagne. I only say this to fix the date in your minds; and I wonder which of you can tell me when he lived."

"1620? well, then, 1492," from Violet.

"You might as well say 1776," said John, with some contempt expressed in his tone.

"I never could remember dates," said Violet.

"It was way back in eight hundred and something; but do go on, Colonel, and don't mind Violet, or we shall get there before you have a chance to tell us the story," remarked John.

"Very well, then. You see that I am unaccustomed to such rude people," and he playfully patted Violet's hand. "It was in the time of Charlemagne, and all about here spread the great wilderness of the Fürstenwald. There was a nobleman of the house of Hohenzollern, in those days, whose name was Meinrad. He determined to live a holy life, and so, leaving the world and all its pleasures, he fled to this dreary wilderness, expecting to end his days in solitude and prayer. Hildegarde, the Abbess of Zürich, had given him a little black image of the Virgin, and to this, his sole companion in the wilderness, he devoted himself, and to it he confessed and prayed. One day as he sat alone in his cell, meditating on all the wicked deeds which he had done, or thought that he had done, which, I imagine, would have

been better atoned for, had he gone out into the world and done what good he could there, he heard a rushing of wings, the opening of his cell was darkened, and two ravens, their black plumage rusty and disordered, — thin, forlorn, half-perished with the cold, and chilled and wet with the mid-winter snow, — settled themselves at the entrance of the cave.

“‘Caw, caw! why sittest thou here?’ was Herr Raven’s remark as he turned to his weary companion. ‘Knowest thou not that we must fly still further before we reach a land of food and warmth?’

“‘Caw, caw!’ answered Frau Raven in a faint, weak voice; ‘I can fly no further. Go thou alone; feed thyself, and when thou art satisfied, return for me. Perchance thou wilt find only my bones, for I feel that I must soon die.’

“‘I will never leave thee,’ answered Herr Raven; ‘and if we must die, let us die together.’

“Now the good hermit heard nothing of this conversation, of course. All he heard were the caws with which the birds prefaced most of their remarks; but, looking toward the opening of his cell, he saw these two wretched half-famished looking ravens, and, moving so gently as not to disturb them, he sent a handful of dried berries rolling along on the snow between them, which caused the poor creatures to jump a little away in surprise, and to flap their wings nervously; but their hunger soon overcame their fears, and they ate their berries, dividing even the last one equally between them.

“Then a few crumbs of coarse black bread were thrown by the good anchoret Meinrad, and, when these had been devoured, the ravens felt so much stronger that they were ready to start on their journey; but just at that moment Meinrad came softly and

gently to the opening of the cave, sprinkling crumbs as he came, and he looked so beautiful, and so patient, and so holy, that even the ravens were charmed, and they hopped nearer and nearer, until finally they found themselves feeding from the wasted fingers of this good hermit who was sharing, perhaps, his last crumbs with them: for he did not know when he had eaten if he should ever eat again; he was so wasted by fasting and sickness, and he pined so for the sight of a human face. But this feeling he subdued by flagellation — ”

“What is flagellation?” asked John.

“O, John! how you do interrupt,” exclaimed Violet impatiently.

“Yes; I don’t think he need say anything about other people,” growled Cortland, who had become as much interested as the two cousins.

“He won’t get it told before we get there,” chimed in Violet, as she glanced at the town of Einsiedeln, not very far distant.

“Time enough, little woman, time enough,” soothingly said the Colonel; “we have the whole day before us.”

“But we want to have it finished before we get there,” urged Violet.

“I should like to know who is using up the time now,” was John’s quiet remark.

Violet sighed impatiently.

“Flagellation, John, is whipping,” answered the Colonel; “and the poor mistaken man used to beat himself with a rough rope, and wear a prickly hair shirt, whenever he found himself longing for the sight of a human face, or for the sound of a human voice, or anything but his beloved and adored black image of the Virgin. Well, the two ravens finding that he was

kind and good, that he fed them and gave them water, and let them hop about his poor cold dark cell which was at least a shelter from the winter wind and snow, and that they might warm their poor little claws at his small fire of twigs, became so attached to Meinrad that they just stayed on and on, and finally they considered themselves a part of his humble household.

“One night when the ravens were sleeping in the warm nest which Meinrad had built for them over his chimney-place, and the good hermit was praying on his knees, on the cold stone floor of his cave, and the Black Virgin was keeping watch and ward, footsteps were heard outside.”

Uncle Henry lowered his voice and looked unutterably mysterious, and Violet felt a slight shiver run down her back, and crept closer to her uncle.

“Oh! it’s all very well in broad daylight, my dear, with the birds singing, and the sun shining, and your old uncle to creep close to, but what do you think you would have done if you had heard those creeping, stealthy footsteps outside of your cave so late at night, in the lonely black Fürstenwald?”

“Oh! please go on,” whispered Violet, hardly above her breath.

“The ravens heard the sounds, and poked out their heads and flapped their wings, but the pious Meinrad was so absorbed in his prayers that, not until the footsteps entered the cell, and drew near, did he rise. Then, crossing himself, and blessing the foot of the stranger, he rose and gave his visitors welcome. They were evil-looking creatures, but they smiled as well as their scowling and wicked features would allow, and the child-like old man seated them near the fire, piled on the brushwood

that he had collected and dried in the rainy autumn days that were past, gave them black bread, and dried berries and water all that he had, and then, simple and trusting soul that he was, told them the story of his dear Virgin.

“‘She looketh black,’ said the anchoret, ‘but she is of purest silver, and her heart is of gold.’ Probably meaning that her heart was, as we say nowadays, ‘as good as gold’; which is the richest thing with which we can compare the hearts of the generous. He then gave the two men what skins and furs he had, robbing his own poor couch of much of its covering that his new guests might be warm, laid them near the fire, and retired to his lonely corner, where he soon dropped into a sound sleep.

“The ravens flapped their black wings.

“‘I like not their looks,’ whispered Herr Raven to his companion.

“‘Nor I,’ returned she; ‘we will lie awake and watch them.’ But the ravens had flown far that day over hill and valley to find some winter berries, that they might not encroach too deeply on the good hermit’s store, and they were tired, and they, too, slept.

“As soon as the regular breathing of Meinrad told the two strangers that he was beyond hearing, one of them placed his mouth close to the ear of the other, and whispered, —

“‘He saith, “She is of silver.”’

“‘And her heart is of gold,’ answered the other.

“The ravens flapped their wings faintly, as if even in their sleep they would protest against any thoughts of evil coming to their kind benefactor; then all was silence.

“An hour later the men arose quietly. They approached the hermit. The light which he kept burning always before the

Virgin's shrine, shed its soft rays upon his thin pale face; his look was peace.

" 'I cannot,' said one, shrinking back; 'take thou the knife; I will rob the shrine.'

" The anchoret awoke.

" 'What seekest thou?' asked his sweet voice.

" 'We wish thy silver Virgin with the golden heart; give it to us, and thou shalt be left in peace.'

" 'Give it to thee! Never! I will guard it with my life.'

" 'Then receive thy reward,' exclaimed the murderer, as with a fiendish laugh he plunged the knife into the breast of the gentle Meinrad. And as the blood flowed down and ran in pools on the floor, —

" 'And I longed for the sight of a human face,' gasped the dying man; 'this is indeed my reward; Jesu, receive my spirit!'

" But the murderers knew not when he died, for they seized the silver Virgin from her shrine, the lamp was overturned, and they fled in the darkness, their boots, dabbled in the holy man's blood, leaving red footprints in the snow as they ran.

" And now the ravens awoke, but the lamp was out, and in the fireplace only a few embers burned, and they could see nothing. They flew round and round the cell, calling and 'calling, and flapping their wings, but they met with no response, for the generous hand which had tended and fed them was cold and still in death, and the gentle soul which had pitied and saved them had gone to its reward. And when daylight came, and they saw the pools of blood as it dripped, dripped, from the couch to the floor, and when they saw the stillness of Meinrad's face, they gave each a bitter cry and flew out of the cave; and, by the red footprints in the snow, they tracked the murderers

the way they had gone, and though the wretches hid as well as they could, the ravens persistently followed, and traced them into Zürich; and there, on the spot where the Hotel Raven now stands, they attacked the murderers, beating them and flapping at them with their blood-stained wings until the suspicions of the people were aroused.

“‘Were not these the black birds,’ one asked, ‘that lived with the holy man of the Fürstenwald?’

“Then the robbers were searched, and when the Black Virgin was found hidden away in the clothes of one, the people carried it to the Abbess of Zürich. And when she saw it, she turned pale.

“‘The image of Our Lady that we gave to our beloved brother, the Hermit of the Fürstenwald! Alas! he is dead.’

“Then the two men were brought before the Abbess.

“‘Where gottest thou the image of Our Lady? Speak!’

“The scoundrels trembled, and turned as white as their ugly red faces would allow.

“‘The good man of the Fürstenwald hath given it to us,’ said one.

“‘Thou liest! He hath said, “I will guard it with my life; when thou seest the Black Virgin in other hands than mine, the heart of Meinrad will have ceased to beat.” Alas! alas! he is dead! he is dead!’

“Then the two men would have slunk away, but the Abbess, usually so gentle of mien and so low of voice, rose to her full height, and with clear and commanding tone, with glittering eye and pointing finger, —

“‘Seize them!’ she cried, ‘and bind them fast until search hath been made of the cave in the Fürstenwald.’

"Then the murderers were bound, and officers of justice hurried away to the Fürstenwald, and there, in his lonely cell, they found Meinrad lying dead, as we have seen, and the shrine of Our Lady desecrated and despoiled. So, with the blood-tracks in the snow, the evidence of the ravens, and the fact that the Virgin had been found in the possession of the two men, they were tried, condemned and executed on the very spot where the Hotel Raven now stands."

"O, Uncle Henry! how glad I am that you made us go back to see the hotel and the two ravens carved in the stone; I shall never forget it."

"What a splendid story!" exclaimed John.

"Isn't there a little fancy work about it?" asked Cortland.

"I think that my part is as true as any of it, my boy. At all events, the story has lasted more than a thousand years. The main facts have been handed down since eight hundred and sixty-one, the date when the dear old monk was killed; and you had better not begin to doubt them here at Einsiedeln, or you will be hooted out of the place."

"Why, we are in a town!" exclaimed John, who had been so absorbed that he had not noticed their entrance into the little hamlet of Einsiedeln.

"Yes; and here is the hotel, and there are your aunt and Katherine, standing on the little porch in front."

"Dear papa, have you no compassion?" was Katherine's greeting. "We are starving, and table-d'hôte is just ready; some of the people have gone in. Aunt Eleanor and I are famished. Why will you loiter so!"

"Why, we never noticed the time," explained Violet. "Uncle Henry was telling us the loveliest story."

“All about a holy man who was murdered, and his blood ran in pools over the floor, and the murderers tracked it over the snow,” added John; “and they were caught and condemned and —”

“It must have been lovely!” remarked Katherine dryly. “How I wish that I had been there! There is little choice between Tom’s crumbs, and bread and honey, and your blood-curdling tales. Of course papa did not embroider at all.”

“I should think not, indeed,” smiled her father. “Do you think that I need to make any additions to a tale that has been in existence over a thousand years? But come! dinner is ready, and there are still wonderful sights to be seen.”

After justice had been done the excellent dinner provided for them, our travellers started for the monastery, which stands across the square, not a stone’s throw from the hotel.

One cannot help being deeply impressed with the fact that this grand mass of architecture rises imperially in a naked solitude, remote from other buildings of its kind, as well as from towns and cities. A small village has sprung up, it is true, around the fine square, in which stands the monastery and its church; but the houses are mostly inns, large and small, — fifty or sixty inns, perhaps, and from twenty to thirty smaller houses; these complete the number of places where pilgrims can be accommodated.

“Where was the Hermit Meinrad’s cell?” inquired Violet as they crossed the square toward the front of the Italian-looking building.

“Exactly on the spot where the monastery now stands; at least, that is the tradition,” replied the Colonel. “But this is not the original monastery. It has been destroyed by fire six

or seven times, but always rebuilt. The legend is, that when the Bishop of Constance was about to consecrate the first church, on the night before the intended consecration, he was aroused by strains of angelic music, and the next day a voice from Heaven told him that he need not proceed with his holy rites; that the church had already been consecrated by the presence of the Saviour."

"I suppose it was at that time that the Saviour drank of the fountain here in the square," said Katherine, who had been at Einsiedeln before, and was familiar with many of its legends.

"Yes; I suppose they think that it was when he made his miraculous appearance that he drank from one of the spouts of water; but as there are fourteen spouts, and the faithful can never be certain from which one the Saviour drank, they drink from all, and consider themselves blessed."

Rosie, who was a devout Catholic, had listened earnestly to all that Colonel Bedford had been saying, and as the rest left herself and Tom to their own devices as they walked up the gentle ascent toward the monastery, Rosie turned to her little charge, and standing him well away from the fountain on a sort of raised wall that encircles it, she ordered him not to move, and then descending upon the stone paved floor, she went close to a spout, caught some water in her hand, bathed her eyes, and, crossing herself, whispered a prayer. This she repeated at the second spout, and so absorbed did she become in her religious exercises, that Master Tom was quite forgotten.

As Mrs. Gordon was about to enter the church door, she felt a wet, cold little hand slide into hers, and, looking down, discovered little Tom. A very moist and bedraggled little Tom he



ROSIE AND LITTLE TOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

was. His yellow curls were lank and dripping, his pretty dress front was soaked and splashed, and his shoes were fairly oozing water through the lacing holes.

"Tom! where have you been?" was his mother's exclamation.

"P'ayin' like Rosie," was the delighted answer. "Tom catch de water, slap it on, say a p'ayer, c'oss himself, den go to nex' spout."

"I should think you had 'slapped it on,'" roared the Colonel. "What a thoroughly demoralized-looking child you are."

"This is unbearable!" ejaculated Mrs. Gordon angrily. "Rosie is getting too careless! Rosie, how could you?" and the old woman, as she hurried up in breathless search of her young charge, received, for once in her life, a severe scolding from her usually gentle mistress.

"Ain' a-gettin' sech chawnces any too of'en, Mistis," apologized Rosie. "I'se drefful sorry Mass'r Tom done got a wettin', but sho! dat holy water won' hurt him, nohow."

"He will take his death of cold," declared Mrs. Gordon. "How could you be so silly, Rose?"

"Well, Mistis, yer see it's dis away: my brudder's wife, Rachel Washin'ton — we'se all Washin'tons yer know, Mis' El'nor — well, my brudder's wife, she been gettin' blinder an' mo' blinder, es time goes on, an' when I yere the Kuh-nel tell ob dat mi-raclus water spoutin' down dere, I jes' t'ought ef I put some on my eyes, and pray pretty pow'ful fo' Rachel" —

"And leave my baby to take care of himself!"

"I know yo don' agree wid my 'ligion, Mistis —"

"Indeed no! not such religion as that! Your duty to me should be your first thought." This was very severe language for the usually mild and gentle Mrs. Gordon. "Take the child

at once to the hotel — don't stop talking here — and change his clothes completely — everything!"

There was no appeal, and Rosie sadly gathered up the dripping child.

"Come 'long, Mass'r Tom, you bad boy," was Rosie's remark. "No reason under de canopy, why yo' should pray fo' Rachel."

"I think that we ought to give thanks for safe return from sea," laughed the Colonel, as he opened the cathedral door. "I never saw a child that looked so nearly drowned."

"What are all these curious-looking little things hanging up round the walls?" inquired Violet, as they entered the large doors leading from the vestibule into the church itself.

"Look! John, there are arms, and legs, and eyes, and see! there's a nose, and here's a tooth. How very strange to have such things on the walls of a church." The children drew hurriedly near Mrs. Gordon, for Colonel Bedford was explaining to them the reason of this curious custom.

"The Pope," he was saying, "at the time of the miraculous consecration of the church, granted plenary indulgence to all pilgrims who should repair to the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits."

"Plenary indulgence! what is that?" was Violet's question.

"Plenary means full, complete, my dear, and you may imagine with such promises, as to the entire wiping out of all their sins, that an immense throng of pilgrims visited the shrine every year. During nine centuries their influx has been almost uninterrupted. They come often for themselves, and more often, perhaps, in behalf of others. Sometimes this vicarious pilgrimage is made for the love of some friend who is ill at home,

or at the request of some noble person, who is willing to pay well to be healed or to have his sins forgiven."

"What is a vicarious pilgrimage?" asked John.

"Papa does rather talk over people's heads," said Katherine.

"Yes, that is a large word. It means simply, in the place of; making the pilgrimage for some one else. So, when they come to pray for the cure of some friend, they hang an effigy on the wall of the church. Thus, if Hans comes to pray for his old mother who is bedridden with rheumatism, he hangs a pair of wax legs on the wall, in front of the Virgin's shrine, and then says many prayers for his mother's recovery. The legs are left as a gentle reminder, I suppose. When Kätchen comes to pray for her lover, who has become blind, she hangs up a pair of eyes, like those you see there, over Katherine's head, or if she has come to pray for the restoration of her father from heart disease, she hangs up a little red heart, says her prayers, and goes home confident that the blind has received his sight, and that her father will meet her at the door of his cottage, quite restored to health, thus repaying her patient trudging over so many weary miles."

"Poor things! how pitiful it all is," said Mrs. Gordon. "One cannot help admiring their faith."

"Gracious! don't tell Rosie all that you have told us," was John's exclamation, "or she will hang eyes, and feet, and ears, all over the place."

"What is this big sort of cage?" here asked Cortland.

"Why, that is the Virgin's shrine; and that small figure, lighted by the ever-burning lamp, is the very Black Virgin of which I have been telling you. See what gorgeous raiment she is clothed in! brocade of gold and priceless jewels are her adornment."

"And is this Meinrad's Black Virgin?" asked Violet.

"So they say, my dear. It is certainly not more wonderful than that pieces of the 'true cross' should have been preserved in so many different places."

"How awfully crowded the place is," John said, as he was driven into a corner to escape contact with a very dusty, grimy-looking pilgrim, who, with his eyes fixed on the Black Virgin, was mumbling his prayers, crossing himself, and holding up a hand in wax, which would soon probably find its place among the many offerings hung before the shrine.

"Oh! this is nothing," replied Katherine, who had successfully avoided the same unpleasant collision. "Father says that there are sometimes thousands of worshippers. He says that the average is one hundred and fifty thousand a year. Just think of the faith of these poor unenlightened souls!"

As they joined Mrs. Gordon, the Colonel was saying:

"The number of pilgrims visiting this shrine in one year is sometimes one hundred and seventy-four thousand; and one year the thousands reached as high as two hundred and two: but I imagine that that was high-water mark."

And now a walk was taken about the interior of the church, but the decorations were gaudy, and the Colonel said that the paintings were "meretricious," which, of course, brought another question from Violet as to the meaning of the word.

"Do look it out in the dictionary, Violet," her mother said; "you will remember it much better if you do."

There was not much to see in the conventual building that surrounds the church, because visitors are not allowed to intrude very far inside its sacred seclusion. A pale-faced brother, whom Violet and John called quietly to themselves, Meinrad, told

them, in a quiet voice, what there was to learn of the relics which were shown to strangers, and received, with downcast eyes, and modest mien, the offerings which the Colonel and Mrs. Gordon left with him.

"I don't know but it's wrong," sighed Mrs. Gordon.

"You give a gratuity to any custodian, Eleanor; if you have scruples, you must not ask to see the interior of any Catholic building."

Just then some little choristers, in their white robes, passed through the hall on their way from service, and Mrs. Gordon shook her head mournfully.

"To think that those bright-faced boys should be brought up to be monks and priests," said she.

"If they are good monks and priests, I should say that they could not do better," answered the liberal Colonel.

The drive to Brunnen consumed the best part of the following day. The journey can be easily made in three hours. But the Colonel was fond of taking little détours, to point out some particularly well-remembered spot; and our friends were detained in other ways, as you will see; so that, starting late in the morning, and rather loitering by the way, the daylight was nearly gone when the blue streak of water, known to them as the Lake of Lucerne, but to the Swiss as the *Vierwaldstättersee*, shone in the distance under the last rays of the setting sun.

After passing the villages of Biberbruck and Altmatt, our travellers came to the town of Rothenthurm, which my readers, who understand German, know to mean Red Tower; and there still stands the old red tower itself, which gives the town its name. The tower forms part of the rampart which, the Colonel informed his young companions, was built by the Schwyzers,

or people of the canton of Schwyz, to protect their northwestern boundary. From this point the long back of the Rigi could be seen, and the Colonel pointed out to them the inn at the Kulm, which was distinctly visible.

"We will ascend the Rigi on our return from Maderanerthal to Lucerne," said Colonel Bedford. "Katherine has been several times to the Rigi-Kulm, and she will not care to go again; and perhaps your mother, Violet, would not care to attempt it, or to take Tom up in the railway carriage, but I shall not let you return without having been up the Rigi, if only to say that you have been; for everybody goes up nowadays; and just as sure as you do not, some young idiot who is 'doing' Europe on a Cook's ticket, will say, 'There! you've missed the finest thing on the Continent!' Hundreds of persons see the Rigi from the deck of a steamboat, every summer, but comparatively few tourists see it from the place where we are now. The tourist, pure and simple, follows the beaten track. He goes to Berne and sees the bears, and he goes to Lucerne and stops at the Schweizerhof; buys some Swiss carvings; goes to see the Lion of Lucerne; sits on the hotel piazza, or lounges on the terrace near the lake, and looks up at Mount Pilatus, and makes plans to ascend it; dances half the night, and the next day gets up late; buys some more Swiss carvings or photographs; lounges again near the lake; gazes at Pilatus, and then goes home and says that he has seen Switzerland."

"Well, hasn't he?" asked Cortland.

"Why, yes, certainly, a part of it; but you might just as well say that a traveller has seen America who goes to New York and stays at the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor, or who spends his summer at Newport; you know, Cortland, whether in that

way he sees Niagara, or the prairies, or the Western rivers, or even Indiana."

"But from what the guide-book says," remarked John, "I should think that you could get very easily to any of these Swiss places that you want us to see."

"Nothing easier in the world," assented the Colonel; "but the young men of the present day, at least, most of them, will not take the trouble. They will only go where steam can carry them, and take the route which their ticket marks out. Oh! in my day it was different. All that I wanted was a knapsack, and an alpenstock, and, with a few thalers in my pocket, I felt that I was master of the situation; and in that way have I made the acquaintance of half the mountain peaks of Europe."

"But mamma and Katherine could not travel on foot," argued Violet, a little anxiously, "and I suppose that the boys and I would get tired if we tried to go very far."

"Do not distress yourself, my little girl," answered the Colonel kindly; "for that very reason I have chosen a place to which we can get with comparative ease, and yet a spot which has, in its own way, all the attractions of the more distinguished places. We are going quite out of the beaten track, and yet so near it that it is a constant source of wonder to me that I meet so few of my own country people there."

"And what is the name of this wonderful place, Uncle Henry?" asked Violet.

"It is called Maderanerthal, my dear, or the Valley of Maderan: but we have Brunnen, and Flüelen, and Altdorf, and many a place to visit before we reach that charming spot."

The cousins listened with interest to all that the Colonel told them, but gradually each one began to be conscious of a pang

akin to pain; to feel that there was something missing, and that something lunch. As the carriage passed through hamlet after hamlet, and no stop was made, the *kutscher* driving stolidly on, as if the horses and carriage were a mammoth toy, wound up at Einsiedeln, and warranted not to run down until Brunnen was reached, the faces of our young people took on a blank and anxious look; but round rolled the wheels as persistently as ever: in at one entrance of a village, out again at the other, the horses taking their resolute way unchecked, over the broad post road which leads down from Rothenthurm to Schwyz.

"I say," whispered John confidentially to his crony, Violet, "does the Colonel mean to starve us? I could eat the schwarz-brod the kutscher feeds to his horses, I am so hungry!"

Violet's face wore a puzzled expression.

"I don't know, I'm sure," was her reply, "but of course it will be all right; perhaps there is some town further ahead, with a good hotel, where Uncle Henry prefers to stop."

The horses were now climbing slowly a gentle ascent.

"What are you doing, my boy?" inquired the Colonel of John, as he saw the boy stand up on the front seat, and prepare to climb up beside the driver who, with German prudence, drew in his horses, jumped down to the ground, and hastily placed rocks behind the wheels, in nervous dread lest some accident should happen to this wild young American, John being seated on the box, however, almost before the coachman's feet had touched the road. Then the kutscher lumberingly climbed back to his seat, and the onward and upward way was resumed. The summit of the hill reached, John gazed long and earnestly down the road ahead, as well as on every side, but nothing like a white dot of a house, or the brown of a chalet, broke through

the green solitude, and no sign of a church spire peered above the masses of foliage that lined their way, whereupon John turned his head round toward Violet, and shook it with such a woe-begone expression that she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Cortland, who was looking, as Violet said, "crosser than a polar bear," growled out in tones which bore a strong resemblance to those of the animal which he was said to resemble :—

"What are you laughing at? I should think you would be too hungry to laugh."

The Colonel had been a much-amused onlooker at the pantomime going on between Violet and John, but sat quietly in his corner with a solemn face, taking apparently no notice of the glances and remarks of the young people. Finally, however, he roused himself. "I am nearly starved," exclaimed he, as if that fact had just forced itself on his mind.

"No more than we all are," answered Cortland, petulantly. "I don't see why we couldn't have stopped at that last town back there, and had some lunch, or some dinner or something."

"Did we pass a hotel?" asked the Colonel anxiously; "I saw none."

His head had been persistently turned the other way as the carriage passed by.

"Of course we did," sulkily answered Cortland. "Why can't we go back? I don't see any town ahead."

"No," sighed the Colonel resignedly, "there is none for a long distance; what shall we do?"

"Pretty travelling, I call this!" muttered Cortland, in anything but well-bred tones; and then, as the Colonel rose and leaned

forward, saying something in low tones to the kutscher, Cortland continued to Violet :

"A great old traveller he is. I thought you said he knew everything about this route, and Katherine, that stuck-up thing! talks of nothing but what a splendid traveller her father is; that he always plans things so well, and knows just where he is; and now you just heard him confess that there isn't any town for ever so far ahead, and it will be hours before we can get any dinner."

"You are very rude, Cortland, to speak of Uncle Henry so; and I am sure it's all right," whispered Violet in return; "I know, by the twinkle in his eye, there must be some hotel that we can't see from here."

"*Noch zehn Minuten*," were Heinrich's concluding words in answer to the Colonel, who again settled himself in his corner.

For some minutes they rode on in silence. Violet drew closer to her uncle, as he seemed to be under a cloud, and rested her head against his shoulder; he put his arm affectionately round her. Just then Heinrich turned his horses sharply to the left, and entered a well-defined wood road ("I told you so," said Violet's eyes to John's, as he inquiringly turned his head), and after a drive of a few minutes, drew up at what seemed the termination of the road.

"All out!" was the Colonel's command.

"I'm so weak I can hardly move," was Cortland's remark as he tumbled out through the doorway of the carriage.

"Poor soul! wait a moment, and Johann can help Heinrich to carry you. There is at least a spring of water here," said the Colonel, "and perhaps little Tom may be able to share a few of his crumbs with us."

"Tom's always provided for; he doesn't starve," grumbled Cortland.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the Colonel; "I'm sorry there's no hotel, but I am not responsible for the canton."

"He's responsible for bringing us on this road, anyway," muttered Cortland disconsolately to John, as he sank, in an apparently exhausted condition, at the root of a giant tree.

The second carriage had now arrived, and Mrs. Gordon, Katherine, Rosie and Tom joined the others, and all then entered the wood a little way.

Through a narrow and overgrown path the Colonel led them, walking in true Indian file, but in less than a minute's space they found themselves emerging into a perfect little opening among the trees. Its floor was soft and grass-grown, and looked, Violet said, as if it had been swept that morning. Large rocks, which were just high enough for comfortable seats, were ranged on one side in a half-circle, as if their placing had been intentional, and in the very centre of this fairy dell, stood an enormous flat boulder, like a great table.

"What a place for a feast!" groaned Cortland. Several faces seemed to express assent, though there was no audible demonstration of dissatisfaction.

"Why! it would be a good place," agreed the Colonel, with perfect good nature. "What a pity that I had not remembered it!"

"We can drive rapidly on to Schwyz, can we not, Henry, when we leave here?" asked Mrs. Gordon; "the children seem, all of them, to be rather hungry."

"*Et tu, Brute!*" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Cortland pettishly, throwing himself down beside Katherine, where she knelt over the little spring, which sparkled and bubbled up on one side of the glade, and then ran away through the woods, over its stony bed, gurgling and singing, "in little sharps and trebles," "Gracious! I shall be dead before we get there."

"You Goose! yes; you Goose! with a big, big G."

"Oh! it's easy enough for you, you're not hungry. Catch me starting again without" —

"Look there!" answered Katherine; "when you have known my father a little longer you will understand that he never forgets anything, and that he never gets caught in any way. Now, aren't you a little bit ashamed of yourself?"

Katherine's extremely frank remarks were caused by the appearance of Johann and Heinrich, who pushed through the bushes, each bearing in his arms a large square basket with its cover closely fastened down, while Rosie who had been let into the secret, followed behind with a parcel, which, when opened, disclosed a snowy cloth, napkins, plates, glasses, forks, spoons, etc. Then one of the men returned to the carriages and brought back a pail which contained ice, well wrapped in a carpet. The ice was immediately washed, the pail cleansed and filled with what Americans find it hard to go without, iced water.

"Only Violet here, trusted her old uncle, and she shall be the queen of the feast," was the Colonel's explanation as he laid over the little girl's hat a wreath of wild flowers which he had been rapidly twisting together.

"I'm sure that I trusted you too, papa; where's my wreath?" asked Katherine.

" Oh! that's all very well, my dear, but you have been here before, and you know that we never, either of us, go hungry when it is not absolutely necessary."

What a merry time they had! Mrs. Gordon and Katherine unpacking the baskets, with Rosie's aid, Tom helping (himself) to such an extent that, when in the midst of the feast some jelly was called for, Master Tom was discovered behind a tree, a large glass jar in his lap, two thirds of the contents of which had gone down his rapacious little throat, while the remaining third adorned his cherubic countenance, and was smeared over his pleated dress front.

The Colonel opened a bottle of sparkling Moselle, letting it pop off with all the noise of which it was capable. But, alas! just at that moment the unlucky Cortland, jumping up suddenly, shook the Colonel's arm with such violence that the bottle was thrown to the ground and broken.

" No matter, my boy," said the old gentleman, in a kindly tone, as he saw Cortland look up as if he feared a reproof. " It is just as well. You young people do not need it, and perhaps we older ones are just as well without it."

There was chicken (" Will you take some of 'de leetle dog'?" said John, bowing low before Katherine, with a mischievous look at Cortland. " That, you must know, is the Hamburg for little chicken,"), and there was cold ro's-be'f, and croquettes, and what the Germans call " mixbickles," straight from Cross and Blackwell's, and there were rolls and *hörnchen*, with sweet fresh Swiss butter, and *pfannkuchen*, with a big spot of jelly in the middle, and plenty of powdered sugar on the outside, and, to top off, a large tart filled with preserved fruit, and made with a curious artistically braided border, and there were lemons and

sugar, of which the Colonel made a most enticing draught by adding a little claret "just to color it."

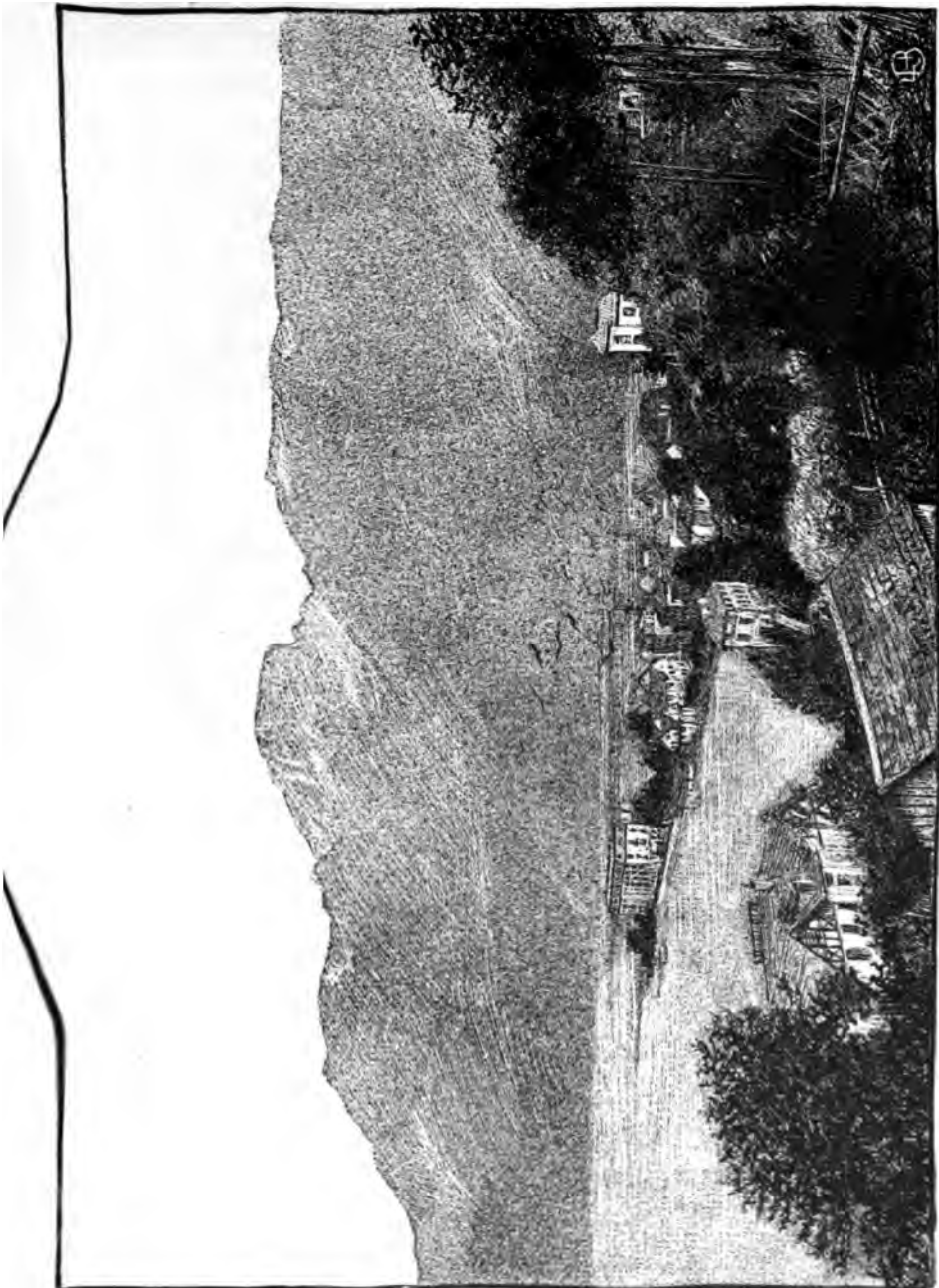
After the jam episode, Master Tom ate cold chicken and roast beef in large and generous proportions, and was supposed, as was just and right, to wash it down with milk, of which, with his usual forethought, the Colonel had provided a brimming quart bottle, but, while Rosie and the men were gathering up the remnants of the feast, picking up every scrap of paper as the Colonel ordered them, and leaving the woodland in as perfect order as they found it, Master Tom was helping himself generously from the bucket of lemonade, and when, finally, the baskets being packed safely under the seats, where they had been so faithfully concealed, the rugs, and shawls, and other belongings, once more stowed away, and the travellers preparing to do likewise with themselves, there was a cry from Rosie:—

"Where in de name o' goodness dat ar blessed baby done got to!"

Instantaneous search revealed that young cause of disquiet seated at the foot of a tree, leaning in a very sleepy attitude against its trunk, and, when snatched up rather more suddenly than was agreeable, by Rosie, he informed her in very incoherent tones, that he wanted "some more o' dat pink lemonade," and then slumbered on her shoulder until the lights of Brunnen twinkled in the distance.

The two Mythen, tall cone-shaped mountains, rising apparently abruptly from the plain, towered on the left as the carriages rolled down the valley toward Schwyz.

"Let's go up some morning," said Cortland; as if it were an easy matter to reach the top of these wonderful points of rock.



BRUNNEN.

"And come down before dinner, I suppose you mean," said the Colonel in reply. "I should prefer, for myself, to take a day to go up, and one to return, as it is four hours' walk."

"What! four hours to the top of those little things?" exclaimed Cortland. "Why, they can't be more than six or eight hundred feet high."

"Very little over that. They are only six thousand and two or three hundred feet above the sea level; but that such an experienced Alpine climber as yourself ought to do before breakfast, and not mind it."

"Six thou—" Cortland was for once dumb from astonishment.

"Well," said John, "one never knows how big things are. Don't you remember, Cortland, how small the bell buoys and spars and beacons used to look, down on the Maine coast? We were always out a good many feet when we tried to guess the heights."

"And here you are out a good many thousand feet," remarked Violet; "that is all the difference."

And now the carriages rattled through the streets of Schwyz, and our travellers noticed the queer overhanging roofs of many of the houses, then on they went again through hedge-lined lanes.

"One might almost fancy oneself in England," said the Colonel.

And then through the little straggling town of Brunnen, rumbling over the noisy stones they went, and now, with a sudden spurt, a crack of the whip, a quick turn, they drew up with fine effect at the door of the Waldstätterhof, or the Hotel of the Forest Cantons. The lake stretched away on the left; opposite, across the lake, were the high green hills and the real snow mountains of Switzerland, all cold and gray in the

darkness ; but on the right was the open doorway of the hotel, with its broad piazza stretching out on either side, and through the wide opening the bright lights streamed forth, and displayed on the hospitable stair-landing large tubs of flowers and even trees, which made the interior look like a lovely garden. And now hurrying and respectful porters were opening the doors of the carriages, trunks were being unstrapped, our travellers arose from their cramped positions, and Master Tom awoke suddenly with a howl.

"Here ! let me take that youngster," said a tall, sunburned young man, throwing away his cigar, as he vaulted over the railing from his lounging place above them on the veranda, taking Tom from Rosie's arms, and seating the child upon his shoulder, to the imminent danger of little Tom's cranium, as well as of the hanging lantern in the hall.

"So you've come at last !" was the greeting of this gay young fellow.

Katherine gave a little scream of delight.

"Why, it's Harry," she said.

If travelling in Switzerland had been delightful with the Colonel, what was it now with this tall, charming young man with his merry ways, and his laughing words, who was always full of fun, always good-natured, at everybody's beck and call and ready for any new scheme that might present itself ? The first plan was that the two boys and himself should start directly back to Schwyz and climb the Grossen Mythen following morning, and see the sun rise from the top, re- turn until afternoon, and returning to Brunnen by evening.

"But these youngsters have had nothing to eat," said the Colonel.

"Oh! I'll wait until they get a bite," said Harry carelessly; "but it is a place which they should not miss."

"Entoosiastic as ever," sighed a sentimental voice at his side.

"Ah! Fräulein, let me present my father. Fräulein von Bodewitz, father,—my sister, Fräulein. This is the kind friend,



OLD HOUSES IN BRUNNEN.

Katherine, angel, I ought to say, who nursed me after that bad fall that I had on the Titlis."

If Fräulein von Bodewitz was an angel, she was a very substantial one. Short and fat, and round-faced, her light, thin hair drawn severely back and twisted on the top of her head in a little wad about the size of a walnut, near-sighted, and plain, her homely face was redeemed by a charming expression, and her lips when they parted revealed such a fine set of pearly teeth that, after you had known the little woman long enough,

and she fancied you, and gave up the sentimentalisms and absurdities which were only displayed for the benefit of strangers, she showed her real nature, which was that of a true-hearted, though eccentric woman. She had her little prejudices, it is true, but one could avoid them; and in this case would find in Fräulein Bodewitz a charming companion. Her hands were small, white, and beautifully formed, and her skill and talent as a musician were unquestionable. She rather affected things that were English: such as wearing a glass in one eye; but she gave as her reason for that, that one need only use one eye at a time, and that she could change her "monocle" to either eye, thereby saving them both (such was her theory) more than an ordinary double glass would do. She was an enthusiastic pedestrian, and had walked, in her time, over most of the mountain passes in Switzerland, and had climbed with delight many of the snow mountains.

"You have but to shake an alpenstock at her," Harry often said, "and she will appear in ten minutes, ready for any excursion."

As Fräulein von Bodewitz was well past forty, she needed no chaperon, and asked no one's opinion; indeed, she was a law unto herself. Hearty greetings were exchanged between the little German baroness and Harry's father and sister, and Katherine's gratitude for her care of her beloved brother made the two friends for all time.

"But we must go somewhere," persisted Harry.

"Do let the boys get a night's rest," said his father. "We haven't even seen our rooms yet."

"And," expostulated Katherine, "there stands poor Aunt Eleanor looking bewildered and tired to death."

"All right, Kathie; you always did have everything your own way. But there is such lots to see: Seelisberg just opposite — take care, youngster," as Tom raised up his hands to seize on the colored lantern overhead, "or you'll have a bill to pay. Seelisberg's only a little run, and the Hcch Rophaien, and the Rigi, and the Rigi Scheideck, — that would be nearer for us. Then we might try the Kreuz, and after they get their mountain legs on, the Uri Rothstock, and the Bristenstock later, and after that" —

"O, Harry! you perfectly ridiculous boy. You fairly take my breath away," exclaimed Katherine, but she smiled affectionately at the handsome young giant as he stood there, with Tom's little hand buried in his closely-cropped curls, his blue eyes shining out from underneath the sunburned forehead, and his face beaming with health and kindly good nature.

"Very well, then, I won't say any more. I won't ask them to undergo any greater fatigue than to take a row before breakfast. Does your ladyship think that you will be able to walk as far as the boat-landing?" turning to Violet. "If there are any puddles I will cast down my cloak before you, — or I would if I had one."

Violet, to whom this fine speech was addressed, stood there, looking very shy and embarrassed in her childish short skirts, but she thanked her cousin, and said that she should be ready for a row in the morning.

"I will take you across to the Mythen-stein," said Harry, "and you will get up a real Swiss appetite for Swiss bread and honey."

"I hate getting up early," remarked Katherine, "and my last experience was not so pleasant!" with a glance at Cortland; "he's dangerous," whispered she in her brother's ear.

"How?" returned the astonished young man, under his breath. "Insane, or anything?"

"O, no!" laughed Katherine, "but he thinks that he knows everything, and he doesn't know anything; and no one knows what he'll do. He ought to have a red flag pinned on his back, and printed on it in large, white letters, the word 'Danger.'"

"O, well! I'm afraid that you're prejudiced, Kathie; we'll manage him all right, never fear," and before bedtime Cortland came as near admiring Harry as he had ever in his life admired any one, other than his own precious self.

It was Harry here, and Harry there; and he kept so close to Harry, following his every step, that the young man drew a long breath of relief as he at last, after seeing the boys off to their rooms, sat down for a quiet half-hour's chat with his father.

Harry's boat was waiting at the foot of the steps of the wharf near the hotel, at an early hour, the following morning, and Harry's self appeared — as Violet, John and Cortland walked down the steamboat pier — dressed in light blue flannels, his sleeves rolled up on his well-browned arms, and his small cap pressed tightly on the back of his head.

They had all just taken their seats in the boat, and Harry was preparing to "shove off," when the words, "Vait! I come also," were heard in the distance, and Harry descried the little German baroness trotting down the road. She wore an English ulster of the most ultra style, a small felt hat, and carried an alpenstock, on the top of which were tied some beautiful specimens of the mountain cyclamen.

"I haf been on de road to Treib," explained she, as she breathlessly descended the stairs, and took her seat in the

boat, "to get some of dis cyclamen. Did you ever seen such pecimens?"

"You must have arisen early, Fräulein," said Harry, as he pushed the boat well away from the wharf and took the oars.

"Yes; I usually walk an hour or two before breakfast, but I thought that I should have to go all the way to Treib, so that I got up much earlier than usual." This part of the conversation had been carried on in German. "Now let us talk English; it is not polite to speak de German all de time."

It was a calm, still summer morning, and as the boat shot out into the lake, the only ripples that disturbed its surface were made by the bow of the little craft as Harry sent it with strong and steady strokes, through the water. So still, and so clear, lay this wonderful blue *Luzerner-See*, that the hills, and woods, and distant snowy peaks, were clear and distinct in its shadow-depths, and even the tiny white thread of a waterfall, which found its way down from some Alpine height, was so reflected that its counterpart poured and foamed upward from the lake's clear reflection to meet it.

"Well!" exclaimed John, "I never did see mountains rising right up out of a lake before."

"You never saw any mountains at all before," returned Cortland.

"Well, I don't know that I have; but I never imagined such shores as these."

"I am not enough under them yet," said Violet. "I have always wanted to see what they call beetling crags, but I don't believe there are any such things; I mean, ones that tower right up over your head."

"I could show you beetling crags," said Harry, "if you could

only come down to where we are building our road, or even over here at the Klönsee," and he nodded toward the shore from whence they had come; "there one sees beetling crags with a vengeance: but I don't believe that we are going there this time. I think it is father's plan to go to the Maderanerthal. Here you are," said Harry, as the bow of the boat drew along-



SCHILLER'S MONUMENT.

side a tall, irregular monument of stone, standing stolidly up in the water, not far from the lake's western shore.

"I've been looking at that," said Violet, "and wondering what it was."

"Who put it there?" asked Cortland.

"Dame Nature, sir, as my old country school-mistress taught me to say to the ladies when they stopped me in the street to ask who gave me my red cheeks," was Harry's gay answer.

"*Ach! Dem Saenger Tells,*" ejaculated Fräulein von Bodewitz, with her most sentimental and poetical air.

The little woman tipped her head on one side and leaned over the edge of the boat so far that her one eyeglass, having, unknown to her, parted its moorings to the little gold chain fastened in her button-hole, fell with a gentle plash into the water, and descended with many a curve and zigzag to the pebbly bottom.

"Another offering at the feet of Schiller," laughed Harry.

"It makes noding; I have more," was the baroness' answer, as she gazed with rapt attention at the towering Mythenstein.

"Do you mean to say that it is natural stone?" asked John.

"Oh! you can't fool me," was Cortland's elegant remark, as Harry assented. "Look at those gilt letters on the side — S-c-h-i-l — Schiller. Why, it was put up to somebody."

"Put up when de good God make de world."

"Yes, Fräulein, put up when the world was made; and, Cortland, Schiller's name has been cut in, and the letters gilded, as you say. Some persons consider it in rather questionable taste, but the Mythenstein, as it is called, will stand as a monument to the great German poet until, from natural causes, its own crumbling from the storms, and the constant washing of the water, it shall fall."

"Why did they choose Schiller of all the German poets?" asked John. "There was Goethe, and Heine, and, oh! lots more. Do they think Schiller the finest poet?"

"Read for yourself," answered Fräulein von Bodewitz, pointing with enthusiastic fingers. "Dem Saenger Tells. Tell's poet. He sang of Tell; what more dear dan de name of Wilhelm Tell to de peoples of Canton Uri?"

"Yes; Schiller wrote the tragedy of William Tell," added Harry, "and that is why the Swiss have erected, perpetuated rather, this monument to him. Tell was to the Swiss what Andreas Hofer was to the Tyrolese; and, no matter what the doubters say, I think that not only the Mythenstein, but the mountains will fall before the Swiss can be brought to believe the heresy that there was no William Tell."

"But there's something else here,—another inscription," ex-

claimed Violet, as the boat rounded the monument, nearly grazing its side. "See, Harry! what is this?"

"O, yes! that is to a poor young fellow who lost his life at this spot. He was an officer, I believe; but come, breakfast will be ready, and our people waiting."

A swift row back across the lake brought Harry's boat near Brunnen, and the hotel, when, just as they neared the steps, Violet gave one or two piercing screams and started up the stairs, flying toward the hotel, with Harry and the boys in hot pursuit. She held her right arm with her left hand, as she ran, and then as suddenly dropped it, screaming again.

"What is it, Violet?" called Harry, as he overtook her; "do tell me!" But the tears were rolling down the young girl's cheeks, and she could not reply. The poor child flew as if on the wings of the wind, but her troubles were only to be complicated, for, rushing up the hotel steps, in her haste to find mamma, her foot slipped and she fell in a tearful heap on the landing.

"What is it, tear chilte?" asked Fräulein von Bodewitz, bustling up.

"Oh! I'm stung, I'm stung; my arm is on fire, and my hand." And, indeed, her left hand was swollen and red. The deft little German rolled up the loose cotton sleeve, and two large bumble-bees flew out and away. Fräulein von Bodewitz was, when necessary, a woman of action.

Going quickly to one of the large wooden tubs of hydrangea, which were flowering on the landing, she seized a watering pot, and, dashing some water into the tub, it was the work of a moment to mix it with the earth, and, with quick movement, to plaster the little girl's arm with the cooling remedy.

"Here, my leetle tear, put your odder hant in vat you call it? mood. Now, is it better so?"

It was a very short time before Violet was glad to confess that both her arm and hand were much relieved, but it was some time before the swelling had entirely disappeared. Thus Fräulein von Bodewitz gained another friend, and Violet felt as if she had gained one, too.

"I'm glad it wasn't little Tom," Violet said, as she stood, the fingers of one little hand buried in the wet earth, the other arm, Harry said, looking "like an adobe wall"; for Harry had taken most climates and regions in his wanderings. "It would have hurt Tom so much more than it did me."

"I don't believe he could have screamed any louder," said John; "and Tom *can* scream."

Violet's accident, "done on purpose," Harry suggested, was the subject of conversation at the late breakfast, and on that account, as well as Mrs. Gordon's desire for rest, our party decided to make no excursion, but to linger round the hotel, seeing simply what came in their way. But in the afternoon Mrs. Gordon proposed a bath in the waters of the lake, a proposition which Katherine, Violet and the baroness hailed with delight. And down to the charming little villa of a bathing house, they all walked, followed by Tom and Rosie.

"Oh! hurrah!" shouted Cortland, when learned he whither their steps tended: "let's go in too, John."

And off the boys raced for bathing suits, towels, and Harry. The bathing over, Mrs. Gordon and her mermaids, as she called them, returned to the hotel, and had long been sitting on the veranda in the warm sun, when John appeared all glowing from his cool swim.

"Where is Cortland?" asked Mrs. Gordon anxiously.

"Why, he wouldn't come out, all I could do," was John's reply, "so I just came off and left him."

Mrs. Gordon went hurriedly in search of the Colonel.

"Dat young man jes' a warin' Mis' El'nor to nuffin but bones; but what kin yer 'spect now of a young man who go an' tie a string 'cross a ole cullud —"

"O, Rosie!" groaned John, with more force than elegance, "do give us a rest!"

The Colonel dispatched Harry in search of Cortland, who, though shaking with cold, refused to come out of the water, because he had told John that he intended staying in an hour. The wind had sprung up cold from the north, and he was chilled through; his lips were purple, and his face white.

"Come out," was Harry's order, "or I'll come in and carry you out; and if I do I'll shake you worse than that chill is shaking you now."

And when Cortland obeyed, as he usually did any peremptory command from one whom he thought could enforce it, should he refuse, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for a kreutzer," Harry continued, in anything but comforting tones. "You're going to have an awful cold; diphtheria, or tonsilitis, or pneumonia, or something; just see if you don't."

And Harry proved a true prophet. Cortland, like our childhood's acquaintance, Harry Gill, was shaking for an hour after he got on dry land, and his teeth they "chattered, chattered, chattered still." In the evening, a terrible cold in the head began to develop itself, and then his throat became sore and swollen. Cortland was not a pleasant patient; he would not go to bed, where every one wished him, but wandered aimlessly

round the hotel, his eyes red, — “all bunged up!” as John comfortingly said — feeling too miserable to sit up, and yet determined that he would not give in to the wishes and advice of his friends.

“I know well enough what you want,” was his answer to all such suggestions; “as soon as you get me safely in bed, you will all go off on that moonlight row that Harry was talking of this afternoon. I see that you just want to get rid of me, and I won’t go to bed; that’s flat.”

“At least, Cortland, go up-stairs and take some of that medicine that I have for colds; it is in Rosie’s room, on the shelf by the door.”

“Now, no nonsense, Cortland; do as your aunt bids you,” added the Colonel, who could be severe when necessity required, whereupon the tiresome boy dragged himself wearily up the stairs to Rosie’s improvised nursery.

“Where’s the cough medicine, Rosie?” asked Cortland, putting his head into the dimly-lighted room.

“On de shelf by de do’; an’ do, fer de Lawd’s sake, Mass’r Cortland, keep quiet. Mass’r Tom jes’ a-droppin’ off,” was Rosie’s answering whisper.

“Tom ain’t a-droppin’ off,” came from the small bed in the corner by which Rosie sat; “Tom puffedly wide awake.”

Cortland reached for the bottle, and, putting it to his lips, took a tremendous swallow.

“Well, that’s the worst,” spluttered he; “tastes like blacking and ink; gracious! it’s burning me all the way down.”

“Like blackin’, Mass’r Cortland? Why, it’s de soodin’est t’ing; full ob honey, an’ glyc’rine, an’ lick’riss, an’ matrimonial wine — done heard Mis’ El’nor say so. Bless us!” and Rosie

arose hastily, and lighted a second candle, as the possible meaning of the continued choking and spluttering dawned on her drowsy intellect. "You don' mean to say you gone an' took, — yes, he has, you aggervatin' young man! yer gone an' took my ha'r restorator; dollar a bottle, to Hemphill's to Cherry Hill. Good Lawd! good Lawd! he's gone and took my ha'r restorator."

"You seem to think I like it. Oh! I'm poisoned; I'm poisoned. Get it out, somebody, quick! she's poisoned me; I shall die, I know I shall!"

The Colonel, with Harry and John, on their way up the stairs to prepare for their moonlight row, heard Cortland's cries, and came running in, but none of them could repress a hearty laugh when they gathered, as well as they could from Rosie's reproaches of Cortland, and Cortland's accusing words to Rosie, the cause of his distress.

"He ought to be pumped out," said the Colonel, between his roars of laughter.

"Or eat two dozen raw eggs," suggested Harry. "The carpet doesn't look as if you had any of it inside of you, Cortland; you really must excuse my laughing;" and Harry threw himself back on the foot of Tom's little bed, which fairly creaked under him.

"'Cuse my laffin'," mimicked Tom, and threw himself back on his pillows, and kicked his rosy feet and laughed with the rest, though he knew not at what.

John, meanwhile, had run downstairs to order the eggs.

"The whites," called Harry after him; "and then he'll have it down in black and white. Is the wool beginning to grow, Cortland?" picking up the bottle from the floor and reading

the directions. "This says that it will restore the hair to an old leather trunk. Don't you begin to feel all fuzzy inside?"

But Harry's laughter and fun finally ended, for Cortland slipped away to bed, glad to be released from such unmerciful teasing. And Rosie blew out the candle, and prepared to try once more to lull Master Tom to the Land of Nod.

Tom, like many another little boy, before and since, hated the very thoughts of going to bed, and many and various were the strategies to which he resorted to keep from being undressed. When he was finally undressed, and his mother had heard his prayers and seen him safely between the sheets, Rosie's hour, or hours, more often, of trial came.

"Now, you Mass'r Tom, jes' tu'n over an' go sleep, else de debbil come and fotch you, shuah!"

"Tom ain't 'fra'd no debbil; mamma says angels watch Tom."

"So dey do, Mass'r Tom, when you's good."

"Ought to watch Tom when he's bad. I heard 'em las' night."

"Heard what? don' go fo' to be foolin', chile."

"Tom heard 'em when you's gone fo' water; dey was buzzin' roun' de candle."

"Angels! Dem's jes' skeeters. Angels ain comin' yere, in dis yere outlandish place. Now you, Mass'r Tom, shet you leetle mouf an' go sleep."

Tom's arguments had made him somewhat weary by this time.

"Tell a tale," would he say, an expression learned, like many another, from Rosie. So Rosie would begin with a long-winded story, which, apparently, began nowhere, and whose end was not yet. In the midst of her wanderings would come a

"No more telling; singing!"

Then one might hear the old nurse, never more a slave before emancipation days than now, croon away at her ancient ditty, changing it as the order was given, "Ole John Brown," or "Doxol'gy," as the case might be. Over and over went these tunes, round and round, as persistently as a hand-organ, which has only two airs in its repertoire, until the next order showed a sign of weakening on the part of the young dictator.

"No more singing; patting!"

Pat, pat, pat, would go Rosie's black hand, with its usual accompaniment of Hush-sh-sh! But sometimes this accompaniment did not please the young autocrat, and as well as his drowsiness would allow, he would say,

"No hushing; on'y patting!"

But if Rosie, as she sometimes did, left out the whispered sound, the order came,

"Hushing, too!"

More and more drowsy became the child, but not before the final command was given, in a very faint voice; and when Rosie heard this she felt that her minutes by the little bedside were, indeed, numbered.

"Scratch-ch-ch!" and the faithful black claws would travel gently up and down the little back, — slowly, lightly, — the orders growing fainter and weaker.

"Scratch-ch-ch! scratch-ch-ch! s-c-r-r-a-t-c-h-c-h-c-h!" and as Rosie sat there, not daring to move a muscle, or lift a finger, the tiresome, fascinating little mortal sank into slumber.

Rosie was just withdrawing her hand from Tom's plump little body, and covering him gently with a light blanket, when the door opened again.

"Sh-h-h!"

"My face is all swelling up," whispered Cortland. "What shall I do?"

"Op'dildoc's de bes' t'ing fo' rubbin' dat wid," was Rosie's unhesitating advice. "It's in Mis' El'nor's room; chunky little blue glass bottle."

Cortland went at once in search of the remedy, and having received it from Mrs. Gordon's hands, he applied it vigorously to his swollen face, and retired for the night. What was his astonishment in the morning to be greeted by John with the words:

"Hulloa, Cortland! I think that hair dye must have struck through to your skin."

Bounding out of bed and seizing a small hand-mirror, the poor boy discovered, to his perplexity, that the swelling had, indeed, subsided, but that his face, or one entire side of it, was perfectly black, and that no amount of the most energetic washing and rubbing could restore the natural color to his skin.

"Oh! what shall I do?" groaned Cortland. "Is it really the hair dye do you think, John? That opodeldoc that Aunt Eleanor gave me, couldn't have done it, or she would have said so. Do go for your aunt, or the Colonel, or somebody," implored the unhappy boy as he polished away at his cheek with a rough towel. "Not that horrid Rosie! She would just stand and gloat over me. O, dear! my skin is coming off, I believe, and there isn't any change, is there, John?" anxiously.

"No; I can't say that there is," was John's reply. "But don't worry; I'll run and get Aunt Eleanor."

Mrs. Gordon came hurriedly at the summons; one look at Cortland's face was enough.

"I couldn't have given you — have I — I'm afraid I have. O, Cortland! it's all my fault," exclaimed she incoherently, at the same time picking up the bottle. "This explains it;" and turning the label of the small vial towards Cortland, he read thereon the words, "Indelible Ink."

"Why Rosie unpacked such a thing, or even brought it among my medicines, is a mystery to me. Poor boy! I am so, so sorry."

"De bes' t'ing fer you, Mass'r Cortland." Rosie's black head with its neat white turban protruded through the door. "Teach ye not to be so uppity. Anybody who'd go and tie —"

"Take Master Tom down to the wharf, Rosie," said Mrs. Gordon, cutting short this monotonous complaint.

But life was not all gloom for Cortland. Before many days, he was much better, and quite presentable, and though Harry, who was a born tease, did sometimes torment him by singing a charming and, as he thought, appropriate little ditty, called "Bryan O'Lynn," emphasizing particularly the words —

"The skinny side out
And the woolly side in,"

adding on his own responsibility, the appropriate lines —

"How fuzzy I grow
Cries poor Bryan O'Lynn."

Still, Cortland was very considerably treated on the whole, and was soon able to rejoin the others in their various rambles and excursions.

"I am not at all sorry that it happened," said Katherine to her brother, in confidence. "The boy is one mass of conceit. But I had a good laugh all to myself last evening at his expense."

Some English people at our table were talking about the *bise*; one of them remarked that it was very bad this year. She said :

“ ‘ It would be very pleasant here if it were not for the *bise*.’ No one was speaking to Cortland, but he took it upon himself to reply.

“ ‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ they are worse than I have ever known them; two of them stung my cousin very badly.’ The strangers looked at him as if they thought him perfectly demented, and then one of them said,

“ ‘ Oh ! is that the way that you express yourselves in America ? Curious, now. You speak of a wind in the plural, and say that they sting,’ and out came his note book.”

“ Did you explain to him ? ” asked Harry.

“ O, no ! what use ? life is much too short. Nothing has the slightest effect. Had I told him that the word *bise* meant a certain kind of wind, he would have contradicted me and remarked,

“ ‘ Don’t you suppose I know ? ’ ”

AND now, if we would follow the fortunes of our party, we must betake ourselves to the charming, though primitive little hotel at Tell's Platte on the Axenstrasse, kept for so many years by the brothers Imhof, with their well-educated and accomplished sister as directress and housekeeper. The Axenstrasse, as this part of the high road is called, is cut alongside of the Axen Mountain, or *Axenberg*. At Tell's Platte the road lies two hundred and eighty feet above the lake, and the entire drive from Brunnen to the town of Flüelen, at the head of the lake, is a most wonderful one, for the views that one obtains from here are wild, strange, and full of beauty and variety. Our travellers had driven along this remarkable road, with its precipices, or rocky mountain gorges, rising high on the left, descending as abruptly on the right, gazing interestedly down upon the lake, or across at the mountains which bound the further shore, calling constantly the attention of one or another to this or that crystal peak or glacier glittering in the sun. To the steamer and smaller boats, ploughing their way through the water, or to a violet or cyclamen flowering beside the road.

Fräulein Bodewitz had with pleasure assented to the entreaties of one and all, and had joined their party; and while she remained with them, was of great benefit and amusement to our young people.

That morning as the cousins were taking their places at the breakfast table, their last meal at Brunnen, "Why! Where is Harry?" asked one of another.

"And the baroness!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon; "surely not so lazy as to be still in bed this lovely morning!"

"Not unless she has gone to bed at Tell's Platte," answered the Colonel, as he took his seat. "Fräulein Bodewitz and Harry started before sunrise (and it's a chance if they don't skip up to Axenstein on their way). We shall find them there, never fear, comfortable and cool, taking their ease when we arrive." Which prediction came to pass, for when, the delightful drive finished, the horses halted before the door of the Swiss pension, Harry was descried running towards them from the terrace beyond the hotel, where he and the little *pedestrienne* had been taking a cup of coffee after their early walk.

"Father," began Harry, hardly waiting until the horses had stopped, "they say that no one has been up from here this year, and that they are rather busy up at the chalêt; but Imhof says that there are plenty of guides, and that —"

"Do let us at least get into the house, my son, before you begin to plan your excursions. I suppose that you mean the Uri Rothstock from your mentioning the chalêt."

"Yes, father; and Imhof says —"

But the Colonel resolutely betook himself in doors, turning not only a deaf ear, but no ear at all, to Harry's persuasions.

"Charm he never so wisely, Eleanor," said the old gentleman, "I intend to see you and these young people settled before we talk of excursions; then, let them go ahead."

"Who speaks to climb the Uri Rothstock this afternoon?" shouted Harry. An ominous silence.

"Well, then, if that's too hard for the first, the Kreuz to-day, and the Uri Rothstock to-morrow. Shall it be the Kreuz?" asked Harry.

Every one assented, even to little Tom, with the exception of Mrs. Gordon and Katherine.

"I am no climber; you must excuse me," said Mrs. Gordon.

"And I'll stay with you, Aunt Eleanor; and we'll get rid of these racketing boys for once, and have a nice long, cosey afternoon to ourselves."

"Very well, then," exclaimed Harry; "at two o'clock we start; but I'll get a little row and a swim, first," and in a moment he was plunging down the bank toward the boat landing.

"He really makes me tired," sighed the baroness, looking after him. "A proper share of en-ergy, dat is reasonable; but dat young man is at de boiling-point all de time."

"Perhaps he'll cool off in the lake," laughed the Colonel.

"Oh! what a clean, bare, delightful, piney-smelling place," was Violet's exclamation, as she first mounted the rather steep outer steps, and entered the plain hall, so empty, so unfurnished, and yet somehow so filled with a sort of fascination which seems to take hold on every one at first sight of these clean, simple, comfortable little Swiss hotels. The sleeping rooms were equally devoid of luxury, each one containing little more than the necessary two chairs, two single beds, and plain wooden washstand. But the towels, though coarse, were snowy in their whiteness, and the pitcher and basin showed no speck of dust upon their immaculate surfaces; while the beds made one fairly long to touch their cool, well-ironed pillow cases and soft old sheets.

To Violet's joy she found that the room which she shared

with her mother was possessed of a most inviting little balcony where she could sit by the hour and enjoy such a magnificent and extended view as one feels ought to suffice for a lifetime.

"I find that there are only four rooms, Harry," said the Colonel; "how shall we manage?"

"I can't understand that," was the reply; "there seem to be very few persons in the hotel."

"Imhof says that several of the rooms are engaged by a *hoch wohlgeborn Americaner*."

Harry laughed.

"Some one who has made a sudden fortune, I suppose, and is travelling abroad for the first time. Well, if that's the case, the only thing to be done is for the boys and myself to sleep in the barn. I've done it before, don't you know, father? When Bobby and Aristarchi and some of the boys came down from the Polytechnic in Zürich to see us. It's great fun, boys," and Harry turned reassuringly to the cousins, as he saw that they looked somewhat unwilling to accept such lodgings in lieu of what they had expected — beds in the pension. Harry's cheerfulness at once brightened the clouded faces, and the boys agreed with him, that it would, indeed, be "lots of fun."

And now the early dinner was announced, and after dinner our party, with the exception of Mrs. Gordon and Katherine, started for the Kreuz. I do not exclude Rosie and Tom, for they brought up the tail of the procession.

"Now, Rosie," remarked the Colonel, "you will never be able to do it, never in the world; you might follow along as far as the Shrine, if you like, and then you would better go back."

"Where are we going, Uncle?" was Violet's inquiry just be-

fore starting. "I know it's to the Kreuz, but is that up, or down, or where?"

"Come down the road a little way, my dear, and I will show you."

Violet followed her uncle, and, looking upward, as he pointed in that direction, she descried a small but brilliant spot of glowing sunlight.

"What is it that glitters so up there, Uncle; a window, or do they have any houses up so far as that?"

"O, yes! they have chalêts almost anywhere where a little grass will grow; but that is not a window, but the Kreuz itself."

"But what makes it shine so?" asked John.

"Only that it is covered with tin, and the sun strikes on it full at this time of day."

"Oh! that's an easy enough climb," was Cortland's satisfied remark; "it can't be very far."

"No; it's not much of a climb," returned the Colonel, in perfect good faith, "but it will prepare you, in a measure, for the ascent of that snow giant yonder, which Harry insists that he intends trying to-morrow."

So up they started, over a steep path which led at first through the woods. Harry led the way, with Tom on his shoulder, and Rosie brought up the rear.

"I call this a pretty tough climb," burst out Cortland, after ten minutes steady rise.

"Tom call it an easy climb," retorted that young man, from his perch on Harry's shoulder.

"I should think Tom might," was John's laughing comment.

On they went, John trying to imitate Harry and his father in their steady, uniform gait, Cortland giving little scrambles and

runs, sometimes falling and slipping among the pine needles, at all times puffing like a young grampus.

The way through the wood passed over, the climbers came out upon a sort of bare hillside, thickly strewn with rocks and smaller stones, their path winding about, now to the left, now to the right again, until it ran along the face of the mountain; a narrow, but safe cut, well-protected on the outer side by rocks piled along its edge.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Harry, as he halted at a place where a rough-hewn niche in the rock disclosed a small colored figure of the Virgin.

"Ho! I knew I could do it," said Cortland contemptuously; "I don't call this anything of a climb!"

"Who does?" retorted Harry; "but it's as far as Rosie can walk, or as I intend to carry Master Tom; they must go back from here: we haven't begun our climb yet."

Cortland's triumphant face changed its expression.

"I thought you meant the Kreuz," he said faintly.

"O, no! nothing like it. Now, young man," to Tom, "you must go back from here; we'll wait until Rosie comes up and gets her breath, you and I, and the others can go on."

"Tom like to go. Tom not tired," repeated the child.

"No, I suppose not," laughed Harry. "I'll carry you again, sometime, little Tom, but to-day you must be a good boy and go back with Rosie."

"Oh! my pore bones," groaned Rosie, as she reached the spot; but, at sight of the Shrine, she fell upon her knees in the stony path, and crossed herself, and began to say a prayer.

"Tom go on wif Harry," said the little man, laying his hand

in Harry's, and putting on his most enticing expression, "while Rosie talkin' to de Lady."

"No, no," said Harry, laughing heartily at the amusing little creature; "you must go back. — There is the house just below you, Rosie," for the old nurse had by this time stopped "talkin' to de Lady," and had risen from her knees; "and when you are quite rested, you and Tom would better go back."

"Good Lawd, Mass'r Harry! You all ain' goin' up dis yer trech'rous place no mo', is yer? Jes' let me get safe on dry lan', an' yer don' cotch Rosie cuttin' up no mo' monkey shines."

"Dry land!" laughed Harry. "I haven't seen anything much dryer than this. Now, careful! There, Tom, take Rosie's hand;" and Harry watched the two a little way on their return, and then turned and proceeded up the mountain side.

He caught the party as they were crossing an alm, or a mountain meadow, where there were two or three small chalêts.

"Are we almost there?" asked Cortland, despair and misery written upon his countenance.

"Well, I should think not. Why, we haven't begun."

"I must say you're comforting," groaned Cortland.

"O, pshaw! Brace up, old fellow, and come along."

"I can't go another step," said Cortland, very decidedly; but at that very moment a large dog flew out of one of the houses, and dashed violently at the climbers; and Cortland, not waiting to see the dog called off by a peasant girl, was startled into such activity that, in less time than I take to tell it, he had run far ahead, and was leading the party.

"There's life in the old man yet," was Harry's cheering salutation as he joined the boy and laid his hand kindly on his shoulder; "now walk along steadily: don't run, and then stop."

that will never do if you mean to make an Alpine climber. Don't make spurts; plant your feet squarely under you, stick the point of your alpenstock in the ground if you must, and keep right on. There," resumed Harry, when he had watched Cortland for some minutes, "now don't you feel better? You are beginning to get what walkers call their second wind."

As for Harry, though he carried an alpenstock, he used it very little. It either lay carelessly back over his shoulder, or else he ran it through his bent arms, and behind his back, thus throwing out his chest, and, as he said, giving him more rest than if he should sit down for ten minutes.

The baroness and the Colonel, with Violet, were far in advance, Violet coming in for many a kindly pull up a steep bit by one or the other of them. Finally, "How much farther is it?" asked the little girl, looking up at the Colonel.

"There, right above your head."

Violet raised her eyes, and they rested on the great glittering cross towering above her.

"What! so large as that? I thought it was a little thing."

"You saw it from a point perhaps eighteen hundred feet below, my dear. Come, now, carefully, over this narrow path, and do not look downward."

Violet was reminded of what the Colonel had told her of the *Leiterli*, as she placed her feet as nearly as possible in the impress made by his, holding firmly to the alpenstock meanwhile, which was also held by her uncle, and guarded the outer or dangerous side. The baroness walked behind Violet and held one end of the stick, so that Violet felt a great sense of protection as she wound round and upward over the perilous path. When at last the climbers came out upon an Alpine meadow,

its summer green dotted thickly with daisies, Violet threw herself down among them.

"I cannot walk another step, Uncle; don't ask me," she said. "Yes, I know that the cross is just above here," in answer to Harry's persuasions; "how big it grows! but I will just lie here, and watch you mount this next steep path, for I cannot really take one step more. My breath is all gone."

"You talk a good deal for a young woman whose breath has given out," said Harry.

"Oh! don't give up now," joined in the Colonel encouragingly. "See! the baroness is up there already; she has taken off her hat, and seems to be standing to be photographed in the attitude of Faith. Come now, only a few steps more! We will carry you, Harry and I, but up you must go. It will never do to get so near and not reach the spot. Come, one more trial!"

So Violet stood once more upon her lame and weary feet, and, with much help and many encouraging words, she finally, after a last desperate struggle, found herself seated, quite breathless and voiceless, close to the base of the cross, gazing with the others at the vast panorama stretched out before her. The view from this point is, except to the eastward, much the same as that which one enjoys from the summit of the Rigi, though the Kreuz is not nearly so high as the Rigi Kulm. Violet's eyes rested on a succession of lakes and rivers, hills and green vales, snow-valleys, glittering glaciers, and mountain pinnacles.

"How do you feel now, Violet?" asked Harry, as he noticed the sparkle of enjoyment in the young girl's eyes.

"Just glad to be alive," answered she.

"Oh! come now, Vi, be a little bit original; I heard you say

that same thing last year at Owl's Head. Can't you think of something new?" asked Cortland.

"I'm glad to be alive, too," remarked John, "though I never expected to be when I reached the top."

"This is a good preparation for the Uri-Rothstock," was Harry's next remark.



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE RIGI.

"Where is that?" asked the boys, in a breath.

"Just across there;" and Harry tossed a pebble in the direction of the great snow mountain on the further side of the lake, whose blue depths it overshadowed. "We'll try that to-morrow."

"Oh! not so soon," from little John.

"Why not?" said Cortland. "It looks easy."

"Like the Irishman's flute," laughed Harry; and then, in excellent imitation of the most pronounced brogue: "Fwhy not? ut luks aisy."

"The sooner the better, John," was the Colonel's advice. "At least, you must keep walking somewhere. Don't let these young men's legs get stiff, Harry; keep them in practice: that's the only way to make Alpine climbers of them."

There was a peasant's hut upon the upper slope of the meadow where the excursionists were sitting, and presently a man came out of the door, followed by another; together they proceeded to gather up their hay, which had been cut, and was drying in a small field on the other side of the house.

"Why, they make hay way up here!" exclaimed Cortland.

"Yes; and down below there, too," replied John. "See, in that meadow just below us!"

"Why, those hay-stacks are moving," ejaculated Cortland. "Do see, Violet! there's one, and another is following on. What a crazy country."

"They do look uncanny from up here." The Colonel laughed, and also watched the moving bundles.

"It's a way they have here," said Harry seriously; "one of the few advantages that they possess over the people of the State of Indiana. You see when the farmers below there think that the hay has dried long enough, they just beckon, and it comes down."

Cortland looked bewildered.

"I wish I knew what you mean."

"Here, goosey!" exclaimed Violet; "look at those Swiss behind us; one is piling the hay on that sort of frame which the other carries on his back. I suppose pretty soon this man

will look as much like a walking hay-stack as the one below there."

And so Cortland discovered; for before he was called to descend the mountain, one of the "walking hay-stacks" had passed by, showing as he moved little more than the thick-soled climbing shoes, and that ever faithful friend, the alpenstock, which, held in the right hand, protruded on one side.

"And now down again," was the Colonel's order.

"Can't we stay up here to see the sunset?" implored Violet.

"What, child! and get caught by the darkness on the mountain-side? Indeed no. It will be dark enough before we reach the hotel. How would you like to pass by that precipice, Violet, without plenty of light to aid you?"

Violet shuddered, and jumped to her feet.

"Ah!" exclaimed Harry, smiling at the girl's evident haste, "that started her. But where is Fräulein Bodewitz?"

"I come; wait not for me," called a lively voice.

"A voice replied far up the height," quoted Harry, as he perceived the little woman climbing down a rough path above them.

"And vy not up de hite as vell as down de hite? Dere were fine specimens here in former times, and I would gadder dem for my herbarium."

"And you have been walking ever since we lost sight of you, I suppose, Fräulein?" said the Colonel.

"Pretty mooch; but den, I never tire when I haf an object in view."

The descent was more quickly accomplished than the ascent had been, but most of the party expressed it as their opinion that the climb was preferable.

"It hurts your calves so to come down hill," said Cortland unreservedly.

Carefully, wearily, the downward path was travelled, until at last the Shrine was again reached, and the roof of the hotel could be seen between the branches of the trees below. As they neared the hotel a figure was discovered waving a handkerchief in one hand, and wildly gesticulating with the other.

"It's Rosie!" exclaimed Harry, hastening on. "What can be the matter?"

"O, Mass'r Harry! for de Lawd's sake, Mass'r Harry, we'se jes' frantic. Mis' El'nor gone down de hill, to de lake; Miss Kat'rine gone 'long de road, an' I come —"

"Who! What? Do explain, Rosie! Is it Tom?"

"Why, yes, Mass'r Harry; ain' I done say so? He's los' —"

"Tom lost?" It was Violet's voice. Her lips had become colorless, and her eyes were staring in terror. "O, Rosie how could you? Where were you? but come, don't stand here —"

"*Tra la li he ho-oo-oo!*"

This bit of national music rang out above them, and off to the left; and, strange to say, it was the first time that the children had heard the jödel, and even now it did not issue from native lips. There came a sound of thumping, and tearing, and crashing through the bushes, and, struggling out from the undergrowth there appeared upon the scene a tall, dark-haired, angular man, and upon his shoulder Master Tom was seated in triumph.

"Oh! de good Lawd be praise!"

"Tom, where have you been?"

"Go and tell his mother, somebody."

"Naughty Tom to run away."

"Come to sister, dear. Oh! thank you, sir," and such a mixture of ejaculations and exclamations of blame and relief were mingled together, that the stranger looked bewildered.

"Oh! he's your youngster, is he?" drawled he, in what John called real American. "Well, I found him up on the mountain. I started out myself for the Kreuz" (the stranger pronounced it Krutes). "No guide necessary, see guide-book; and I find that, begging its pardon, it willfully perverted the truth; any way, I couldn't find any Krutes, but I did find this young tender foot; and wasn't he howling as if the road agents were after him?" Indeed, Tom's face showed traces of tears mixed with not a little native soil. "I found that the poor little chap had stumbled and had stuck the business end of the alp-stick, or whatever you call the thing, into his leg (I broke my stick the first stream I tried to vault), but I washed it, not the stick, but the leg; we might have tried a spoonful on your face; hey, sonny? only they are such threads, these roaring mountain torrents of Switzerland, that I was afraid it would run dry before I could get enough. He says something, this young prospector does, about talking to a lady; that's what he went for: beginning early."

By this time little Tom had clambered down to the ground, his hands clasped between Violet's and Harry's.

"What lady did you want to see, little Tom, the Fräulein? Tell sister all about it, dear."

"Not de Fräulein," was Tom's decided answer. "Dat Lady up yonder,—one Rosie bob an' talk to. Tom start out to see her again."

"It's the Shrine that he was after," exclaimed Harry. "Rosie," quite severely, "is this the way you watch your baby?"

"Good Lawd, Mass'r Harry," answered Rosie through her tears, with what breath she could spare from the persistent kissing and petting of the recovered child, "don' you go fer to scol' me. Mis' El'nor call me fer jes' one minute; I leff him playin' un'er de derangers" (hydrangeas), "an' w'en I got back dat dere blessed young imp o' light done scooted."

"Excessively impolite," laughed the Colonel.

"Well, take him and take care of him, while I run and tell Mrs. Gordon;" and Harry rattled down the path on his self—imposed errand of mercy.

Tom's rescuer and Colonel Bedford brought up the rear of the party, and the conversation, such of it as the children could hear, was animated in the extreme.

"I tell you, sir, I haven't seen the gorge yet that beats the cañons we have out in Colorado."

"He says canyon," said John to Violet. "I wonder what a canyon is."

"To be sure I've come through by rail from Dresden, last night, to Zürich, and from Zürich here to-day; but, in my opinion, barring some fine snow peaks," waving his hand condescendingly toward the direction of the Bernese Oberland, "there's nothing that beats Echo Cañon in this country or any other."

"Don't you recognize him?" whispered Violet to John.

"Recognize who? This queer American? No; I can't say that I do, and yet, we have seen him somewhere. Where was it, Vi?"

"Don't you remember,—in Berlin; and how we laughed about the flags, and the Chelsea Hospital? 'You took the flags, and we kept the country.'"

Violet's imitation of the stranger's tone and manner were so capital, that John remembered the scene at once.

"O, yes, yes! of course I do. Isn't he funny? I hope he's going to stay here."

"Who is your spread-eagle friend?" whispered Harry to his father.

"My—oh! I'm sure I don't know, but he seems to be an amusing, drawling, devil-may-care sort of fellow; he says that his name is Lemuel T. Sharpe. Sharper, I imagine, than any one thinks. But he has evidently come out with the determination firmly fixed in his mind, not to admire anything European, and not to admit that there is anything in the world that equals Echo Cañon."

"We must try him with a few of the gorges hereabouts. We might ask him to join us on a trip to Pfeffers, and see what he says about Echo Cañon then," rejoined Harry. "I am the last person in the world to decry the beauties of my own country, but I believe in justice, wherever one is."

That evening, as Violet was sitting on the balcony, she heard footsteps and voices, and looking down upon the broad terrace with its borders of hydrangea tubs, out from under its trellised arbors she saw a procession filing mysteriously away from the house. The dim light of a lantern, carried by some careful hand, shed a ghostly ray along the graveled path in advance of the party, who walked one by one, carrying each a strange-looking bundle in his arms.

"Bandits, burglars, or what?" called Katherine's clear voice from the balcony outside her father's room.

"It looks like the burial of Sir John Moore," said the Colonel.

"Or a party of moonshiners," said Mr. Sharpe from the veranda below, where he was hanging his long legs over the railing, and smoking his evening cigar.

"Oh! it does, does it?" came up in answering tones from out the darkness. "Well, it isn't; it's nothing more nor less than three poor vagrants who, turned out of house and home, are going to seek refuge in the barn."

"What fun!" exclaimed Katherine. "I always wanted to be a boy."

"My dear, that is not necessary. You may sleep in the barn at any time when you so decide; but I imagine that a young woman with tastes so luxurious as yours, would return to the shelter of the house long before 'the bell tolled the hour for retiring.' I don't seem to get 'the burial' out of my head, do I?"

A loud rumble and creak here interrupted the Colonel's remarks as the barn door was pushed back.

"Good-night!" came to the watchers in three different keys from the exiled travellers.

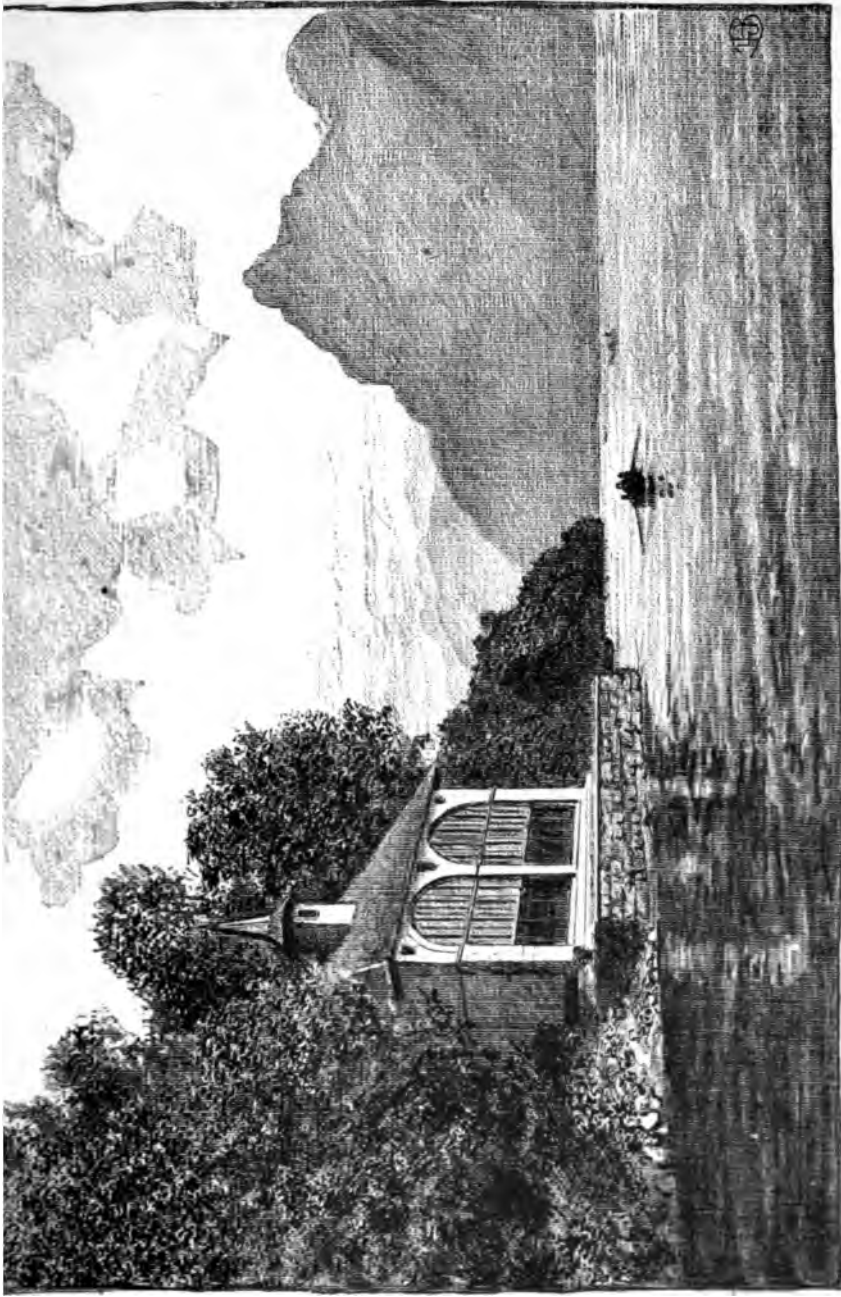
"Good-night!" floated back to them from as many voices, and then the door clanged heavily to, and the light was extinguished.

"Where have you been?"

It was John's voice shouting down the hill to Violet, who was slowly ascending the very steep pathway which communicates with the shore of the lake.

"Down to Tell's Chapel; I thought it a perfect shame not to go there yesterday," answered his cousin, as well as her short breath would permit.

"Where is Tell's" —



CHAPEL OF WILLIAM TELL.

"There! John, don't you see that little point sticking up through the trees? that's Tell's Chapel. How I wish that we could be here on Ascension Day."

"What for, then, particularly?"

Violet had taken her last upward step, and now John and she had seated themselves on the circular bench, under the great tree, which stands in front of the hotel.

"Why! to see the service; to hear it, too, I suppose; only we wouldn't understand a word of it. On the Sunday after Ascension Day they have preaching in the Chapel, and people come from everywhere to hear it. The Chapel, as far as I could see, seems to be right in the water, and they have mass, for the repose of Tell's soul, I suppose, and the congregation all come in boats; the boats are decorated in gay colors. It must be a lovely sight! Why, isn't it Ascension Day?"

"Seems to me it's Ascension Day all the time, here."

It was Cortland's voice, and he was yawning sleepily, and walking stiffly, as he came towards them.

Violet looked shocked.

"You ought not to speak so, Cortland," she said.

"Your hair is full of hayseed," was John's cheering greeting; "how it does look! But about the chapel, Vi, why do they hold the service there?"

"Why, in memory of William Tell. Don't you know that's where he jumped ashore from Gessler's boat? You know the story. He was taking Tell prisoner to Kussnacht, and while they were on the lake a terrible storm arose. Tell knew all this part of the lake so well that Gessler, frightened out of his wits, I suppose, took off his fetters that he might steer; he did steer, close into the bank, and jumped ashore. At least, that's

what I believe. I suppose the modern historians would say there wasn't a word of truth in it; it's a curious place!" And Violet gazed down at the little pinnacle which thrust itself through the over-lapping branches.

"Let's go down!" exclaimed John, starting hurriedly over the brow of the hill; and Cortland was so much interested that he, too, scrambled down the steep bank.

"To the left," called Violet; "the right hand leads to the boat-landing."

The boys were soon at this interesting, and, to the Swiss, almost sacred, spot. They found that the chapel was open on the side toward the water, and that it consisted of one room, with three of its sides, only, enclosed. On the plaster walls rough and faded frescoes, supposed to commemorate some of the events in which Tell figured, were to be seen. The boys, to see the interior, had clambered round the side of the chapel, getting from one rock to the other as well as possible, but their feet were soaking, and their shoes full of water when, at last, they stood on the floor of the little building.

"It can't be as old as they say," said Cortland; "the Colonel told me that Tell lived in the thirteenth century,—twelve hundred and something."

"Yes; and he said that the first chapel was erected in 1388, by the people of Canton Uri. There has been another built since, but he said it was just like the first one."

"Yo hoi ye ho, hoi ye ho! who's for the ferry?"

sang a musical, though 'nasal, voice.

It was Mr. Sharpe, pulling round the romantic rocky promontory which rises between the chapel and the boat-landing.

He backed his boat in when he saw the boys. They clambered over the stern.

"I was just wondering how we should get ashore again," said John. "But we might have waded; I'm as wet as I can be, now."

"Now, did you ever see such a boat as this!" exclaimed Mr. Sharpe. "Look at that oar! looks like a butter-paddle; and the boat weighs fifteen thousand pounds if she weighs one. How can they be so behind the times?"

However, the boat, whatever her weight, was pulled close to the wharf, and the boys wended their dripping way up the hillside, leaving a wet trail behind them.

"We've engaged the guides," was Harry's greeting at the breakfast table.

"Guides for what?" said one boy.

"Guides to go where?" said the other boy.

"Oh! dee-lightful," was Fräulein Bodewitz's reception of this statement.

"You surely do not intend taking that terrible climb, Fräulein!" was Mrs. Gordon's surprised exclamation.

"And vy not? I haf taken mooch worse, Madame."

"Yes; but then, you are the only lady — and — and — if you had — what will people think?" floundered Mrs. Gordon, who found it difficult to accustom herself to the independent ways of Alpine enthusiasts, and to those of the baroness in particular.

The little woman laughed merrily.

"Vat peoples t'ink, I care not. I am old enough not to care vat peoples t'ink. I should haf lost mooch, ver' mooch pleasure in my life, Madame, had I vaited efry moment to asg myself vat peoples vill t'ink."

"Bravo, Fräulein!" was the Colonel's approving comment. "Who would believe, Eleanor, were the conversation written down, that the American is the — may I say prude, and the German the emancipated woman? Certainly, the Fräulein must go; we could not do without her;" and the gallant old Colonel bowed courteously to the little woman. "I'll wager that she is the first one at the top."

"I did not mean to seem prudish, Henry," answered Mrs. Gordon, her color rising slightly, "but all your ideas over here are so new to me. I certainly have no wish to find fault or to criticise, even had I the right, which I have not. You must pardon me, Fräulein, if what I said sounded rude to you; but at home, in America, we hear that it is only the American girls and women who do the unconventional things over here, and we wonder why we never see such people at home."

"Oh! but you should see de Eenglish ladies," exclaimed the baroness; "I know one, de wife of a clargyman, and she will follow him up any mountain peak."

"Do you mean to go to the very top, Fräulein?" asked Violet.

"Top of what?" said Katherine, coming in late, as usual.

"The Uri-Rothstock, my dear; this wild boy insists on staying this afternoon."

"And why not, father?" questioned Harry. "Those who think they can't do it had better stay at home; but I believe the boys can do it."

"I believe that they can, too, my son; but isn't it rather soon for them to begin?"

"Why, they have been walking a good deal the past week, and I'll tell you what we'll do, boys: we'll take an extra guide

to the chalêt; then, if you find it too difficult, you can come back with him, and the others can go on."

"Hurrah!" said John, waving his arms about and nearly upsetting his coffee cup in his excitement, "that's a splendid idea! Do you believe you can do it, Cortland?"

"About as well as you can, I think," snapped Cortland. "Fine manners you've got. I don't care to have that coffee tipped over on my legs."

The American stranger had listened quietly to the conversation, but had made no sign, though, if the truth were known, the ascent of a snow mountain was just what he most longed to attempt. This proof of good breeding decided the Colonel at once in his favor.

"Mr. Sharpe," said he, leaning forward so that he could see that gentleman, who sat on the same side with himself, but further up the table, "will you give us the pleasure of your company in the ascent of the Uri-Rothstock?"

"Delighted, my dear sir, delighted, and most grateful for the invitation; but when do you go?"

"We cross the lake this afternoon, and walk to the chalêt, and to-morrow, early, we begin the ascent."

"Ha! hum! My dear sir, I hesitate, because I am expecting my niece to join me here to-day. She is coming from Paris, and I have telegraphed here to join me here; I should hardly like to be away when she comes, so I think, my dear sir, with many thanks for so charming an invitation, that I must decline."

"How is your niece coming?" asked Mrs. Gordon politely, as she saw disappointment written not only on the face of Mr. Sharpe, but on the faces of most of the others.

"By train, Madam," replied Mr. Sharpe.

"Oh! those trains," groaned the Colonel. "Let us try to forget them. In my day we travelled by carriage or boat, or, better still, on foot. Those trains are encroaching further and further every year; they cut through the most beautiful hills, and shriek and rumble along the loveliest valleys; in my opinion, the trains are fast ruining Switzerland."

Allusion to the railways of this mountainous country seemed to be the one thing which put the Colonel quite out of temper.

"Pardon me, my dear sir; I am sorry not to have known your prejudices, but I do believe that my niece will arrive by that very detestable mode of travel, the cars."

"I will meet your niece with pleasure," said Mrs. Gordon, "if that will facilitate your joining the excursion."

Mr. Sharpe arose and bowed in an exaggerated manner, and yet with a sort of natural grace.

"Madam, you are too kind. I thought that she might feel little lonely, coming to a strange place, and not finding me here to meet her, as she expected. She'll come all right; I'm afraid of that; she's a pretty independent girl. Came out of Europe alone, and has met with lots of kindness, she tells me. Why, what do you think, Madam? One lady whom she met on a train somewhere, wanted her to go with her to the hotel to stay; wanted to do all sorts of kind things for her; and as she was a daughter she took a particular fancy to: you must tell your niece to tell it all. I only hope I'll meet those people some day." Mr. Sharpe's eyes were suspiciously moist. "I'm not so handsome, but she's better than any jewel I ever saw —" Mr. Sharpe's fist came so impressively down on the table that the glasses rattled. "I beg your pardon,

and yours, ladies; I'm a pioneer, and a forty-niner, and the old habits are strong. I only meant emphatically to remark that I wouldn't take Dresden's green vaults for her."

"But why didn't your niece come with you, Mr. Sharpe?" asked Violet, her curiosity getting the better of her diffidence.

"Oh! I thought she looked as if she needed some Paris clothes, so I got her a French maid, and sent 'em both off after the toggery. The only trouble with the girl is, that she won't spend money enough. She says always, 'Uncle, I want to save it for them.' I say, 'You're here to spend; that's what you're here for. I'll attend to them.'"

"What a loquacious creature," whispered Katherine to Harry.

"Not very reticent, certainly, but he's a thoroughly good fellow, for all that."

"There are no rooms," ventured John, thinking still of Mr. Sharpe's niece. "We had to sleep in the barn last night."

"Bless you, young man! was that your party? Why didn't you tell me? I'd telegraphed ahead some days ago, — I always do, — and engaged half the lower floor. There are more rooms than I shall want; you can have one and welcome; so don't you sleep in the barn again while I'm staying in the ranch."

"What are you doing, Cousin Harry?" asked Violet, an hour later, as she saw Harry performing some mysterious manœuvres with a red-hot iron and a long stick.

"Why, I'm burning 'Kreuz' into my alpenstock; we always do that when we have made an ascent. Bring yours here, Violet; you are fully entitled to it."

It was not long before the points of several alpenstocks were thrust under Harry's nose.

"Look out, or you will withdraw them with one of my eyes

hanging on a point. The other end, so ; now yours, and yours," and now each possessor eyed his useful implement with pride, for there on its handle was indented, in black letters, near the top, the words " Tell's Platte, Kreuz."

" That shows that you went up from here," was Harry's explanation.

It was a long and motley procession which started on its way down the hill toward the boat-landing, on the afternoon of that very day.

There were Fräulein von Bodewitz, Katherine and Violet, Rosie and Tom, the Colonel and Harry, Mr. Sharpe, and the two boys, and the two guides, who carried, each one, a small basket of provisions: one of the brothers, Imhof, also accompanied the party, to bring those who were not to make the ascent, back across the lake. These, it is hardly necessary to say, were Katherine, Violet, Rosie and little Tom. This young man was, as usual, carried aloft on somebody's shoulders. It made little difference to whom he was indebted for this delightful mode of conveyance; they were one and all willing beasts of burden to the young tyrant. At present Mr. Sharpe was the favored individual, and little Tom's chubby fist was fairly embedded among his luxuriant raven locks.

" Go slow, young prospector," exclaimed the good-natured American, as Tom gave an extra twitch, as he thought that he might be in danger of falling. " Go slow, now; the Kickerick-apoos scalped me once; they stuck it on again, but it comes off with too much violence."

Not one word of which Master Tom understood; but, sitting secure on his eminence of six feet two, he only clutched the tighter.

"Are you sure you won't be lonely, mother?" asked Violet anxiously, as she turned to follow the others.

"No, dear; rather, I am quite sure. I have Harper's and the Century; what do I need more? and then, I shall go down to meet Mr. Sharpe's niece. She will be here long before you return."

At the landing there were two row boats in waiting, and the excursionists were soon afloat, and being rowed by steady and powerful strokes toward Iselten, a small hamlet where there is little more than a dynamite factory, with houses for the overseers and workmen.

Tom made himself particularly prominent in insisting upon rowing, but Mr. Sharpe was equal to the emergency, and kept the child's attention so enchained by his tales of the "Kicker-ickapoos," and their lakes and sea-serpents, that he quite forgot his longings to handle the oar, and kept his big eyes fixed upon Mr. Sharpe's face until the bow of the boat grated upon the beach.

"I don't think this quite safe," exclaimed Cortland, as they wound through the factory grounds, passing, on their way, large carboys which might or might not contain the nitric acid which is one of the principal ingredients of this most destructive compound. Once past the factory, the bridge, which spans a brawling mountain torrent, was crossed.

"They'd use that to turn a lady's sewing-machine, out in Missouri," commented Mr. Sharpe.

Up a steep, and, in one place, rather dangerous ascent, they passed, and then began a lovely walk through the woods, to the village of Isenthal.

Before entering the forest, Violet turned to take a last look

THE ASCENT TO THE KREUZ.

...k across the lake to where she was sure that her mother
...s sitting on their little balcony, watching them with her good
...olland glass; then she turned and entered the mossy pathway.
"Oh! what a walk," exclaimed she.

The path lay through the wood, and the trunks of giant trees
were gnarled and twisted by the side of and across the path,
the hollows between them filled with white and yellow wood-
violets, and the purple and crimson cyclamen which pushed
their way upward through soft green beds of moss. Far be-
low, upon the right hand, one caught little glimpses, now and
then, of the foaming mountain brook which tossed and curved
over and about the rocks that lay in its bed. Singing, bab-
bling, hurrying it went onward to pour in its contribution and
help to swell the clear waters of the Luzerner See.

"I feel as if I could walk all day long!" said Katherine.
"Ah! getting inspired at last. Will you try the mountain?"
asked her father.

"Not to-day, papa; but, 'Some day, some day!'" sang Kath-
erine, her voice echoing out among the hills, clear and sweet.
Isenthal reached, the party gathered themselves together
within the bare, barn-like room of the apology for an inn; but
this proved too gloomy and dull, and, with one accord, they re-
out again, and were soon seated at the plain picnic table
which stood under the branches of the pine-trees, and there they
drank together a parting glass of Kirschwasser.

"How delicious!" exclaimed Violet, as she sipped at
glass of cold water, sweet with sugar, and flavored with a s-
poonful of this most refreshing beverage made by the
...the native cherry.

...the Colonel, starting up; "

must be off. At about nine o'clock to-morrow morning look for us upon the top of the Uri-Rothstock."



sang guide Number One.



answered the other, taking up the broken strain; and as Katherine, Violet, Rosie and little Tom started on the return walk, the ascending party were mounting rapidly upward through the wood, the German baroness leading the van, and soon they were lost to sight among the trees of the forest.

The return party reached their boat in safety, and the mile and a half back across the lake was all too soon accomplished. The ascent to the hotel seemed long and tiresome, but the good innkeeper carried little Tom, and, finally, the glowing, breathless girls reached the Axenstrasse, followed by the weary, toiling Rosie.

Violet was about to run into the house, but a summons, in her mother's voice, arrested her. Turning, she discovered Mrs. Gordon seated in an arbor on the terrace, before a small rustic table, upon which stood all the necessary appliances for the making of that social cup so dear to the German-Swiss soul, and known among them as four o'clock coffee.

Opposite Mrs. Gordon, with her back toward Violet, sat a stylishly-dressed lady, with whom Mrs. Gordon seemed to be having a most animated conversation.

"Come here, Violet," called her mother; "I want to introduce you to Mr. Sharpe's niece."

"She dresses well," remarked Katherine; "I wonder what Aunt Eleanor is smiling at; how pleased she seems to be!"

Violet drew near; the stranger turned her head. Could it be? — yes, it was! Violet knew at a glance the plain, attractive face, the blue spectacles, the pleasant smile, and cried out, much to Katherine's astonishment,

"Oh! I am so glad. Yes, it is! — you are 'the obstinate, independent girl.' Gracious! what a swell you are, as John would say."

"O, dear! am I really? No! don't say so. Aren't they horrid? I feel so ashamed. But it's all to please Uncle Lem; he won't let me wear any of my old teaching dresses. You know I taught the little girls; at least, I began to. He says they are the badge of servitude."

"Oh! it's just like a fairy story." Violet trembled, and fairly hugged herself with delight. "Now, sit down, at once" ("I haven't moved," said the independent girl, smiling), "and tell us all about it. How did the Prince — that's Mr. Sharpe — find you, and were you sitting in the ashes, and were" —

"O, no! I was just out walking. Why! it was the very day that I saw you; you were driving, and leaned out —"

"O, yes! I was going to Potsdam; well, go on."

"I had just bowed to you, and we were walking along, when it wasn't more than a minute before our procession came to a halt, and Uncle Lem came flying down the line with Madame Stahl.

"'Which is she?' he kept saying. 'Not this one! not this one!' It must have been a great disappointment to him to have

to pass by those pretty Miss Scrymsers from Michigan, and Lady Fairchild's handsome daughter, and to have to end up with just plain me. Well, anyway, if he was disappointed he didn't show it; he just put his arms right round me in the street and said, 'Dora, you look like your mother.' Then he called a droschky, and before Madame could say a word he bundled us both in, and we rattled off. But it was only to Madame's own door; not very far away. He had, of course, been there already, and had satisfied her by letters, from my home, and an introduction from our Consul, that he was really my uncle; besides, what would any one, but a really near and dear relative, want with me? I suppose that Madame looked at it in that light; anyway, she let me go with him. And I don't suppose it would have made any difference if she hadn't; he would have taken me, all the same. Then he got the French maid; and she's the most awful bother. I don't know what to do with her. She folds and unfolds my clothes, and brushes them, and will mend them sometime, I suppose, when they get old; they are all so painfully new! And if I'd let her, she'd do my hair all day. She seems to be really conscientious about it, feeling, I suppose, that there is really nothing for her to do. You see I am so accustomed to waiting on myself; and then she flatters me up, and says that I have such lovely hair. Poor thing! I suppose she must find the time hanging heavy on her hands."

Dora Parker took a long breath and began again.

"Now I suppose you are wondering how my uncle came to turn up so suddenly, so short a time after I had come to Berlin. He was always a great wanderer, and had been out in Colorado for some time, and had just sailed from San Francisco for China when our troubles came upon us. My father endorsed for a

friend—the same old story. Uncle Lem calls him a Canada skipper, and I believe that he is there now, only father will never believe that he meant to do any harm. Then my father's sister in London offered to place me at Madame's in Berlin, where I was to study to become a teacher, and teach English in part payment. Then, shortly after I left home, my mother received a letter from Uncle Lem saying that he was travelling from the East, and would reach Berlin on a certain date. My father wrote at once to my uncle, and he had only received the letter on the very morning that he found me. So now you have my whole history. Oh! he's the dearest, the most generous soul!" burst out the girl enthusiastically. "When he left Madame's that morning, he said to me, 'Dora, what would you like to do first?' 'May we send a little money home, Uncle?' I said. I know that I hesitated, and my face was just burning, but I knew how they were living at home," said this frank creature. 'You're a trump, Dora,' said Uncle Lem, patting me on the back; 'but you'll have to get up earlier in the morning to get ahead of me. I telegraphed Israel' (that's my father), 'this morning, to draw on me for any amount.' Now isn't that like him? Of course he could trust my father, but then, he is so generous." Her eyes travelled up and down Violet's simple mountain costume.

"Oh! if I only had a blue flannel like yours. Some of my dresses are Worth, and some of them Pingat, and they are all frights."

"Oh! I do hope that you will stay and travel with us," exclaimed Violet; "we will walk, and climb mountains together; it will be such fun."

"I'd look pretty climbing a mountain in this thing," exclaimed

this victim of fashion. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll stand the gorgeousness, for Uncle Lem's sake, until he comes back to-morrow, and then I shall ask him to let me go to Lucerne, or somewhere, and get a ready-made dress for walking. How could I walk, all gowned up in this fashion?"

"Didn't you bring anything at all of your old clothes?" asked Violet; "they would be just the thing, I should think, for the places we are going to."

"No; he made me send them all to a charity place in Berlin; he said that he didn't want to see one of the old duds again."

"But the dress you wore to Paris," persisted Violet.

"Oh! that he told Jeannette to give away as soon as I had anything else. You see he was thorough; there's no re-dress," with a wry face; "my ships are burned."

"What an extraordinary man your uncle seems to be!" exclaimed Katherine.

"Yes, he is, and eccentric; but good, oh! how good, nobody knows. Why! do you suppose that I would consent to be all gowned up in this way for anything but to please him? no, indeed! not for any other living soul."

"Prosperity seems to have its disadvantages," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling at the girl's vehement manner.

"Oh! hasn't it? look at my back, and my waist; and this — this — annex, on behind; and this hat, that's a Virot, oh! yes," — the girl smiled ruefully, and looked as if she might at any moment burst into tears, — "I am 'up' in all the Paris names, I assure you. Now such a shoulder as that, way up to my neck, and this collar, why, it nearly cuts my ears off. Then he bought me rings," and the girl pulled off her tan gloves, and tossed them on the table; "why, I'm ashamed to wear them,

they glitter so; I keep them turned inside, and they hurt and cut my fingers, and make my gloves so tight. Oh! for no gloves," with a glance at Violet's brown little hands; "and no rings, and no gowns, and no bonnets; only a skirt and a jacket and an old straw hat; wouldn't I be happy? But, no! then I shouldn't have Uncle Lem; and, to please him, I must wear them."

Now Violet was not above the vanity of admiring pretty clothes, and Katherine frankly said that she adored them; so while Jeannette was unpacking, the two girls begged to be allowed to sit in Dora's room and watch the process.

"Ravishing!" would Katherine exclaim, as a charming confection of Worth's was brought to light, carefully unfolded from its tissue papers, gently shaken and patted, and then hung against the plastered wall, over which Jeannette had, with great forethought, tacked a clean, coarse sheet, begged from Fräulein Imhof. "Exquisite, but how very inappropriate!"

"Oh! I know it, I know it!" sighed Dora, in despair; "but I also know Uncle Lem; he is trying to make up to me, don't you see? Won't some of you speak to him?"

At an early hour the following morning the three girls and Mrs. Gordon were dressed, and stationed upon their respective balconies, where, with their variously-sized opera and field-glasses, they employed their time in sweeping the vast snow expanse of the great mountain.

"I do not see any sign of them yet," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as she finally laid down her glass in despair.

"Why, mamma!" Violet had taken it up; "you were looking too low down; there! I see some little black things moving like ants, along that sort of ridge. That must be our part

Oh! how slowly they do go. How fearful it looks! they seem to be walking on a perfectly-pointed edge. But I don't make out all the number; I can only make out six, and there were eight in all, counting the guides. There is just one little bit of an ant, and two others seem to be helping him. I wonder what that means! That one way ahead must be Fräulein Bodewitz; even at this distance, she looks different from some of the men."

All the glasses were raised, and many were the ejaculations which issued from the lips of the interested gazers.

"It's past nine, and they are not at the top yet," said Violet.

"Papa could not be sure; he said about nine," returned her cousin. "You see if they are not on the top by nine o'clock, any way."

"Do not raise your voices so, girls; there is some one below there," was Mrs. Gordon's warning, "breakfasting in the arbor."

"So there is, mamma."

"His back looks familiar, Aunt Eleanor; it speaks loudly of obstinacy and ill-nature. If I did not know that our beloved Cortland was up there on the Uri-Rothstock, ten thousand feet over our heads, I should say it was he." Then, leaning over the balcony, "Cortland," she called very softly; and then, a little louder, "Cortland."

The figure turned his head.

"Well, what do you want?" said an indistinct voice, which spoke plainly, however, of Fräulein Imhof's good rolls and butter; "can't you let a fellow get a mouthful?"

"From the sound of your charming voice, I should say that you have not one mouthful to manage, but many."

"It is Cortland!" exclaimed Violet, in astonishment. "Why, when did you get back?"

"A few minutes ago; but you were all so taken up with looking at those idiots on the mountain, that you had no eyes for me," was Cortland's jealous answer.

"Please to remember, Cortland, that you are speaking of my father, and change your tone."

Violet had rapidly descended the stairway, and was standing by Cortland's side.

"Do tell me," she said, "all about it; why you came back, where you got to, who came with you, and everything."

"Mercy! don't talk so fast. Well, I didn't like the way they acted. They walked right on and left me behind, and they gave me the worst place to sleep in you ever saw, — in the dirtiest hut; and they made fun of me, and" —

"Violet, they are on top!" was the cry; and Violet, cutting short Cortland's characteristic complainings, by her departure, flew upstairs again, and soon had her mother's glass pressed to her eyes.

"And what's that queer tall thing, waving? O, yes! why, of course it's the flag, — the one we made them, Kathie. O, dear! to think of its being way up there where we can never possibly go ourselves. Doesn't it seem strange?"

Perhaps those of my young readers who have never climbed a snow mountain, would be glad to hear some account of this excursion; so we will return to Isenthal, and proceed with the party on their ascent.

The first part of this was nothing, the little baroness declared, as she strode steadily onward; but it led through the woods, over the gnarled roots of trees and rough stones, and John, in talking it all over afterward with Violet, confided to her that this was really almost the hardest part of the way.



GLACIER AND SNOW MOUNTAIN.

"Your feet would sink into the soft moss, and into the holes it covered up, and then the roots spread about in every direction, and were so slippery that I was glad when we got out of it."

This wood passed, they came, after a while, to the edge of a small glacier, which John had longed to see, and when he found himself looking at it, wondered if it were really he, little John Braine, from Cherry Hill, or if he would soon wake up and find that he had been dreaming of all these wonderful things. Along by the side of this glacier they walked, keeping clear of the moraine as much as possible, but sometimes being obliged to cross it; and, oh! what a struggle there was then. I hear some of my young readers asking, "What is the moraine?"

It is nothing more nor less than the débris left along the side of the glacier as it pushes onward, for though it may seem strange, this great bed of ice is moving all the time, though so very slowly that, it is needless to say, its movement is imperceptible except to those experts and scientists who understand the measurement of the onward march. Some scientists affirm that the great masses of rock and stone (varying in size from that of a house to an acorn, and stretching in some cases up a slope hundreds of feet in height) have been thus ground in pieces by the downward pressure of this solid mass of ice and snow. Others declare that the moraine is caused by the weather, as it affects the surface of the rock; that the glacier never reached as high as the upper limit of the moraine, but that the frost, and snow, and rain and heat, have for centuries past been busy at the work. Still others give it as their opinion that the rocks of the moraine are those pieces which have broken off from the cliffs overhead, and have fallen where

they now lie. In any case, and they all seem reasonable, just think what countless ages it has taken to bring the moraine to the condition it is in to-day.

"Where's Cortland?" asked John suddenly.

"Oh! he's way down below there," was Harry's reply. "I heard him say that he wouldn't take another step; but then, he always says that. One of the guides has waited down there with him until his lordship condescends to come on. Just give them a call, Melch," said Harry to the guide, in real *Schweitzerdeutsch*.



went echoing down the mountain side from Melch's musical throat.



came back to them in sweet Swiss strains.

"Hulloa, below there!" shouted Harry, through his curved palms. Cortland looked upward.

"You had better come on; we sha'n't have more than time to get to the chalêt before dark."

They saw Cortland slide slowly down from the rock where he had been sitting, and motion to the guide to go ahead.

"Just look at him," said Harry. "He has given the end of his alpenstock to Paul, and is making him pull him up th steep places. Hasn't the boy any ambition?"

"Oh! I suppose he's tired," returned John, defending his cousin. "I'm tired myself."

"Yes; but you haven't suggested that any one should pull you up the mountain. In my opinion, such people are better at home."

"What a walker Uncle Henry is!" exclaimed John; "and that little Fräulein, she beats everybody."

"Yes; isn't she wonderful? And look at Mr. Sharpe, how he skips along. Hasn't he got long legs?"

"*Tra la li he ho-oo-oo!*" jödeled Mr. Sharpe from his post of observation upon a prominent rock above them, as he waved his alpenstock round his head.

"Come on, Cortland," was Harry's final call, as he and John resolutely faced the mountain once more.

After they had walked some time, John wondering meanwhile if there would never be an end to this steady, uniform ascent, Harry broke the silence:

"There it is!"

"There what is?" John was glad to stop for a moment.

"Why, the chalêt; that's where we spend the night."

John looked upward, and there in the distance he saw a little brown spot high up on a mountain alm or meadow. The little house seemed to be perched upon the side of the mountain, and John, look as he would, could discover no visible means of access to the lonely spot.

"What a splendid place to sleep in!" exclaimed the delighted boy, forgetting almost in his rapture the pains that were gradually creeping from his ankles upward, and his knees downward, and threatening him with utter collapse before he arrived at this long-desired haven.

“What fun it will be!”

“Distance certainly lends enchantment, John,” returned Harry. “Don’t be too sanguine; you can enthuse, ‘if so inclined,’ as Mr. Sharpe would say, when you get there.”

When at last Harry and John reached the narrow path which led directly to the chalêt, they saw the baroness, the Colonel, and the first guide standing near the hut, and then an angular figure appeared round the corner of a large boulder, and Mr. Sharpe was also among the advance guard.

“Never mind, little John, we’re almost there,” said Harry kindly, never hinting by word or tone, that were it not for John he too would have reached the end of the day’s journey.

“I wish you’d go on and leave me, Harry; I feel so selfish keeping you back here behind everybody. I’m sure I can do the rest alone.”

“Nonsense, boy; it’s nothing to me to get anywhere first. I used to feel so when I was younger, but I’ve climbed too much since then to care for anything, if I only get there within a reasonable time.”

John was looking at the chalêt, so far above him, so seemingly inaccessible to his weary feet, and as he gazed, the four climbers disappeared from view within the door of the hut, whereupon a cloud of smoke issued from the opening, and waved like a misty arm in the wind.

“Gracious!” exclaimed the boy; “is the place on fire?”

“O, no!” laughed his cousin; “they make cheese in these places, and must have a fire most of the time; and as there is no mode of escape for the smoke, it goes down into your lungs, and what is left over goes out of the door when it happens to be open.”

On again the two went until they stood at last upon the longed-for height. John picked his way carefully through the filthy yard surrounding the chalêt, slipping in the water-filled cow tracks, and entered the smoky hut. At first he could see nothing, and retreated precipitately, coughing, into the outer air, but curiosity led him back. Over the fire, built in a sort of oven roughly constructed of stones, hung an immense cauldron. In this receptacle the milk for the cheese (many gallons; fifty or eighty, possibly) was slowly heating. In front of the fire sat a very dirty and disheveled Swiss, who, if consistency be a virtue, possessed that attribute, as his appearance was strictly in accordance with his surroundings. He sat upon a one-legged stool, which, as he rose and bent over the cauldron, rose with him, its one leg sticking out behind in a very curious manner, for the stool was strapped to the man's body, and was his only resting place. He was smoking some extremely bad, rank tobacco from a short and dirty pipe, and occasionally, at intervals of ten minutes, perhaps, the pipe was removed from between his lips, that he might blow upon the surface of the milk, upon which a scum was rising.

"You see now vy I never eat de Swiss cheese," remarked Fräulein Bodewitz.

"I shall never taste another mouthful," exclaimed John.
"Ugh! what a dirty place!"

"Did you ever see such a grimy fellow?" said Harry. "And there are one or two in the cow-shed who are even worse, I think. They choose the neat, immaculate one to make the cheese."

"Come outside," said the Colonel, putting his head inside the door; "how can you stay in that hole?" And out they all went.

"Here comes Cortland," said John.

"I suppose that he will have some pertinent remarks as usual," said Harry.

"Let's skip up to that clump of trees, and see the sun set," remarked Mr. Sharpe.

"Words cannot describe its wonderful beauty," was the Colonel's emphatic declaration, as, finally, after they had watched it for some minutes, in admiration as deep as it was silent, the *Alpen-glühén* faded from each jagged precipice and tree-top.

"Is it as fine as Echo Cañon, Mr. Sharpe?" asked Harry mischievously.

"Young man, I am not going back on Echo Cañon, at all. The two are not comparable."

"I see that we shall have to make that journey to Pfeffers, Harry," said his father, as they descended from the slight eminence. "Well, Cortland, old man, how do you find yourself pretty spot, eh?"

"I call it a beastly hole," was Cortland's answer.

"Co-rect," assented Mr. Sharpe.

"Do you mean that we are to sleep in it?"

"In what? the chalêt? why, yes, unless you have a romantic longing to sleep out under the cold stars; there's no objection to that; many a better man than you has done it," was Harry's

Cortland, and, if the truth were
with the guides had

out through the annexed cow-shed they picked their steps, and climbed carefully up over the heads of the accustomed cattle, by small cleats nailed against the wall, to a loft, very low and small, filled with hay, not of the freshest, perhaps, but which seemed to offer a comparatively easy bed to tired nature.

The smoke penetrated into the cow-shed, and found its way even into the loft; but when the square piece of wood which served as a trap-door, was laid over the opening, the air seemed much purer than that which they had been breathing below.

"I t'ank de good angels for de chinks in de roof," murmured Fräulein von Bodewitz, piously.

"Here is a little sort of nook, almost divided from the rest of the loft by this partition, Fräulein," explained Harry. "You see that we can curtain this off for you, with your shawl; and the other one, which I got from the guide, will do for you to sleep on."

"Of course he gives her the best place," grumbled Cortland in John's ear.

"And why not? she's the only lady. You wouldn't take it, would you?"

"I'd take anything I could get," returned the discontented boy. "She's a great deal more able to be uncomfortable than we are; she's as strong as a horse."

"Don't say we!" exclaimed chivalrous little John; "I'm quite able to sleep out here in the loft with the rest of the men," and John looked proudly round.

"Cortland is modest," joined in Harry, who had heard a part of this conversation. "It should have a shawl, so it should, hung up before it, while it takes off its little hatty and coaty-poaty, and its little shoesy-pooseys."

"I won't be made fun of by you, that I tell you; and as for going any further on this silly excursion, I won't; not another step. I shall go back the first thing in the morning."

"So much the better," muttered Harry.

"Well, I mean it; you'll see when morning comes."

A smile of satisfaction spread over Harry's face as his head disappeared downward through the opening in the floor. He soon returned.

"Cortland," he said, "I went to tell Melch to be ready to take you back when we go on to-morrow; that is, if you feel that you really must deprive us of your cheerful society. He says that he will be ready for you at daybreak."

"What! Cortland not going on?" exclaimed the astonished Colonel.

Harry gave his father's arm a significant pressure.

"Don't say a word to change his mind, father," he whispered — "he's only disagreeable and a bore. He wanted the Fräulein's place there in the corner; did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Who wants who's place?" murmured sleepy Mr. Sharpe — "Tell him he can't have the place. No, sir! I'm a free-born American citizen, and I claim —"

"Oh! vill you gentlemen nevere be done talking? Dey tell of voman gossips; gentlemen are mooch worse. It vill be day-breaking before ve get any sleeps."

"You are right, Fräulein," was the Colonel's endorsement of this statement. "Now, silence, all of you. John, if you get to sleep before I do, whistle. Do you hear?"

"How can de boy vistle ven he asleep, Colonel Bedford? Oh! you Americans!"

"Who's talking now?" from Harry.

"Silence!" roared the Colonel; and silence it was until bang, bang, bang! sounded on the trap door. John dreamed that some one was building a Swiss chalêt out of walls of smoke, and pounding the nails into his head, and awoke to find that he had rolled over, in his tired sleep, and that his head was resting on the trap door, underneath which the guide was knocking.

"Frühstuck," called the guide.

"Breakfast," interpreted the Colonel; and one by one the half-awake excursionists descended by way of the wall ladder, and bathed hands and faces in the mountain-brook which brawled and tumbled among its pebbles but a few paces from the chalêt.

"Come on, Cortland! it's splendid—so cold!" was John's urgent call.

"I sha'n't wash, I sha'n't do anything; I'm going back," was the answer; and then turning to the guide, "Give me something to eat," he said peremptorily. Cortland pointed at the basket. The guide, understanding, brought him some sandwiches, after eating which the boy took up his alpenstock and strode down the mountain path.

"That isn't the way, Cortland," called John; but Cortland walked resolutely on, never once turning to look back. "He'll get lost," said John, in great distress.

"He's one of those blessings which does not brighten as it takes its flight," said Harry. "This is an occasion on which I believe most heartily in speeding the parting guest."

"But suppose he does get lost on the mountain?" and John turned an anxious face toward the Colonel.

"He is all right, my boy; the path is very clear for some dis-

tance, and Melchior will overtake him before he gets very far."

"It would do him good to get a real fright," said Harry. "I never, in all my wanderings, came across such an unmannerly cub."

"Well, you know it isn't his fault, really," was John's apology, for he felt a sort of responsibility for Cortland's conduct; "it's the way he was brought up."

"Brought up! I'd bring him up with a round turn," spluttered the usually pleasant-natured young man; "but come, he isn't worth so many words," and sending Melch on Cortland's trail, the five remaining excursionists started once more on their upward way. Upward indeed it was. "Straight up," John said. The boy pushed boldly on, trying not to be an annoyance to, or a drag on, the party, but after he had accomplished three hours of steady walking, he began to show signs of weakening.

"Would you like to rest, John?" asked the Colonel.

"I think that none of us would object to a short halt and a bite of something," said Mr. Sharpe. "I've been dying to suggest it, but I couldn't while the only lady of the party kept so far in advance."

A short stop was made, the baroness was recalled, and the "bite of something" fully appreciated by one and all. Those who have never attempted to ascend one of the mountains of Switzerland, or indeed of any country, can form but little idea of the amount of walking — the thousands upon thousands of steps — that are required to reach that objective point — the top.

John watched with envious eyes the sturdy legs of the guide in front of him, who had taken position near John to give him

a helping hand now and then. They never faltered; they showed no sign of weariness; on, on, on, they went, step by step, the thick-soled shoes coming down square and solid one after the other, one after the other, until poor John, watching them, was fairly dizzy with the sight.

"If he'd only stumble," thought John, "I shouldn't feel so inferior;" but there was no stumble in Paul Keckner's toes, and no faltering to be discovered in those solid underpinnings which seemed made of iron, and firm as the unyielding rock over which their path lay. Coming now to another small glacier, Paul stopped, and taking John's hand and placing it within his arm, to prevent slip or fall, together they proceeded on the perilous way,—perilous at least to John,



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whose bumps and scratches were not a few. Once past the glacier, the way wound beside high peaks of isolated rocks, standing like weather-beaten sentinels to mark the upward path. In and out, round and about these tall pillars they wound, and then came the snow again. These were sloping snow fields, lying between the peaks of the great mountain; and now these too must be crossed, for there, far away on the other side, wound

the path, upward and still upward. The surface of the snow was glazed, and the soles of the shoes sank very little way through its shining exterior; if there was a slip, the trusty alpenstock was firmly embedded in the icy coating, giving to the climber a great sense of protection and comfort. On, on, on, they went.

"Only a little way further, John," called back the Colonel encouragingly, as he stepped from the snow field to the lower edge of the rocky mass which covers the final peak.

"But it looks the hardest," groaned John.

"I've broken my shin!" exclaimed Mr. Sharpe, in hollow tones. He did not stop, however, but moved on ahead, making such an amusing spectacle, his long arms gesticulating, his coat-tails flying—for the wind was sweeping down upon them now—his figure doubling now this way, now that, as the pain of the sharp blow made itself felt in every nerve, that John, sorry as he was, could not help laughing heartily to himself. The guide's eyes twinkled, but he said nothing; indeed, conversation was no medium of communication between himself and John, but he burst forth now and then into a rich musical jödel, which was answered by some one, somewhere; was it far down the valley or across upon some neighboring peak?

"A few steps more, little John," said Harry kindly, as he turned to take John's hand, and together Harry and the guide aided the young novice up the last difficult part of the ascent.

"See!" said Harry; "Fräulein is up there now."

"Come on, young tenderfoot," shouted Mr. Sharpe, turning and waving his broad felt hat. "Come on!"

"Tenderfoot! that sounds well," said John, "from a man who limps as he does."

But as all our troubles and trials, no matter what, must have an end sometime, so, at last, John's were finished, and he stood, one of six adventurers, upon the very highest peak of the Uri-Rothstock.

"Roth, I suppose, because of the color of the rock; I never *thought* of that before," remarked the Colonel, as he picked up a large red stone, and, after examining it, threw it swiftly down toward the great field of snow, where it bounded, and slid away, away, until quite lost to sight.

"We couldn't have picked a prettier day," ejaculated Mr. Sharpe; "doesn't it look now as if the whole world was spread out before us?"

"Finer than Echo Cañon?" in sly tones from Harry.

"Sir, comparisons are odious; Echo Cañon still holds its own."

"Lean over here on the eastern side, John," said the Colonel; "the mountain's face seems almost perpendicular."

John leaned far out (Paul holding his hand in his firm grasp), but after looking for a moment, he drew shudderingly back.

"I shall dream of it," he said. And he carried in his mind, for a long time, the remembrance of that straight fall of thousands of feet, and the masses of gigantic rocks that look as if they had been torn asunder and thrown up in fantastic shapes, by one of Nature's most violent convulsions. And as they stood there the guide pointed out, to the north and northeast, the Rigi and Pilatus, and the Entlibuch mountains, and the lower hills of Northern Switzerland.

To the eastward what a chain of snow mountains met the view. Beginning in the far east with the Sentis, the eye travels to the Tödi, the Glärnisch, Sheerhorn and Windgelle in suc-

cession. Then to the Bristenstock, at the head of the lake, the Blackenstock close by. To the south stands up the Titlis, and further away the peaks of the Bernese Oberland, the Finsteraarhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Mönch, the Eiger and the Jungfrau.

One only sighs and gazes, and gazes and sighs; turns to the east, and again to the south, and feels that while life lasts never can be effaced from the memory this scene of solemn grandeur.

"And that land stretching away to the east," inquired Mr. Sharpe, "beyond the mountains?"

"Those are the plains of Germany," answered Colonel Bedford.

"Ah! do I behold mine own land once again?" exclaimed the baroness, in her most sentimental strains; forgetting, probably, for the moment, as Katherine said to Harry, when he repeated this to her later, that she had come through by rail only the previous week from Würtemberg.

"Ought to see Silver City, I should think," remarked Mr. Sharpe, from his seat upon a large boulder, where he was busily engaged in nursing his disabled member. "If you had one of Alvan Clark's telescopes, now, you ought to see clear across that little strip of country of yours, Fräulein."

"I see them at the hotel!" exclaimed John excitedly. "No, there! my hand shakes so that I can't find them. Yes; there they are again! I wonder if Cortland has arrived yet? I suppose they are looking up here. I wonder if they can see us!"

"Why, we forgot the flag!" said Harry.

"So we did!" exclaimed Mr. Sharpe. "Now, the idea of a party of free-born American citizens forgetting, under any circumstances, the glorious banner of the stars and stripes! Now,

Paul, skirmish round till you find a flag-staff," were Mr. Sharpe's orders to the guide, to whom, it is needless to say, he might as well have spoken in the language of his favorite and fabulous Kickerickapoos.

"Here, this'll do;" and Mr. Sharpe limped with many a flying leap and skip to where, among the rocks, he saw a pole lying. "Been used before! no matter; float her to the breeze.

"Our flag is free o'er land and sea,
We'll nail it to the mast!"

sang Mr. Sharpe, with his mouth full of tacks, with which he had provided himself, as he proceeded to fasten the flag along the side of the pole with a hammer, improvised for the purpose, from a huge rock.

"There! I wonder if they can see that," as the guide wedged it securely into a crevice and piled stones about its base. "I wonder if my niece is there, and if she sees it. If I had a good American glass I could see the color of her eyes; but these things!" and Mr. Sharpe looked contemptuously at the fine field glass which he held in his hand.

"I see three people on the balcony of my aunt's room," said Harry.

"Perhaps one is the nurse," said Mr. Sharpe anxiously, as if he wanted to be contradicted; "I'd give something, now, to know if my niece arrived safely."

"No; it seems as if I could see Rosie and little Tom in the road below," said John.

"Nonsense, young man! You may see the nurse, but the glass hasn't been made this side the water, that can keep that young prospector in focus for a second at a time."

"How wonderfully clear the atmosphere is to-day," said the

Colonel. "It is, indeed, as Mr. Sharpe has said, a day of a thousand. Think of our being able to distinguish objects more than ten thousand feet away. We are eight thousand feet above the lake. What a little pond it does look, to be sure."

"That was a climb!" exclaimed Mr. Sharpe, looking down at the weary way they had come; "and the worst of it is, it has got to be all gone over again."

"There's no royal road to mountain peaks," laughed the Colonel; "but you will find the downward way much less difficult."

"I have heard that there's nothing so easy, Colonel; though I wish to state, right here, that I do not speak from personal experience," answered Mr. Sharpe, as he started on his return walk, limping along after the guide and John, when the snow field was reached.

"Now for a *glissade*!" shouted the Colonel, and standing erect and pressing the point of his alpenstock firmly into the snow, as it dragged behind, to steady him, the old gentleman crossed the first snow field successfully upon the very crust, and stood waiting at its lower edge.

Then Harry took his position and went flying downward.

"I did set my foot on the ship and sail
For the ice fields and the snow,"

sang Harry, from that loveliest of all songs.

"You can't stump me," shouted Mr. Sharpe; "I know a trick worth two of that;" and before any one knew what was his intention, this strange man had thrown his leg across the alpenstock, as children ride a cane, and was following in the wake of the others; but, alas for Mr. Sharpe! fate was against him; for the point of his stick struck the corner of a concealed rock,

and he turned a complete somersault, landing, face downward, in the snow.

"Never say die," was the remark of this eccentric individual, picking up his stick, and again taking position, this time joining successfully the Colonel and Harry.

"That was a sharp stone," was Harry's greeting.

"Eh?"

"I say that it was a sharp stone; but here comes John. Bravo, John! no one could have done it better."

"But what is the Fräulein waiting for? O, yes! of course," said Mr. Sharpe; "come on, gentlemen; and on pain of death do not look behind."

There was a sharp scurry and rush, a cloud of snow, and, in a few moments, Fräulein von Bodewitz joined the party, as if nothing unusual had happened.

CHAPTER VI.

Dora Parker suggests a trip to Lucerne. — An amusing conversation between John Bull and Brother Jonathan. — The Lion and the Swiss Guard.

WAS any party of travellers ever before so favored with continued fine weather?" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. And well might she ask. Since entering the enchanted borderland of Switzerland, it had seemed that the sun never hid his glorious face, and that the skies were ever blue.

When the Colonel said this, or something like it, Katherine offset it by the remark that there had been fog enough on the day that they ascended the Uetliberg.

"That is one of the attractions, my dear. We were exceptionally favored, I am sure. Not one person in a dozen who ascends the wonderful little mountain, has the opportunity, as we had, to see the snow peaks rising out of a lake of mist and fog. It rather strengthens your Aunt Eleanor's statement; for she said that we had been favored."

They were all standing, the entire party, including Dora Parker and her uncle, at the boat landing which lies below the hill at Tell's Platte, and waiting for the steamer which was to take them to Lucerne. Mr. Sharpe had found his niece quite safe and in good hands when he reached the hotel the evening before. He had inspected her wardrobe, and had pronounced each of the dainty costumes "A number one," and then, after his admiration had been well expended, Dora preferred her request.

"Uncle," she said haltingly, "I'd like one more dress."

"One more, my girl! a dozen, if you like. But you can't get any thing fit for you to wear here. What do you want—a ball dress, a dinner dress, or what?"

"No, no, Uncle Lem! nothing so fine as that. You see these—these—clothes are—are too fine to wear in such a quiet place. I did not know where you were going—and—and—in short, Uncle—"

"Child alive! nothing's too good for you; wear them out and get some more. Can't Madame Louisa—Elisa, what's her name?—send 'em on if we telegraph? I'll go now if you haven't got enough."

"O, dear Uncle Lem, do stop! don't telegraph! I want something plain and easy to wear; something that I won't be afraid of soiling, and that won't tear; a—in short—a climbing suit like Violet Gordon's. These things are too handsome," as she raised the fluted silk and muslin ruffles, "to wear up here in the mountains."

"Nonsense, girl! Nothing's too handsome, as long as the Standard Consolidated Tar Lighting patents holds out to burn. You can have all the flummery you can buy; now don't—"

"But really, Uncle, I—I—if—if you'll excuse my saying so—it—it—isn't—it is not in quite good taste. 'How inappropriate!' That is what that Miss Bedford said." Mr. Sharpe opened his eyes.

"If you will notice," continued Dora, gaining courage from what she saw in Mr. Sharpe's face, "if you will notice, Uncle, the clothes these ladies wear, you will see that every thing is very plain and simple. Miss Bedford's are almost the simplest of all; and yet Violet was describing to me a ball at the Court

at Berlin, to which Miss Bedford went, and her dress was, I should think, the handsomest there. Colonel Bedford must be a very wealthy man, but you would never know it from any thing that his daughter wears. Don't be angry, dear Uncle — you are so, so good ; but I feel — I feel much too fine."

Mr. Sharpe stared.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" he ejaculated. "It takes a woman to notice things. Poor girl! I've been a regular brute to you ; but they sha'n't get ahead of you, Dora, any of 'em ; if there's a plain dress in the town of Lucerne, we'll have it. And you sit right down and write a telegram to Worth, or Louisa, or Elisa, or Bangor, or Pangor — whatever their con—— well, whatever their names are, and order a box of plain dresses. I guess I'll show 'em that my niece can be as plainly dressed as anybody;" and Mr. Sharpe glared around as if some one had made an assertion to the contrary, and were preparing to contradict his statement.

"Oh! thank you, dear Uncle Lem," exclaimed Dora, in delight at having so easily gained her point, "but I am sure that we can get all that I want in Lucerne — and —" knowing that nothing would please her lavish uncle better than the proposition which she was about to make — "suppose that you invite all the rest to go with us, and we can make a pleasant excursion in that way."

"Well thought of, my girl. I'll go at once and telegraph to that big hotel, what do they call it? Swit — Schweit — Schweitzer-hof, no, hof, that's it — Schweitzerhof, and tell them to have lunch ready, when the boat comes in, for the party."

And, as the outcome of this conversation, there they stood,

the entire party, waiting for the steamer. Down from Flüelen, at the head of the lake, she came, puffing and panting, cutting the blue-green waters with her white prow, and dashing the foam from her wheels, and soon the excursionists were on board of her.

"Now don't speak one word of English," whispered Katherine to her aunt and brother, as she seated herself in a comfortable place, unfurled her red cotton parasol, and began to read Hardy's last novel.

"And why, please inform us, should your family and friends be debarred from enjoying the benefit and mutual improvement to be gained by conversing in their native tongue?" asked Harry. "In that case, some of us must shut up altogether."

Katherine cast a sweeping and comprehensive glance round the deck.

"Oh! very well," answered she, shrugging her shoulders, and raising her eyebrows; "if you choose to be bored with all the cockneys out on a holiday, it's nothing to me. Mr. Sharpe," continued she hurriedly, in an undertone, to that gentleman, who had followed her closely, having fallen a ready victim to Katherine's charms, "don't speak one word of English, please."

"Madam," raising his broad straw hat, and bowing low, "I am dumb; for you to command, is for me to obey. I am literally dumb; for I can speak nothing else."

Katherine was a fine general, and usually controlled her forces with great discretion; but she had counted without one important factor, and this was her youthful cousin Tom. That young gentleman managed before the arrival of the boat at the next station, to elude Rosie as she was unstrapping from its parcel a sun umbrella for Mrs. Gordon, and when the old nurse again raised her eyes, she uttered a terrified shriek of "You,

Mass'r Tom!" and rushed to the side of the boat, where her young charge was standing on the rail, balancing on one foot, and holding on to a stanchion with one small hand.

"Ain't nuffin' de matter wif me, Rosie; I'm a free-born American citizen. Hurrah for de stars and stripes! dat's w'at Mista Sharpe say." Mr. Sharpe laughed merrily, Katherine sighed despairingly as Tom was hustled unceremoniously down from the rail.

"The Philistines are upon us," she said, and buried herself again in her book. For, at Tom's exclamation, a stout, red-faced man, in a very pronounced suit of checked flannel, had at once approached the child and said,

"Sow you're h'an h'Amirican, h'air you? h'and oo air you travellin' with, me little man?"

Whereupon Master Tom, to the horror of Katherine, and somewhat to the annoyance of the others, as well as to their amusement, began pointing out the different members of his party, calling them, at the same time, by name.

"Vat's my movver, an' my faver's a officer, an' he sails a big ship wif guns; an' vat's my Uncle Befford, an' he's a officer wat fights on land on a horse; and vat's my Cousin Harry; he can do evyting, my Cousin Harry can; and vat's my Cousin Kaffun, an' she scolds awful, an' goes to balls an'—"

"Good Lawd, Mass'r Tom, you done said 'nuff. Come long yere to yer modder."

"No, no! you let the young gentleman talk. H'it does me good to 'ear me mother-tongue. H'I cawn't speak one word h'of this nosty Swiss. You let the nigger go to your ma, me little man, and stay 'ear with me."

Whereupon Mr. Tom looked up puzzled. He had never

heard his beloved Rosie designated in the way that seems to be common in England.

"Come here at once, Tom," called Katherine, in her most determined tones. There was war in her eye, and Tom slowly walked toward her, whereupon his mother lifted the child into her lap, and they waited for the next move of the enemy.

"He is the same man who scolded his wife so terribly at the hotel in Berlin," whispered Violet to John. "All our old friends seem to be turning up."

"I suppose they're 'cookies,'" remarked John, who had become, in a short time, quite learned in many minor matters.

"Here he comes!" gasped Katherine under her breath. Larry laughed aloud.

"One would think him an escaped convict or a lunatic, Katherine; what harm can it possibly do to let the poor creature talk a little?"

"Every one to his taste," was the reply; "I, at least, can avoid," and she plunged again into her book. The Englishman had by this time lounged up to within a few feet of the group, leaving his poor dejected-looking wife leaning against the rail. The sun was shining down hot and scorching, and its strong rays fell upon her head.

"'Enery," she called, in a faint voice, "can h'I 'ave me um-rel'?" pointing as she spoke to a strap containing a rug, umbrellas, and a cane.

"H'indeed no; h'I'll not 'ave 'em h'all tumbled h'out; h'I'll just 'ave to strap 'em h'all h'up h'again."

The melancholy wife received these cheering words in silence—one could not help wondering if she were travelling for pleasure—but tried to edge her chair surreptitiously be-

tween those of two passengers, where there was some hope of her being shaded by the parasols they held, but a stare from a haughty-looking woman upon whom she intruded, sent her precipitately back to her sun-baked seat.

"I should like to pay him out for that!" muttered Harry.

Mr. Sharpe's quick eye had noted the whole proceeding; his pity, as well as his indignation, was aroused, and having a gentleman's soul, he braved Katherine's disapproving glances, and stepping across to where the Englishwoman sat, he said,

"Madam, allow me to offer you my umbrella," at the same time handing her the silver-handled "paragon" which he had been holding above his head.

The woman took it with a meek "Thanks," and a deprecating look at her husband, who had the grace to mutter, "Virry kind, ye know." So long as he personally was put to no inconvenience, he seemed not averse to his wife's being made comfortable.

"H'and naow h'I s'pouse you're h'an h'Amirican, too," began the stranger, by way of conversation.

"O, yes! there's no doubt about that," was Mr. Sharpe's hearty, ringing reply.

"H'and w're do you live w'en you're h'at 'ome?"

"Well, I've lived pretty much all over the universe," answered Mr. Sharpe; "but the best is quite good enough for me, so at present I hail from New York."

"New York, eh? Well, naow, h'I s'pouse you think nothin' of ridin' fifty miles to breakfast with a friend?"

Mr. Sharpe was for the moment off his guard.

"Well, yes, I must confess that I should think considerable of it."

"W'y, h'I 'ave a cousin, 'Enery Butts, — same name as me, — livin' in Rio, 'e thinks nothin' h'of it."

"I must find him out," returned Mr. Sharpe; "Rio's so near, **just** across the ferry from New York — Fulton Street; or you **can** take the Brooklyn Bridge."

"H'only fawncy!" A pause. "H'and h'I s'pouse you'll 'ave **fine** 'untin' round your naayborhood?"

"O, yes! yes, indeed! We don't have to leave home for **that**," was the answer. "It's a great place. There are always **two** or three hours in the day devoted to hunting. The **business** men go to their business, the streets are cleared of women **and** children, and then the Central Park people — they live in **an** immense jungle outside the city — they begin the drive. I **stand** in my window on Fifth Avenue and pop away as the **animals** come tearing down the street. One morning I killed three tigers and a young buffalo, just in front of my door. A lion or two occasionally, also."

"W'y, h'I should think business would be suspended."

"Well, so it is, for the time; but nobody minds," said Mr. Sharpe calmly.

"Well, well! h'I shouldn't 'ave thought you such a 'untin' people. What becomes, naow, of h'all the wild h'animals that nobody kills?"

"Why, there are none left. When they get down to Lower Broadway the lawyers and judges pop at them from the offices and court-rooms, and none of 'em ever reach the Battery — that's the jumping-off place — alive."

"Well, well! w'at a 'untin' people you are, to be sure! H'and w'ere did you learn to speak h'English sow well?"

Mr. Sharpe gave a convulsive chuckle.

"Oh! some of the people speak it over there, and I picked it up. My native tongue is the Kickerickapoo."

"The Kick ——?"

"Yes, the Kickerickapoo. You see my father, Knockem-down, was the chief of that tribe, and he gave me unusual advantages; but the old gentleman put down his foot that I should always wear the dress of my tribe, and I do, except when I'm travelling, or in any very public place. Now, that trunk," pointing to a large Saratoga which stood among the luggage on deck, marked for Lucerne, and which, it is safe to assert, the eye of Mr. Sharpe had never lighted upon until that very moment, "that trunk is full to the brim of my war-paint and feathers. It contains,"—and here Mr. Sharpe enumerated so many and various sorts of Indian costumes, and weapons of savage warfare, that it would be useless to attempt to set them down here; suffice it to say that the number and variety would have stocked a good-sized museum.

"'Ow curious!" ejaculated the astonished listener; "just fawncy, ye know!" and then, walking round the trunk, in the effort to take in its generous proportions, he caught sight of the initials upon one end. "W'y! this is marked P. E. U."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sharpe readily, "that's me: Pickemup My father was Knockemdown; I'm Pickemup, by way of contrast."

"H'and can you speak your native tongue, or 'ave you forgottin' it?"

"O, yes! I can speak it fast enough;" and here there issued from Mr. Sharpe's lips the most remarkable sounds that either the Colonel or Harry had ever heard, and they were obliged to turn away to conceal their laughter.

The tongue which Mr. Sharpe spoke with such facility, resembled, more than anything else in the world, that language which small school-children delight in concocting, and which they call Latin, giving to it, as a prefix, the name of a four-footed animal, whose cognomen it is unnecessary to mention.

When Mr. Sharpe had, with great solemnity, expended two minutes' breath on various sentences —

“W'at might that be?” was the inquiry.

“Oh! I was just saying how more than pleased I am to see you, and telling you how they must miss your smiling countenance at home.”

“Just fawncy! h'and h'I s'pouse this country's virry wonderful to you h'Amiricans; h'I s'pouse you niver saw a steamer, h'or tramway, h'or steam-kerridges. We use the Pullman, you now; h'I s'pouse you niver rode in one?”

“Never rode in anything else!” Mr. Sharpe was betrayed into this assertion, the foregoing remark being too much, even for him.

“H'and sewin'-machines; h'I should think you'd get some out from h'England, d'ye know!”

“Heavens, man! we dig 'em up, ready made, out in Colorado.”

“Aw! come, now; no chawf, ye know!”

“Fact, sir; ask the Colonel here, — ask anybody.”

“'Ere we're a-standin' h'all this time!” remarked the tourist; h'I'll just h'awsk your maid to give me 'er stool, h'and you can pick one up some'eres, ye know;” and, to the horror of the spectators, the man approached the place where Fräulein von Modewitz was sitting, and said, peremptorily, —

“Would ye oblige me with that seat, ye know?”

The little woman flushed, but went on reading her guide-book as if she were stone deaf.

"Man alive! are you crazy? That lady is my guest; one of our party, — Baroness von Bodewitz."

The Englishman seemed for the moment discomfited.

"Aw! you travel with swells, don't you, now?" was the somewhat abashed reply.

There are some people upon whom the sound of a very simple title produces a very astonishing effect.

"You were talking about locomotives and railroads, and all that," continued Mr. Sharpe, determined that this ignorant creature should be fooled "to the top of his bent;" "but I much dislike travelling in the cars; we seldom use any such common mode of conveyance. I much prefer the balloon, and use it now almost entirely. In fact, it has come into quite general use."

"No! reelly, you astonish me."

"O, yes, yes! and we have a process of steering by which it can be guided successfully against any wind."

"W'y, you do reelly astonish me, you know!" which was just the result aimed at by Mr. Sharpe, who continued, —

"But my favorite way of travelling is by the flying machine. Those, now, are much more easily controlled. Just go to the top of your house, buckle it on — you have sent your baggage on before by train — and off and up you go, moving your artificial wings gently, or fast, as the case requires. Thus, sir, you have the benefit of the air and scenery, and reach your destination without the dust and heat of the railroad. It is a charming way to travel. And what a lovely sight, Colonel," turning to that gentleman for corroboration, "to see those machines of

all colors, red, blue, yellow and green, sometimes gold and silver even, sailing away through the air, and glittering in the sunshine; looking, with the body of the traveller in front and the gorgeous wings spread out to the air, like an immense bat. You see, sir," speaking impressively to his astounded listener, "you get to know the colors of your friends' machines, as you would know the color of his horses or carriages; and you say, 'Ah! here comes Judge Williamson,' or, 'There goes General Cranch,' or, 'Bless my soul! Admiral Pennypacker, I nearly ran into you!' for I suppose that you know, for it is generally well understood in England, that there is no American without a title. I am the single living exception."

After which long speech Mr. Sharpe took breath.

The boat was stopping at the small wharf of a little water-side town, to take on board some passengers who were waiting.

There were two ladies; one with gray hair, and one quite young, with a fresh, bright face. They were followed by a young man, and a servant who carried portmanteaus, shawls and sketching materials.

As the younger of the two ladies approached the stern of the boat she caught sight of Katherine, who was still too absorbed in her book to notice the stoppage of the steamer. But the girl ran up to her, and, with the words, "You dear thing! where did you come from?" took Katherine's hands in both of hers.

Katherine rose to her feet, radiant.

"Is it indeed you? I had no idea you were so near. And is Lady Delling with you? Ah! yes; there she is; and your brother, also? What a delightful surprise!"

And then followed the introductions of Katherine's aunt and cousin to her friends. And Mrs. Gordon and Lady Delling

were soon exchanging views on the comparative merits of Swiss hotels, while Lady Mary listened smilingly to Katherine's lively sallies.

"When will you come back to Delling's Court?" asked Lady Mary. "It is two whole years since you and your father were there. Papa missed you so when you left; he used to say that you were the pluckiest rider he ever saw. Yes; that is my brother talking to Colonel Bedford. Come here, George," and soon the young man was making his best bow and falling captive, as every one did, sooner or later, to Katherine's beauty and charming manner; for no one could be more charming than Katherine when she chose, and she chose to be now.

Mr. Sharpe's interlocutor looked on in amazement at the meeting of these old friends.

"W'y, they're h'aristocracy," he said. "'Ow do you h'Amiricans come to know 'em?"

"Oh! I suppose they are old friends," answered Mr. Sharpe carelessly.

"They called 'im Lord George; and — there! she's beckonin' to you to go and be h'introduced. H'I'm glad h'I ain't in your shoes; don't you feel shaky?"

"Why, man alive! I never saw the Britisher yet that could frighten me," was Mr. Sharpe's rejoinder. "Don't you know that we are all sovereigns in America? Yes, madam, I am coming;" and, obeying Katherine's command, Mr. Sharpe was presented in due form, and made his most sweeping bow to the first of England's nobility that it had ever been his lot to meet.

He found the ladies unaffected and gentle in manner, and that young and budding sprig of nobility, Lord George, was simplicity itself; and he entered so eagerly into a discussion

• with Mr. Sharpe regarding the merits of the Standard Consolidated Tar Lighting Patent, and argued with so much intelligence and good humor the superior advantages of a rival scheme, that Mr. Sharpe's prejudices were quite removed, and he stated to Dora afterwards, in confidence, that you couldn't



VIEW FROM THE SCHWEITZERHOF HOTEL, LUCERNE.

tell anything about the aristocracy of England until you had met them face to face.

“My prejudices against England are as strong as ever,” declared Mr. Sharpe; “unjustly so, perhaps; but that is due to my training; but, as for individual Englishmen and women, gentle people, I mean, of course,—the cockney doesn't count,—I shall always respect them for the specimens that I have met with to-day.”

"'Enery, 'eres the Rigi," was the call, and Mr. Sharpe's quondam acquaintances disappeared across the gang-plank toward the little train at Vitznau, as they intended to "do" the Rigi.

Arrived at Lucerne, the travellers found carriages waiting to take them to the Schweitzerhof, the exorbitant charges for which, made on account of Mr. Sharpe's comprehensive telegram ordering "three or four of the best carriages," Mr. Sharpe paid for in a novel manner. Diving down into his pocket with one hand, he drew out a handful of money of all metals, sizes and coinages, and, holding out his hand, "Here, take what's right!" he said. It is safe to add that Mr. Sharpe's palm was left bare and empty when these human vultures had satisfied themselves.

Luncheon finished — a meal which it is unnecessary to describe, except to say that it was provided with that lavishness and generosity which was warranted by the too American side of Mr. Sharpe's character — the Colonel invited the young people to take a walk with him, while Dora, Katherine and the others went shopping.

The gentle old man strolled along the handsome, gay streets, with Violet's hand clasped close in his, John and Cortland following behind. They passed many shops, and stopped often to admire the pretty jewelry and fine photographs and carvings displayed in the windows.

"Come, come, young people!" exclaimed the Colonel, as they stood longer than usual looking at some particularly fine views of Mount Pilatus, opposite which lies the town of Lucerne, "come, or we shall have no time to see the Lion."

"Lion! Are we going to see a lion?" asked Violet, with widely-opened eyes.

"Yes, my little girl; and rather a good-sized one: twenty-eight feet long, I believe. But you need not begin to tremble," he added, as he felt Violet's hand clasp his more tightly; "he doesn't eat little girls; if he did," and the Colonel looked down lovingly on the sweet face uplifted to his, "I won't say that he wouldn't take you in preference to any other little girl in Switzerland. But he is wounded, poor fellow, so that there is no danger."

A few steps further brought the cousins and their guide to a dark and shaded pool of water, and upon its further side arose a massive sandstone rock, upon which, standing out in bold relief, lay the drooping, dying Lion of Lucerne.

"What a queer place to carve a lion!" remarked Cortland critically. "It shows how little these people know about such things. Now I should have put it in that little park through which we walked just now, or down on the quay, somewhere, where it could be seen better."

"Yes?" The Colonel's one word held a world of inquiry. "Thorwaldsen and you differ. But then, Cortland, all great minds cannot always think alike." The Colonel could not forbear this mild shot. "It is from that great sculptor's model that the Lion was carved."

"Who was Thorwaldsen, Uncle—a Norwegian?"

"He was a Swede," asserted John, who blushed at speaking too prematurely, when his uncle answered in the same breath—

"He was a Dane; the great Danish sculptor; and he seems to have executed the wonderful work as if by inspiration."

"But what does it mean?" asked John.

"A very sensible question, my boy. I thought that possibly you knew about it, and you do, in a way. You remember that

the Swiss Guard fought under the French in 1792. The Swiss were very famous, and, at that time, having, I suppose, little or nothing to do at home, sought employment in different countries. The Swiss Guard had in Paris a post of honor — that of being near and acting as guard to the royal family. They were such faithful and persistent fighters that they became very celebrated, and their royal employers relied on them in every extremity. It was during that terrible struggle of the French Revolution, when the Tuileries — the famous palace of the King — was attacked. The gallant Swiss Guard made a grand defence, and only succumbed with their lives. Twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers met their death in this defence of the Tuileries. This lion is their monument, and was carved in the solid rock, in this most appropriate place to commemorate their bravery. You see that this grand creature is dying, wounded by a lance which transfixes him to the place where he lies." They all stood looking at the beautiful bas-relief in silence. At length Violet said :

"What is that under his paw, Uncle Henry, a flower?"

"Yes, a lily. The lily of the Bourbons. That Latin inscription is in the memory of those gallant men. Their names are there also; but see how they are wreathed and almost covered with the vines which trail down from the overhanging sod above — 'Lord keep my memory green.' I think," said the Colonel, as they turned away, "that most of us would be glad to feel that the memory of our lives would remain fresh in even one heart, as long as that of the Swiss Guard has survived in the breasts of hundreds of their countrymen. And now let us go into the little chapel and see the escutcheons of the officers; they used to hang there. Yes, nothing is changed," continued

he. "But, I miss a friend;" and the Colonel looked about as if the accustomed face might appear at any moment; but only a little boy was in attendance, who seemed too ignorant or too stupid to understand the Colonel's questions.

"I am afraid the poor old fellow is gone," he said sadly; "he was the custodian here, and I never came without seeing him."



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

He was a young drummer boy at the time of the defence of the Tuileries, and was fortunate to escape. Well, when I think of it, it would be strange if the old fellow were still alive. It is nearly a hundred years since he was born, as he could hardly have been a drummer before the age of eight or ten. Probably the old man is dead; I wonder if they will add his name to the list."

The cousins lingered long about this interesting place, and only the Colonel's remark that "Time, tide and Swiss boats wait for no man," had the effect of starting them hotel-ward.

Some photographs and carvings, however, were bought on the return walk, each young person becoming the happy possessor of a photograph of the Lion, as well as a small paper-weight of the same subject, carved from some marble of a greenish hue.

"Harry," said the Colonel, in an undertone, "just run ahead and get the tickets."

They were drawing near the steamboat-landing, the Colonel, Mr. Sharpe and Harry walking by preference.

"Where are you going, young man?" inquired Mr. Sharpe. "Not for tickets, I hope. I bought them to Lucerne 'and return' when we started. This is my day; you can have yours some other day."

"I don't like it," said the Colonel to his son, as they dropped behind, Mr. Sharpe, always gallant, rushing ahead to open the door of the carriage which he saw drawing near the quay; "but what can one do? I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world!"

"Neither would I," assented Harry. "We shall get our opportunity, as he says, some other day. But the difficulty is, that he always looks two or three days ahead."

That evening, when the tired excursionists were all in their rooms, there was a knocking upon each door, which, being opened by its occupant, disclosed Dora Parker's French maid, Jeanette, who handed in a mysterious parcel and sped quickly down the corridor.

Upon opening the dainty package which bore her name, Violet gave a cry of delight, for she found lying in its bed of

cotton wool, a most exquisite little necklace of Swiss crystals. Not the Rhine stones, which have of late become so common, but a handsome sort of brown and blue crystal, which changed and flashed from one color to the other as she turned them in her hands.

Katherine opened her box. It contained a beautifully cut set of lapis lazuli, and the set was complete; for there lay the necklace and pendant, earrings and bracelets.

“‘From Mr. Lemuel T. Sharpe,’” she read. “Of course we must send them back, at once,” said this decided young woman.

“Katherine!” exclaimed poor Violet aghast.

“You would not accept them!”

“O, Katherine! why not?” asked Violet ruefully.

“Violet, how can you ask? This man is a perfect stranger to us. It would never do to put ourselves under such obligations to, to — people of that sort,” said this young woman of the world.

“Of what sort?” Violet opened her blue eyes as wide as possible.

“Why, that sort — the sort he is. I don’t think that he is quite — quite — well, quite a gentleman.”

“Not a gentleman!” was Violet’s rejoinder. “How perfectly absurd you are, Katherine. Who but a gentleman would have thought of offering his umbrella to that poor, neglected, broiling Englishwoman this morning? and then, to see her go off, up the Rigi, with it in her hand, and never say a word! Don’t you call that a gentlemanly action?”

“No; I call it pride of riches,” answered Katherine decidedly.

“Was it pride of riches that made him offer the umbrella to the woman when her horrid husband was too lazy to get her

one, and to stand in the sun all the way to Lucerne, because if he took a seat some woman must stand ? ”

“ Oh ! well, any American would do that.”

“ I don’t think so. And did you hear what Harry said about his going forward and finding those poor Swiss whose child had been killed by a falling rock near where they are blasting, and giving them money to pay their expenses ? ”

“ I — no — that was kind. But it’s easy enough when one has money.”

“ Then,” said Violet, point blank, forgetting, in the heat of her argument, her usual politeness, “ why didn’t you do it ? You always have a purse full of bills. I have envied you many a time, Katherine, for the chances that you have.” Katherine blushed and said meekly,

“ I’m afraid I don’t think of those things, Violet, as often as I should ; but I didn’t see those people, you know.”

“ No ; but Mr. Sharpe always seems to find such people out,” returned Violet.

“ I am glad that he has such a champion,” said Katherine angrily. “ However, those things are all very kind, of course, but what I object to, is his buying tickets for all of us, to Lucerne and back, before we had the chance, and ordering lunch, in such an extravagant way, too ; and taking whole floors at hotels, and all that. It isn’t in good taste. You would never find Baron von Z — or Count von K —, or any well-bred German doing a thing of that kind.”

“ No ; from the specimens that I saw in Berlin, I don’t think that they are at all likely to do any thing of the kind,” retorted Violet hotly ; “ and for more reasons than one.”

Katherine was very angry.

"You impertinent child!" she exclaimed.

"What's all this?" demanded the Colonel, entering the room; "your discussion has been carried on with such heat, that you have paid no attention to my repeated knocking at the door."

The situation was explained to the Colonel by Katherine, Violet not deigning to make a plea for or against Mr. Sharpe. Colonel Bedford heard his daughter out most patiently. When she had finished,

"Well," he said, "I will admit, Katherine, that it is not, perhaps, in quite good taste to send presents to ladies whom he knows as slightly as he does those of our party; but, after all, what are they? Not jewels, not pearls and diamonds, but crystals and simple stones, which we all know are not expensive gifts; but you must not set Mr. Sharpe down on your list of 'no gentlemen,' because he does these extraordinary things. He is very grateful for the little kindness which Violet and her mother were able to show his niece, and it is they, not you, whom he is trying to repay. Your Aunt Eleanor has just received from him a very handsome dressing-case. She called me in to ask what she should do, and felt that it was too much for him to offer, but she agreed with me, that she would rather accept it than hurt a grateful man's feeling; and, my daughter, I wish you to do the same. I can make Miss Parker a present before we part, if that will save your feelings."

"Very well, father." The Colonel had spoken in his no-appeal voice. "I will do as you say, but I never knew of a gentleman's doing such things. Telling all those tales,—absolute falsehoods they were,—to that horrid cockney. It was too disgusting; and you and Harry stood by and laughed."

Thé Colonel looked a little sheepish at this reprimand.

“ Well, my dear, I will own that it wasn't a very nice thing to do, but it was revenge in a mild form. It seems that Mr. Sharpe had seen these people in Berlin, and had overheard the man talking to his wife about ‘ nosty and h'ignorant h'Amiricans.’ Perhaps he would not have borne malice for so long a time, had he not witnessed, with the rest of us, the brutal fellow's treatment of his poor wife; but that was the last straw — ”

“ Say what you like, father,” persisted Katherine, “ I never knew a gentleman to do such things; and sending presents to a whole family after having known them just three days! Just imagine Von Z——'s doing such a thing.”

“ Yes; it would be very strange,” spoke up Violet, in angry voice, and with blazing cheeks, “ for a man whose gloves are one continued darn, to give even one handsome present,” and with this parting volley she rushed from the room.

“ Little spitfire ! ” exclaimed Katherine.

CHAPTER VII.

The gloomy tunnel of the Axenstrasse. — Cortland's terrible adventure. — The home of William Tell. — Cortland's valuables are unexpectedly returned.

STILL another bright day.

"Where are the others?" asked Dora Parker as, robed in the Lucerne gown, she took her place in the carriage opposite Mrs. Gordon.

"They have walked on to Flüelen, even Violet. I declare, such energy wears me out!" exclaimed Katherine vehemently.

"But why are these empty carriages following along behind us?" asked her aunt, who left all preparations and arrangements to the gentlemen.

"Those, I believe, were engaged by Mr. Sharpe. They passed by last evening, returning empty from Flüelen, for some place further down the lake. They are what we call *retour-wagen*; and Mr. Sharpe, not knowing that there are always plenty of carriages at Flüelen, engaged these. I hate their following along behind; it has a horrible funereal effect."

"Is it a long walk?" asked Dora.

"What, to Flüelen? O, no! two or three miles, I believe. They started so early that we shall hardly overtake them, unless Violet gives out."

"I am much afraid that she will," said Mrs. Gordon; "she has never taken such long walks. Of course two or three miles over this smooth road is nothing; but she wants to walk up

to Maderanerthal, and I imagine that that is a very rough climb."

"Yes; in some parts," assented Katherine. "I have walked it, but I shall take a horse this time, or a *chaise-à-porteur*. I am afraid that I am getting lazy;" and Katherine laughed.

"I am afraid that Violet will be ill with the fatigue, if she insists," said Mrs. Gordon.

"O no, Aunt Eleanor! that is easily arranged. Father will see that she is taken care of."

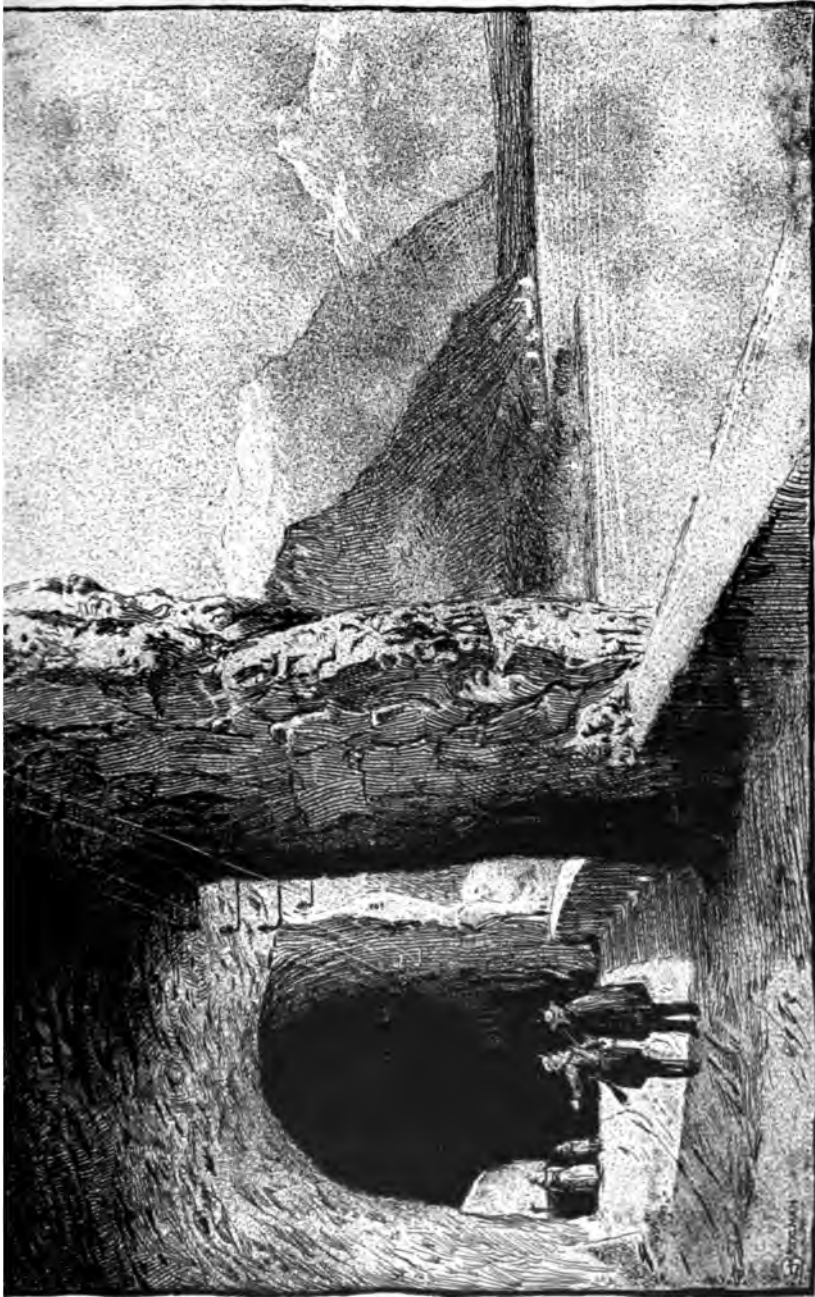
Meanwhile Violet, with her uncle, the Baroness, Mr. Sharpe, Harry, and the boys, had started in a jolly party just after their early breakfast. They had no impedimenta, as one of the empty carriages had been filled with shawls, and bags, while Rosie and Jeanette rode in great state in the remaining one, little Tom sitting first with his mother, and then with Rosie, being very sure, however, in whichever carriage he might find himself, to long for the other.

A brisk walk of a mile or less, along that wonderful carriage road, the Axenstrasse, brought our pedestrians to the entrance of the celebrated tunnel which lies between Tell's Platte and the town of Flüelen.

"How black it looks," said John to Cortland, as they trudged along together.

It did, indeed, look black and forbidding, but every one stepped boldly forward into the dusky, chilly place, and as Cortland saw the skirts of Fräulein von Bodewitz vanishing into the gloom, he felt very bold and courageous.

"I suppose you are frightened to death, John. What a little coward you are! Why, you'd even be afraid to go through here alone in broad daylight," was Cortland's encouraging remark.



AXEN ROAD — BRUNNEN.

"Well, yes, I suppose I should," returned John; "but then, you know it isn't broad daylight in the tunnel."

"No; that's true," answered Cortland condescendingly. "Have a little pluck, boy. You'll never be a man if you don't conquer these childish fears." Cortland felt very big and brave as he said this. "You come along with Harry and me; we'll look out for you. Harry," he called loudly, "this poor little chap's afraid of the dark."

"Is he?" said Harry.

"Yes; he just said that he wouldn't dare go through the tunnel alone. Come now, John, own up; you confessed as much, didn't you? Be honest, now."

"Well, I did say so," answered John, truthfully and meekly.

"You are braver than most persons in saying so, little John," said Harry kindly.

"I don't feel at all afraid now, of course, but I think that any one — I mean a boy as small as I am — would object to going through here for the first time alone."

"So they would, John," asserted Harry. "Even our brave Cortland here would shiver a little, I think."

"Pshaw!" protested Cortland. "What's there to be afraid of, I should like to know?"

"Well, the dark, for one thing," said Harry. "No one likes the dark. I used to be awfully afraid of it when I was a little boy. And then, some one might attack one person alone."

"I should like to see any one try it on me," asserted Cortland boldly; "I would let them feel the weight of my alpenstock if they did."

"And yet I have heard of terrible things happening in this very place," and Harry looked at Mr. Sharpe with a comical

glance, which it was still light enough for that gentleman to catch, and a slight lowering of the eyelid, which might have been an incipient wink, or might not.

"What nonsense is Harry talking?" said the Colonel to Violet; "trying to tease Mr. Sharpe and those boys, I suppose. This tunnel is as safe as the open highway. I have never heard of any thing happening to any traveller who entered it. The Swiss are too anxious to sustain their reputation for hospitality to strangers—were they inclined even to behave otherwise, which they are not—to allow their roads to become dangerous to travel, or even to be looked upon with suspicion. Sometimes an Italian workman has committed some depredation, but he is brought to trial very speedily, I assure you."

"What's that the Colonel's saying about Italian workmen?" asked Cortland of Harry. "There is such an echo inside of this hole that I can't hear myself think."

"He was only saying that they are a very dangerous class of men. We employ them on the road that we are building, and they are working now down below us, removing the débris from the new tunnel. They usually carry dynamite in their boots, they are so very ignorant, and, what is worse, they carry knives in their belts. I tell you they are bad fellows," went on Harry, warming with the possibilities which the subject presented; "bad to meet on a dark night on a lonely road, and worse, perhaps, in a tunnel like this. I'm sure it's as dark as the blackest night inside of this one."

"Pitcher than pitch," remarked John.

"What do they do?" asked Cortland. There was a suspicion of a tremble in his voice.

"What does who do? Oh! the Italians? What don't they

do? They lurk round and lie in wait, and just as you have passed a bad-looking place, they jump out upon you with a cry. *Vendetta!* That's what they say; and if they don't stick a knife into you, you're lucky."

"Well, I'd like to see them try it on me, that's all." Cortland's tone was bravery itself. "They'd carry my marks to their graves, every one of them."

"You'll have to come back with me to Silver City, young man," said Mr. Sharpe approvingly. "You are made of just the stuff that we need out in those regions." And Cortland walked along quite swelling with importance.

There was hardly a glimmer of light in the tunnel now, and Violet held her uncle's hand in tight grasp as they proceeded further and further into its mysterious depths. Just as they reached its darkest point the shrill toot of a horn was heard, the cracking of a whip, the jangling of bells, and loud echo of horses' hoofs.

"Stand flat against the wall, all of you," commanded the Colonel, much as he had in days past given his soldiers orders to "lie down."

A sharp click, a fizz, and a vesuvian blazed forth, and shed a little ray of light upon the scene. It showed to Violet Mr. Sharpe, Harry and John, ranged along opposite to her with their backs against the jagged sides of the arch, while Fräulein von Bodewitz stood next to Violet, and Cortland close to the Colonel.

At this moment a lumbering vehicle thundered past, nearly choking the pedestrians with the clouds of dust thrown up by the wheels. In the carriage sat two gentlemen, who gave our party a smiling salute and were gone.

"Vorwärts!" shouted the Colonel, and they walked briskly ahead to where day seemed breaking through the stone walls. Violet perceived a glimmer of light across the path they were traversing. It grew brighter, and finally they emerged into a flood of sunshine which poured through an opening in the side of the tunnel. This opening is cut like a great square window, and through it they looked far down upon the lake, across at the mountains, — the Uri-Rothstock coming into sight again like the face of a dear, familiar friend, — and away to the left, at the head of the lake, they saw their goal, the little town of Flüelen, its white houses, with their red roofs, nestling down at the beginning of the valley of the Reuss; the snowy Bristenstock seemingly standing across the further end to bar their progress. The Colonel pointed out to Violet, as she stood here, the river Reuss as it foams and empties its glacier water into the lake near the town of Flüelen. As they walked on, they found that there was more than one opening in the side of the tunnel, and at each one they stopped, and gazed, fascinated, at the same picture over again. Violet said that it seemed to her like a wonderful painting set in a massive rocky frame.

"Is this a natural tunnel, Colonel?" asked John.

"O, no! it was cut to allow the carriage road to pass through. It is called by the natives the *Loch*, or hole, of Uri."

"It is a horrible place!" and Violet held her uncle's hand closer in hers as they left the broad band of sunlight and passed on again into the gloom of the tunnel.

The Colonel laughed heartily.

"Little goosie," he said; "you are evidently not accustomed to taking short cuts through the world."

"Is it very dangerous?" asked Cortland, keeping so close to

the Colonel's heels that that good gentleman could hardly walk.

"Dangerous? nothing safer. I wonder where the others are."

"John went on with Mr. Sharpe and Fräulein Bodewitz,"



THE RIVER REUSS.

answered Violet, "while I was taking that pebble out of my shoe. I suppose they are all together waiting for us — outside, perhaps."

"Let us take a little run," said the Colonel. "Come on, Cortland," he called gayly; "see who will get out of the tunnel first;" and, taking Violet's hand tightly in his, the old gentleman sped away with such fleetness that Violet could hardly keep

pace with him. Their shouts of gay laughter went ringing through the dark cavern, and echoed and re-echoed and made merry there after Violet and her uncle had gone on to wake other sounds from the answering rocks.

Cortland started after, but he was awkward, and, not having had so much practice as the others, because he was too lazy to accompany them in their climbing excursions, he could not run as fast as they.

"Wait for me," he called; but they heard nothing but their own jolly voices. Cortland, becoming frightened, and seeing but indistinctly in the very dim light, took no notice of his steps, and, tripping over a large stone, he fell at full length in the dust.

For a moment he lay where he was, too astonished and too frightened to move; and then, as what he considered the loneliness of the situation dawned upon him, he scrambled to his feet with a wild yell of terror; but almost before he had regained his footing—oh! the horror of it—a bandage was whipped across his eyes, and the word *Vendetta* hissed in his ear.

The poor boy was so terrified that, for a moment, he made no outcry. His knees fairly knocked together, and his voice seemed to have departed forever. When finally he could speak, he began in trembling tones:

"Oh! spare my life, good Italian, spare my life; take all that I have," and out came his pocket-book,—a heavy one, well-filled,—which was seized upon by some avaricious hand, "but let me go!" And Cortland's prayer ended in a flood of tears.

No answer except a persistent tugging at the gorgeous chain which hung across Cortland's manly vest. With almost palsied

fingers he released the bar from its detaining button-hole; out came his watch and went to keep company with his francs and centimes. Nor was he to get off with only that; he felt fingers fumbling at his throat, and, thinking that his last hour had come, he fell upon his knees in the dusty road, almost pulling his captor to the ground with him.

"No kill, no kill," he cried in the favorite way which some people have of talking to foreigners; as if mutilating one's own language were the way to make strangers comprehend it.

"No kill—much rich—give more money—plenty, plenty money." But the fingers were intent on no such deadly work as Cortland imagined; they were only feeling for the showy scarf pin which the boy wore. And then the handsome seal ring was slipped off the shaking finger, a gold pencil was abstracted from the vest pocket, and the boy was placed upon his feet.

"Go!" was hissed in his ear; and to say that Cortland obeyed, is speaking mildly. He ran, he flew, and arrived at the mouth of the tunnel to find Colonel Bedford and Violet so busily engaged in calling out questions to an echo overhead, that for a moment they did not notice his exit. When they did, "Why, Cortland, what have you been doing?" was Violet's astonished exclamation.

"My boy, have you had a fall? Here, let me brush you off;" and the Colonel flicked away at Cortland's clothes with his large handkerchief. "How pale you are! Are you hurt?"

"N-no; not much. I fell down," explained the still shaking boy; "and some one set upon me. But I pounded them well, I can tell you. I broke my alpenstock over their backs."

"Their backs!"

"Yes; there must have been two or three of them, or they wouldn't have gotten off so easily."

Cortland felt the force of the old saying, "In for a penny, in for a pound," and as he had begun to make a good story, he continued to enlarge until one would have thought, to hear him, that the earth held no such brave and valiant soul as Master Cortland Delano. He said nothing as yet about his watch and purse; he was afraid that the brave old Colonel would propose returning, and enter that tunnel again was what Cortland declared to himself he would never do, so long as he had the strength to resist.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," declared the Colonel. "The rascals! the miscreants!" and then came the proposition which Cortland so much dreaded: "Let us go back at once; the wretches would be afraid of two persons. What? Violet cannot go on alone? No; that is true: and the others are out of sight. Very well, then, let us hasten forward to Flüelen, and make a complaint to the police. Some of those rascally Italians have come up here, to try to rob unsuspecting travellers. Why, at this rate Switzerland will soon be as unsafe as Sicily itself. I never did approve of bringing those miserable creatures up here to work on the roads, simply for the reason that they work for less wages than the Swiss laborer. You are lucky, Cortland, not to have lost your watch or your money."

"Very lucky," said Cortland, buttoning his coat closer. They were not so far from the tunnel but that the Colonel might insist upon returning. "I will tell him the truth when we reach Flüelen," thought Cortland.

"O, Uncle Henry! I am afraid that they will attack mamma!" exclaimed Violet anxiously.

"No fear, my dear," was the reassuring answer. "The jingling of the bells, and the sound of the hoofs of the horses, not to mention the three coachmen, will frighten them away, even if they thought of such a thing; but they will not. They probably ran back to those cuts in the sides of the tunnel; scrambled over and down the embankment, and so escaped. O no! they will not attack more than one person, the miserable cowards! Otherwise, why did they let you and me pass,—only an old man and a little girl? No; they were lying in wait, the villains, for some lonely traveller, and when this poor boy fell, they seized upon him. It was your pluck, Cortland, that drove them off. Brave boy! I haven't half appreciated you. After all, English blood always tells."

Whereupon Cortland began to feel very much of a hero, and to imagine that he had, indeed, performed all the great feats of which he had boasted, and by the time the three reached the straggling outskirts of Flüelen, he had talked so much of himself and his bravery—the Colonel innocently bolstering him up—that he felt himself a very brave fellow indeed. Violet was somewhat surprised, and not a little bewildered. She had never considered Cortland a very brave boy, but to-day she had had ocular proof. She had seen Cortland emerge from the tunnel, covered with dust, his clothes in disorder, his alpenstock, which he had broken over the backs of his assailants, gone,—thrown away as useless, probably,—and his tale was so thrilling, and, apparently, so true, that she once again, as in time past, changed her opinion of the boy.

"Perhaps so much association with Harry and the older men is making a man of him," she thought.

Cortland's boastful tone lasted until he reached the hotel,

where the others were in waiting, and, soon after, the carriages drove up, and they all sat down to an early lunch.

Cortland's adventure was the one topic of conversation, and many were the exclamations of pity and horror which were heard round the table.

"He beat them off, though, didn't you, youngster?" exclaimed Mr. Sharpe. "Plucky boy! Oh! I tell you, Colonel, it takes young America to face an enemy. How many were there? Three of them! Just like those Italians. Three scoundrels pitching upon one poor, defenceless boy."

"How glad I am that we did not know of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. "Only think of the unknown perils through which we have passed."

"Gracious! my hair would have been snow-white this very minute," added Dora Parker. "Ugh! just imagine those robbers lurking in some dark recess as we passed; it makes me shudder to think of it."

"They might have seized my boy for a ransom, or something," said Mrs. Gordon.

"They would soon have returned him," said Katherine, with accustomed frankness, not heeding Mrs. Gordon's indignant looks. "He has crawled over me, and pommeled me, and eaten bread and butter over me, until I am perfectly demoralized."

Whereupon Master Tom was gathered to his mother's arms, petted and kissed, in the intervals of which performances the words "Mother's blessing," and "Mother's own," were frequently heard, but were soon put a stop to by the young gentleman himself, as he struggled away from his mother's arms, climbed deliberately up on the table, and, before he could

be seized, had run its whole length, skillfully avoiding the hot dishes standing thereon, and with great force and precision deposited himself in the very middle of Harry's sturdy chest. This exploit was greeted with shouts of laughter, Mr. Sharpe at once betting ten to one, that Master Tom couldn't do it again without coming to grief. But a distressed look from Mrs. Gordon, as she rose with dignity from the table, put a stop to the laughter, and the small cause of it was at once banished to Rosie and her condolences.

"My sister Eleanor is a wonderful woman," remarked the Colonel, as Rosie, following Mrs. Gordon, carried the young rebel, screaming, from the room, "but she can't control that young man; he grows beyond her every day."

"Cortland, what time are you?" asked Harry, looking up from the watch which he was setting.

"They took my watch, Cousin Harry," answered he.

"Poor boy! poor, poor boy!" came in commiserating tones from those sitting round the table.

"Boy!" exclaimed Harry. "I wouldn't be so underrated, Cortland, if I were you. Why, you are nearly six feet tall, aren't you?"

"That handsome watch that your aunt gave you! Why didn't you tell Uncle about it at the time?" asked Violet.

Mr. Sharpe rose hurriedly.

"We must go to the police at once," said he.

"They took my purse, too, and my scarf pin, and my seal ring," said Cortland, piling up the agony of the moment; "but I rather guess they'll carry some of my marks for the rest of their days."

"Poor Italians!" exclaimed Harry.

"It seems to me that you look somewhat demoralized, too, my son; here is quite a tear in your sleeve;" and the Colonel turned Harry round and looked him well over. "I suppose that you have been skipping over some of these mountains while we have been plodding along the high road?"

"Yes, father; you know that I am apt to scramble up rather inaccessible places;" and Harry cast his eyes down with becoming modesty.

"And now for the police!" was Mr. Sharpe's exclamation as he followed Harry out of the *speisse saal*.

"Will you come with me?" asked Mr. Sharpe.

"I rather think not," was the reply.

"What? not try to find out—not try to recover—what are you laughing at? You don't mean to tell me—you—you—"

"Yes, I am the three Italians; and I shall doubtless carry Cortland's marks to my grave, unless, as I imagine is the case, they have pretty well dried off; for they were only the tears that fell upon my hands as I was relieving him of his watch."

"Poor boy!" was the Colonel's remark when he heard the story; "don't mortify him, Harry!"

"Mortify him! I really do not believe that it is within the reach of possibility to do anything of the kind. I am disgusted with him, and I mean to teach him a lesson."

"Oh! come now," said Mr. Sharpe, "don't you think that you were too hard on the young man? Of course he was frightened after all that nonsense that you told him."

"Well, I intended that he should be; but if he had only made the slightest resistance! I think that he is quite as strong as I am; but all that he did was to talk a sort of pigeon-English and



GESSLER AND TELL.

implore me to take all that he had, but spare his life. If he hadn't been bullying little John so unmercifully, I shouldn't have thought of it. Indeed, I only waited to jump out at them in fun, but when that great baby was left behind, the temptation was too strong, and I couldn't resist it. As for the alpenstock story, I imagine that it is lying along the side of the tunnel just where it rolled when he fell down, and I mean to get it back, if possible, or when he learns the truth he will swear that he beat me, and that this tear in my sleeve is the result."

"The most terrible thing to me is," said the Colonel, "that the boy should be so untruthful; perhaps only some such severe lesson will have any lasting effect upon him."

The drive to Amsteg, through the picturesque valley of the Reuss, was enjoyed to the full by every one. Even Cortland, though brooding over his losses, and annoyed by an occasional "What time is it?" from Harry, managed to pass the time agreeably.

Harry was not, that day, a very persistent tease, from the fact that he was often separated from his victim by his passion for walking and climbing, making constant, though short, excursions into the neighboring hills for flowers, — "specimens," which the baroness was anxious to procure; and it was a glad moment to Cortland when he lost sight of Harry's gray blouse among the trees of a wooded slope, the carriage in which he was seated driving rapidly forward.

At Altdorf, or Altorf, a stop was made that the young people might be duly instructed regarding its antiquities and traditions.

"It is the scene of many of Tell's exploits," explained the

Colonel to his interested listeners. "Now this fountain, with its statue of Besler, a magistrate of Altorf, is supposed to stand on the exact spot where the little boy stood when his father was commanded by Gessler to shoot the apple from the head of his son."

"But the date on this is much later than that of the years when Tell lived," urged Mrs. Gordon.

"Yes; but we are obliged to trust somewhat to tradition in the history of every people. A lime-tree is said to have stood on the spot where this fountain is erected. They say that it flourished here until 1567."

Then the children walked to the spot where the intrepid archer is said to have stood when he aimed the arrow at the mark, and John and Violet recalled a dialogue, part of a play, which they had often rehearsed together.

Violet, standing stern and majestic, as became the tyrant Gessler, demanded of John of what use to him the second arrow which she saw concealed behind him.

John, striking the acknowledged attitude, among the boys at his school, of defiance, which is supposed to belong properly to this scene, answered, —

"To slay thee, tyrant, had I killed my son;" and was rewarded by deafening applause from Mr. Sharpe, who pithily remarked that he would "be a man before his mother."

"I hope that he will be a less vulgar one than our friend the American," said Katherine, in confidential tones to her aunt.

"My dear, he is so kind, and he means so well; don't be so prejudiced," was the moderate answer.

"Tagging — yes, tagging; no other word expresses it — along with our party," replied Katherine crossly.

"Your father asked him, my dear."

"I gave my father credit for better sense, Aunt," was Katherine's short answer.

"But he did, indeed, my dear; I heard him."

"You—you—heard him, Aunt! very well! papa and I have something to settle before I sleep. He never dared to tell me that."

"You insubordinate girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon; "you would upset the discipline of an army."

"While you are talking of insubordination and discipline, Aunt Eleanor—but, no; I won't say it," as she saw a pained expression come over Mrs. Gordon's face. She threw her arms round her aunt's neck and

kissed her. "Forgive me, Aunt! Tom is a dear little soul, and he'll make a good man, if you only get to Uncle Tom soon enough;" and Katherine walked off, leaving, as was her wont, a parting sting behind her.

"This colossal statue," said Harry, in his most guide-booky



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL.

tone, "was presented to the town by the Riflemen of Zürich (the town where Miss Bedford enjoyed an involuntary cold bath), and quotations from the 'Tell' of that renowned poet, Schiller, are found at its base. These quotations are fast giving out, but there are a few desirable ones left, which can be had at half-price; if any one is desirous of erecting a first-class statue" —

"Stop your nonsense, young man, and tell us where Tell was born; not here, was he?"

"No, worshipful and mighty chief of the Kickerickapoos, the great patriot, William Tell, was born at the little town of Bürglen."

"O, yes! it is up here to the left of us," said the Colonel; "I once went there to ascend the Klauser-Pass, and so get down to the baths of Stachelberg. A charming walk it was, too; but, O, dear me!" and he smiled down upon Violet, "I was younger then, by many years, than I am to-day."

After leaving Altorf the valley grew more picturesque, and now new and strange peaks began to show their heads.

"There is that beautiful cone-shaped mountain," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon.

"Yes; the Bristenstock," explained Mr. Sharpe, who, all unconscious of Katherine's disapproval, was seated opposite herself and her aunt. "You see that I haven't studied my Baedeker for nothing, though it was in profoundest secrecy that I dared to take even a peep at its pages, knowing, as I do, your aversion to its red cover."

"I think it the most beautiful peak that we have seen," said Mrs. Gordon.

The Bristenstock is not so high as many mountains in Switz-

erland, but its perfect shape and its commanding position at the head of the Reuss valley, make it one of the most imposing of the many fine snow-peaks of that attractive quarter of the world.

On either side of the valley, as the travellers gazed upward, there frowned down upon them perpendicular cliffs, showing often dark holes and caverns in their inaccessible sides; but the Tannenbaum of Switzerland grew here and there, and mosses and vines hung trailing down wherever they could gain a foothold; and high up, on one seemingly insurmountable height, was seen, outlined against the blue sky, their figures lighted up by the bright afternoon sun, a party of people who ran about on that dizzy height as if it were the safest place in the world.

"It is, probably, when one gets there," said the Colonel, "a broad, safe plateau, which we see upon the impregnable side. Those persons have evidently come up from some place over beyond."

"And they had better be getting down, too," added Harry. "The sun will set in that bank of clouds pretty soon, and leave them in darkness."

"Does that mean bad weather?" asked Katherine of her father, as she gathered up her belongings in front of the Hotel Post at Amsteg.

"I'm afraid that it does, my dear; but we won't borrow trouble; we'll wait and see."

"Can't expect all the sweet and none of the bitter, Miss Bedford," joined in Mr. Sharpe. "Perhaps it will be so obliging as not to rain until we reach our destination to-morrow. Now if we were in Texas I should know just what to think. 'All signs fail in Texas,' you know."

"No, I didn't know," said Katherine coldly, as she walked into the house.

That evening, when Cortland — after having entertained Mrs. Gordon and the girls with a later and more exciting account of the attack in the tunnel — went to his room, he found two neat parcels lying upon his bureau. They were each addressed, in a disguised hand, to Signor Delano. The hand bore a decided resemblance to Harry's. Underneath the address were the words, "From a guilty conscience."

Cortland's hand shook as he opened parcel number one, and, what was his surprise and delight to see disclosed as the wrappings fell to the floor, his handsome watch, with its glittering chain, all looking as bright and new as when he was so unceremoniously divested of them. Upon opening parcel number two his pocket-book came to light, and, to his joy, he found that not a franc or a centime had been disturbed. His pin and ring were also there, and the gold pencil was not missing.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the astonished boy. "I wonder how these things got here!" And then, as he heard familiar footsteps passing the door, he called, "Colonel, please come in here a minute." And as the old gentleman stepped inside the room: "They have returned my things already. How do you suppose the police ever got them? Don't they do these things quick, though, in Switzerland?"

"Cortland," the Colonel was looking at him very seriously, "I wouldn't talk much more about that affair if I were you; it doesn't do you quite so much credit as you led me to believe, and the less said about it the better. For a boy of your age and size to allow one person —"

"How do you know there was only one person?" asked

Cortland, in not over-gentle tones, reddening very much as he did so.

"To cry out, and implore, to calmly submit, is not American in spirit. Do not —"

"How did they get here?" persisted Cortland.

"Do not ask how they came here; be thankful that they are here, and be quiet."

A faint suspicion began to dawn upon Cortland's somewhat obtuse intellect.

"Do you mean to say that Harry or anybody —"

"Ask no questions," sternly answered the Colonel, "but try to be less boastful and more truthful in future. Why, sir, I would have been cut — yes, sir, literally hacked into inch pieces before I would have calmly handed over my property simply for the asking. As to your garbled accounts of the affair, I leave you to think them over by yourself," and the Colonel went out and closed the door.

"Hallo!" was John's pleasant, noisy exclamation as he burst with little ceremony into their joint sleeping chamber. "Where did your things come from? Got them all? Why, so you have! I don't believe they ever took them away from you at all. Did they? Come, now, own up, Cortland; you were just making fun of us all, and had the things yourself all the time."

But Cortland had suddenly become most reticent regarding "the attack," as it was now designated by the other members of the party.

"'From a guilty conscience.' Gracious! doesn't that sound like a romance?" John turned the address now this way, now that. "Looks remarkably like Harry's writing, I must say."

And then, John's brain being somewhat quicker than Cortland's, "I say, you don't think — I mean, you don't suspect that — that Harry — or — or any one you know —"

"Oblige me by dropping the subject," said his cousin shortly, with as much dignity as he could assume on so short notice, and no recurrence to "the attack" on the part of John could succeed in obtaining one syllable in reply from the quondam hero.

While these occurrences were in progress Violet and Dora wandered out of the hotel and down by the rushing Reuss. The evening was still, oh! how still; but when is it otherwise in a lonely Swiss valley, or among the secluded heights of that magic land? Nothing was heard but the tinkling and purling of the little river as it rushed swiftly over the rocks which form its uneven bed, and hurried ever onward, in haste to deliver up its share of glacier waters, to help to swell the well-fed deeps of the Luzerner See. The girls looked upward as the mountain breezes, fresh from the snow fields, swept downwards, and, rushing through the tall dark masses of the pines, set them quivering, and whispering, and moaning above their heads. Between the tall trunks they could see, standing out clear and silvery, the peak of the Bristenstock, its glittering cone, in this unearthly evening light, looking, against its deep-blue star-gemmed background, more glorious, if possible, than in the light of day. The distant tinkling of a cow bell, the echoing hoof of an uneasy horse in his temporary stable — these were the only sounds that broke the quiet. Ah! what is that? Nothing new to sojourners in this wonderland, but ever fresh and charming. The musical tenor jödel pouring out, like the glad song of a happy night-bird, from the lips of some wide-awake Swiss.

La li o ho la li o ho - o tra la li - o

ho, La li o ho la li o ho tra la li - o li - o li - o

ho li - o li - o li - o li - o ho li - o ho

li - o ho Tra li - o li - o li - o li - o ho li - o li - o li - o ho.

Far overhead it sounds, its melodious notes flooding the air again and yet again, as if the singer were in love with his own sweet strains. And then from near, close at hand, comes the answer; a soft, deep contralto takes up the refrain for a moment, and then the air changes, and as the singers join together, the girls stand entranced.

A soft rustling 'neath the pine boughs, a buxom lass passes swiftly by, with half-apologetic rustic bow, and bashful smile, her white teeth gleaming in the moonlight. Again sounds the

tenor jödel, nearer at hand. Again her full soft notes answer. And then comes a duet sweeter than any they have yet heard.



Footsteps approach. "Let us go in," says Dora, from out her wider knowledge, "and not disturb a lover's meeting."

At the breakfast table, the following morning, Mrs. Gordon, Dora and Violet renewed the questions and inquiries of the night before.

Cortland moved uneasily in his seat, and gave a hasty glance at Harry; but that young man, looking the true picture of a mountain climber, in his knickerbockers, flannel shirt, Tyrolean hat and feather, and ready knapsack, was studying in a most absorbed manner the route up to the Alpen Klub Hotel, and kept his brown forefinger on a sentence while he drank his coffee, his thoughts, apparently, anywhere but within the four walls of the breakfast room of the Hotel Zum Post.

"How did they do it?" asked Dora. "Did two of them hold your arms and the other thief pick your pockets?"

"Oh! you ought to have seen him," said Violet, with eyes full of compassion and admiration; "he was all covered with dust, because he fought with them so desperately."

"And did they threaten you, my poor boy?" inquired Mrs.

Gordon. "What did they say? In what language? Are you sure that it was Italian? Perhaps" —

"Don't ask me any more questions. I'm sick and tired of the subject," was the petulant answer; and Cortland pushed back his chair, and hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

A trip through the Maderan Valley. — John to the rescue. — Out in the storm. — Katherine's accident.

AS Mrs. Gordon descended the steep wooden outer steps of the hotel Zum Post, a novel sight presented itself to her eyes.

In the dusty road, which runs in front of the door, stood four low chairs, their short legs resting on the ground. Long wooden handles protruded on either side, in front and at the back of these remarkable conveyances, and about them stood or lounged twelve or fourteen men in the dress of guides and *trägers*, or carriers; talking, as the Swiss of either sex will, in a most interested and preoccupied way, about nothing.

Two horses stood there, held by their attendant grooms, if one may thus designate the rough peasant lads, who had probably, neither of them, ever thrown leg across a saddle.

Katherine was seating herself now in one, now in another of the *chaises-à-porteur*, trying the seats and the backs with the air, and, in fact, the knowledge of a connoisseur.

"This is my horse," said Cortland, as he sauntered up to the group, and pointed to a little red animal which was standing quietly by the roadside; "I don't propose to walk up that steep flight of steps that the guides pointed out to me, for any one."

"So you purpose riding, do you?" asked Katherine. "What is John to do?"

"Oh! I can walk," answered that young person for himself.

"You sha'n't do anything of the kind, little John, if I have to share my chair with you." And then rapidly, in *Schweitzerdeutsch*, she inquired of the *träger*, or carrier, nearest her who had engaged the horses.

The *Alter Herr*, the guide said, had engaged one for the extra shawls, valises and parcels which belonged to the different members of the party, and the other, the only one which could be procured, for *die junger Herren* to ride in turn.

"There!" was Katherine's exclamation. "Father engaged this horse for both of you boys, and you can use it alternately."

"But I engaged it last night," returned Cortland, who did not fancy being dictated to by Katherine. "I told the *Wirt* that I wanted a horse all to myself."

"No matter whether any one else had one or not, I suppose."

"No; I thought there were plenty. But I did engage this one, and I mean to have it; it isn't my fault if there are not enough horses to go round."

Katherine turned to the guide and conversed with him, in an undertone, for a moment. "'*Stehen Sie?*'"

"*Yo, Yo, Freil'n*," answered the man.

"What's that other horse for?" asked Cortland, in a sulky tone.

"To make little boys ask questions," was the tantalizing reply; "use your eyes."

Cortland followed this advice, and discovered that the little mountain beast was rapidly disappearing beneath the accumulated mass of shawls, rugs, umbrellas, canes, satchels and what-not with which this luxurious party were loaded down. He

did not dare to continue the argument, as the Colonel's will was the acknowledged law.

"Our large things went on this morning by the tragers," explained Katherine's father as he walked toward the group. "Who rides first? Oh! you, Cortland! very well, up with you; we must be off. Violet had the energy to start an hour ago, with the Baroness and Harry; I only hope that she won't give out. Now, Eleanor, here is your chair, and this is yours, Miss Parker; Katherine thinks them the easiest; and this is Rosie's. Tom can ride with whom he prefers."

"Except with me," declared Katherine, undaunted by her aunt's reproachful gaze; "Aunt Eleanor and Rosie may break lances for him to-day, I had enough of him yesterday."

"Come, John!" said the Colonel, "come, Mr. Sharpe! we must be starting on;" but Mr. Sharpe seemed inclined to linger in the neighborhood of the ladies, and many a little attention did he render them during that toilsome, upward walk, tucking in a shawl here, arranging a cushion there, or shortening or lengthening a foot-rest, not to mention a still greater service which will be mentioned in due time.

"How very kind of Mr. Sharpe," Mrs. Gordon remarked confidentially to Katherine, "to wait behind with us; I feel a little nervous: I have never ridden in one of these chairs before, and these men look so fierce and rough."

"Who! the tragers?" Katherine laughed merrily. "Why, Aunt Eleanor! I would go with two or three of them alone over any mountain pass; I mean, that I should not be afraid to do it; they are the kindest and most simple of men."

Cortland followed the others triumphantly on his sure-footed little beast, and, following the path which they had taken, was

soon at the foot of the first abrupt ascent, which, with its great blocks of stone had been hewn, partly by Nature, partly by the hand of the canny Swiss, into an uneven winding flight of steps which twisted from one side to the other. Upon the right hand the mountain sloped steeply upward, on the left it fell away sharply to the valley below.

For a moment Katherine's carriers paused to take breath, and to allow the third, or extra man, to take the place of the man at the forward poles, who at once relieved the *träger* carrying the poles at the back of the chair, who in turn walked near until it was his turn to relieve the extra man.

As this change was in progress Cortland urged his horse past the place where Katherine sat, but on the inside; and the horse, in his scramble along the base of the hill, sent a shower of dirt and small stones into her lap.

This quite disgusted Katherine.

"Be careful, Cortland," she called after him; "there is a terrible precipice ahead."

This remark had the desired effect.

"What do you mean?" asked he, stopping short.

"Oh! only a sort of scraping-off place. These little mountain horses are very tricky, you know. They will walk close to a projecting rock, and scrape you off before you know it."

"Pshaw! You are only trying to frighten me," but he reined in the animal, and waited for further advice.

"O, no! I would rather that he scraped you off than not."

Cortland looked daggers at the irritating girl.

"You remember the pictures in the geography, don't you?" she continued: "of the Andes and the emigrant train, and that funny mule which is falling down, his forefeet sticking up

in the air? I have turned cold over that picture many a time."

Cortland shuddered.

"I intend to let John ride part of the way; I wonder where he is?" and Cortland looked about anxiously, as if he would prefer that any one rather than himself should pass that "precipice ahead."

"Vorwärts!" ordered Katherine. The tragers took up their charming burden, and Cortland, who was hesitating whether to get off his horse or not, was obliged to ride on.

"Go a little faster, please, or I shall poke that little beast with my parasol," said Katherine.

"Oh! please, please, don't!" implored the young equestrian, as he urged his horse up the steep path. At the next resting-place: "You cannot get off here, Cortland, it's too dangerous," remarked his tormentor; "besides, we are just going on."

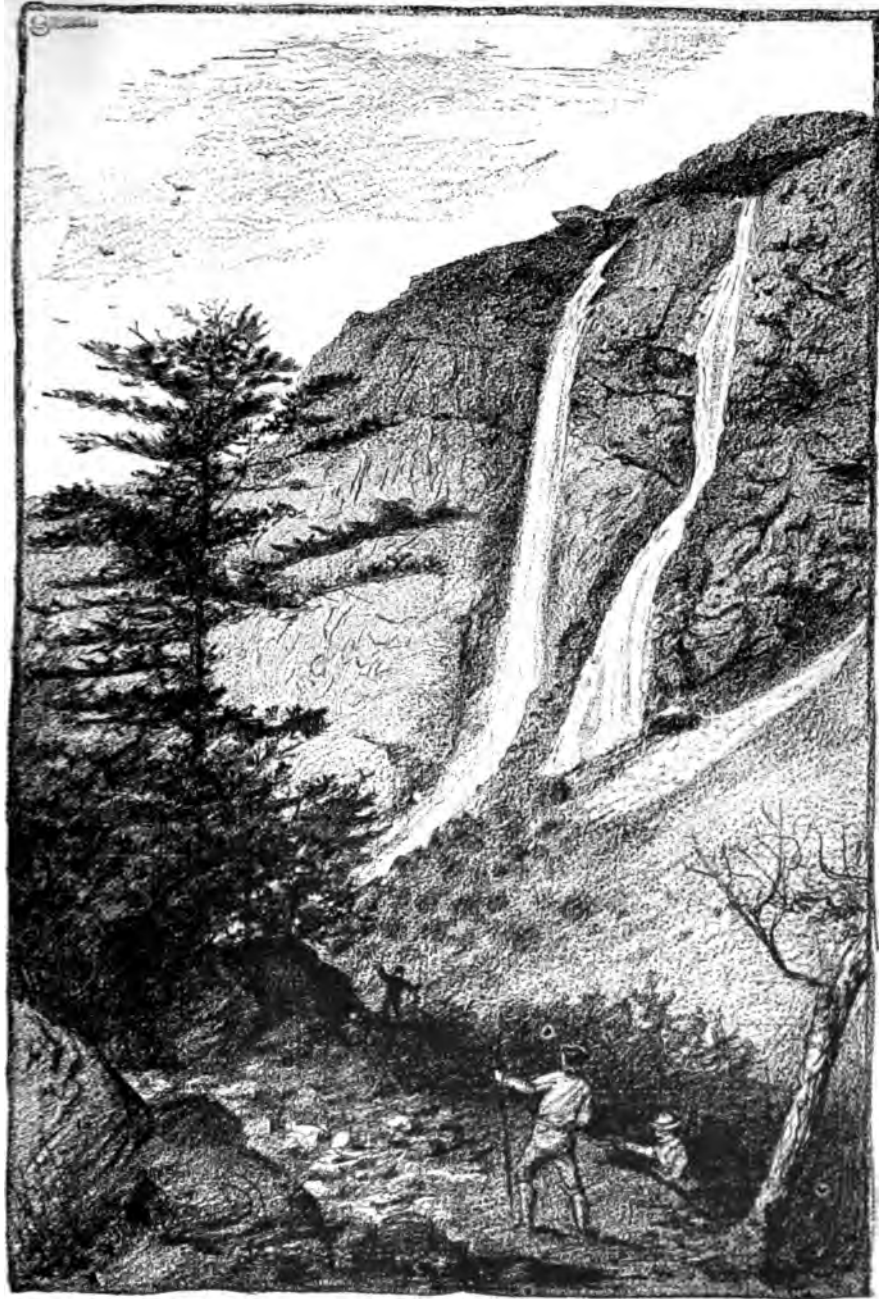
"If you would let one of those lazy fellows come and hold this brute, I could get off well enough, but the moment I attempt it, he begins to back and turn round, and I am afraid he will pitch me over the cliff."

"Oh! I couldn't possibly spare one of them a moment," was the answer; "but if you are so helpless, I advise you when we reach Bristen to change with John. There is a bridge across a fearful torrent, which you must cross, and you know that you are much heavier than John."

"*Kommen Sie hier,*" said Cortland, addressing one of the men. The trager looked at Katherine.

"*Ich darf nicht,*" he said.

"I want to get off; this beast is vicious; see how he sidles along and twists his head."



MADERANENTHAL.

"Yes; he has a bad eye," assented Katherine. "Hold on tight; he might pitch you down over the cliff."

Again Cortland asked that one of the men might assist him to dismount, but Katherine had given her orders before starting, and determined, not very kindly, on giving Cortland a good fright, they only replied that they could not leave the *Freil'n*.

All this first sudden rise seemed a terrible thing to those travellers who had never ascended any mountain; and if their strength would have permitted, they would certainly have made use of their own legs instead of those of the guides. Mrs. Gordon shuddered, closed her eyes, and clasped her boy closely to her breast, as her head tr ager stepped sometimes on the very edge of a sheer descent of hundreds of feet, and as the second guide followed the footsteps of the first, the chair was for a second really hanging in mid-air, its safety lying in the sturdy muscles and steady brains of the stolid Swiss, to whom such tasks are every-day occurrences, but after a few such bad moments, what she was pleased to call in her own mind hair-breadth escapes, she became accustomed to the feeling, and, watching the firm, sure tread of the guides, she began to rely on them, and finally to consider herself as safe as if she were at home in her own arm-chair. The motion was pleasant, and but for the feeling that she was selfishly taking her ease while these poor men were toiling on under the hot sun, to carry her up the mountain, she would have been quite happy.

"I feel as if I ought to offer to carry them," she said to Katherine, when they met, which remark was received with bursts of laughter.

Up they wound, past the rustic little chapel of St. Anthony, the humble place of worship of the mountaineers in the neigh-

borhood, and finally the little hamlet of Bristen was reached, where the good curé dispenses refreshment to all wayfarers, for a consideration. The Colonel and John were sitting under the trees by the long lunch tables, which are so common in this picnicing country, and sipping mild glasses of Kirsch wasser, much diluted with the cold water from a spring which rises near.

"We found three empty glasses when we arrived," was the Colonel's greeting, "as well as this, which I would not disturb until you came. It is news of Violet, Eleanor."

"News of Violet!" Mrs. Gordon's pretty color fled and left her with white face and lips.

"My dear, how easily you are alarmed! It is Harry's fun; that is all."

Mrs. Gordon joined the others at the table, and laughed with them as she read the message left for her. Upon the table was a half loaf of black bread, and into its dark interior was thrust a splinter of wood, whose cleft top held a paper, which read :

Advance scouts doing well; reached Bristen in guide-book time—three quarter hours.
Will welcome you at Alpen Klub Hotel, unless we proceed to glacier. H. G. B.

"The boy is crazy!" said Mrs. Gordon; "he cannot dream of taking Violet on to the glacier, after her long and fatiguing walk."

"That, I imagine, is only his fun;" and the Colonel smiled at Mrs. Gordon's anxiety. "But, perhaps, Eleanor, if you are worried, Cortland had better ride on with a message, or, better still, give his horse to Violet. She must be very tired by this time."

"I don't know the way," answered Cortland, sliding down

from his horse's back to the rough path, delighted to find his own legs under him again. "And then, there's — there's a bridge that Katherine thinks isn't very safe, for so heavy a person as myself, and " —

"Here, John, you get on," broke in the Colonel impatiently; "ride on as fast as you can, and tell Harry that I say he had better wait for us at the Lungenstutz, unless there is some very good reason why he should not."

Almost before the sentence was finished, John had started at



THE LITTLE HAMLET OF BRISTEN.

a smart pace along the path, and as the others followed, they heard the clatter of the little red horse's hoofs as he crossed the bridge. When the ladies reached this picturesque spot, many were the exclamations of delight and admiration which passed their lips, and, "How charming!" "Too perfectly lovely!" "How romantic!" "Simply a dream!" and other expressions of like nature fell thick and fast upon the air.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mr. Sharpe?" said Katherine graciously, to that gentleman, who, his hat jammed closely on the back of

his head, was leaning over the rustic railing, and gazing on the rushing torrent as if his soul was filled with its wild beauty.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sharpe slowly, "it's a pretty wonderful thing. I was just thinking what a saw-mill I could build at Chloride, New Mexico, if I had that much continuous water-power."

Katherine turned away with a disgusted expression.

"He reminds me of the tailor at Niagara, Aunt Eleanor. 'Heavens! what a place to sponge a coat!' These dreadfully rich people never think of anything but how they can make more money."

"Except as in this case," said her aunt charitably, "when they are thinking how they can spend it."

"Was that a drop of rain?" called Dora Parker's voice.

"Yes; I have felt several," answered Katherine. "I am afraid that we are in for a wetting."

"Where are the umbrellas?" asked Mr. Sharpe; but there was no one to reply, as the Colonel and Cortland had walked rapidly onward, and the rest of the party thought it wise to hasten after them.

John, meanwhile, was urging his horse rapidly along the uneven path which, however, soon lost its wild character, and wound through a valley, and then over some gentle hills, but there were no more precipices, Cortland having passed all such dangerous places on his short, but disagreeable ride. John was not at all sure of his way, and, as minor paths branched often from the main one, he was uncertain sometimes whether he had made a mistake or not, but he suddenly remembered a remark of Mr. Sharpe's, practical and to the point, as usual, made but a day or two before, when he had, on one of

their excursions, lost his path and his party. "You had a tongue in your head," was Mr. Sharpe's argument. John remembered now that he had a tongue in his head, and though he had not much German in his brain, he did not fail to greet the occasional peasant whom he met, or passed, with the words, "Alpen Klub Hotel?"

The inquiring look carried with it all that John's tongue had not been trained to say, and the good-natured natives made voluble answer, pointing, at the same time, in the right direction, which was all that the boy needed to continue him upon his way.

By and by he descried something moving far ahead, upon a bare hillside, and, cantering rapidly through the bit of woods over which his path wound, he discovered the advance guard, toiling slowing upward. A swift trot, brought John up to them. The baroness and Harry, though looking a little warm, were apparently as fresh as ever, but Violet looked worn and tired, and limped somewhat as she walked. Her face lighted up as John shouted, "Halloo! Wait where you are; I've got a horse for Violet."

Glad was Harry's smile as he seated the little maiden in the saddle, and took the bridle-rein in his hand.

"This poor little girl is what Mr. Sharpe would call clean beat out," said Harry to John. "It was too much for her to attempt, and the sun is so hot, too! I thought that if she could reach the Lungenstutz, we might find some of the tr agers waiting, and send one on to the hotel for a chair. At the Lungenstutz we shall have shelter at least from the blazing sun, so let us hurry ahead."

John stepped boldly out with the baroness, and after half an

hour's walking they came to the foot of a steep hill. Scrambling up this by the aid of alpenstocks (I believe that, were the truth told, John did not disdain the aid of the tail of the little red horse, who, far from showing any viciousness, toiled patiently upward), they reached the small board structure sometimes called, by courtesy, the Inn of the Lungenstutz.

"It would disgrace a clearing on the American frontier," exclaimed Harry; "but it has a roof, and that is something."

No guides were found at the Lungenstutz. The Frau in attendance said that they had feared rain, and had hastened upward with parcels and pack-horse.

"And all the umbrellas," added Harry ruefully.

"Except the Colonel's; he kept his," said John.

"Yes; father is never caught napping." Harry stepped outside and looked down toward the valley whence they had come.

The western sky was a dull purple, and, in the far distance, probably over the Lake of Lucerne, one or two zigzag streaks of lightning shot and leaped downward.

"Come, Violet," — he came to the open door as he spoke, — "there is no time to be lost."

"But your father said that you had better wait here," urged John.

"And I have Cortland's horse," said Violet.

"Nonsense! No more Cortland's horse than John's. Father engaged it for the boys, but you have the first claim, of course. As to my waiting here for that storm to sweep up the valley, and drench us all, I know better than that, John. Father leaves something to my judgment, I hope. He and I have often agreed that the boy who stood on the burning deck was a great goose. Up with you, young woman;" and Violet was

swung into the saddle, and on they started. John was much impressed with Harry's good judgment, for even before they entered the door of the Hotel Alpen Klub, the first deafening peal of thunder shook the very cliffs, and then the big drops of rain began to patter smartly down.

Two hours later a soaked and be-draggled party wound up the last rise which leads to the hotel. But we must go back and see what their experiences had been during the long and eventful walk from the bridge over the Kärstelenbach, where we saw them last. When the first drops of rain began to fall, the Colonel gallantly handed his umbrella to Mrs. Gordon, and when the drops came faster, and he discovered that the storm was upon them, he unrolled a small bundle which had been slung over his shoulder, and, unfolding it, was soon well enveloped from head to foot in a rubber coat which buttoned to the feet, and protected him entirely from the rain. Mrs. Gordon and little Tom snuggled closely down under the Colonel's umbrella, so enclosed in the heavy rug which Mr. Sharpe took from beneath the cushion and wrapped about them, that they were quite well protected, and, but for the fear that Mrs. Gordon had, when those terrible claps of thunder echoed round and above them, almost comfortable. Not so Katherine. She had generously forced her own water-proof, which she had conveniently placed underneath the cushion of her chair, on Dora Parker, and had resigned herself to bearing all that the pitiless storm might bring, sheltering herself as well as she could under her red umbrella. Rosie sat, with her shawl drawn over head, doubled up in a heap, moaning and groaning, and asserting repeatedly to the men who carried her chair, that "De een' ob de worl' done come," to which they responded by cheerful noddings.

and signs, and encouraging "Yo yo's." Cortland growled as he stumbled along, wanting to know a great many things about which no one seemed inclined to enlighten him.

If this was pleasure, he would like to know what discomfort was. If this was the travelling in Switzerland that he had heard so much about, he would like to know what people meant by it; that was all. He also wanted to know why, when a fellow engaged a horse, he had to give it up to the first person who wanted it, etc., etc., etc.

Katherine, hearing something of this incessant grumbling, called out to him, through the gusts of wind and rain, —

"What a pity, Cortland, that you were so afraid of that poor little broken-down beast! If you had kept him, you would have been at the hotel by this time —"

"It's all your fault," was the polite answer; "if you hadn't said that he had a bad eye —"

"So he has," laughed the girl, her spirits rising, apparently, with Cortland's discomfiture; "so he has, because he is blind in one eye, the guide says. They say that he is nearly twenty years old; possibly he has died on the way."

"I hope he has," growled Cortland in answer, as he imagined John's displeasure at being forced to resign the animal upon which he had ridden off so proudly, — "and have to walk like the rest of us," was his thought.

Meanwhile the rain was pouring pitilessly down, and not only that, but flying up under parasol and rug, as the wind swooped down from the mountain, and carried the white fierce storm with it, attacking always the least protected spot, and drenching our travellers, one and all, most mercilessly. Mr. Sharpe walked along in a most despondent frame of mind. Not that

he cared for himself, but here were three ladies, an old woman and a tender little child, miles from any shelter, and, for once in his life, Mr. Sharpe felt powerless. It seemed to him that he had never before been placed in circumstances where there was nothing to be done. He had nothing to offer. He might, it is true, take off his light summer coat, and offer it to Katherine, but it was as wet as if it had been fished out of the depths of the lake, and would be of no use to any one. So Mr. Sharpe walked disconsolately onward, his heart in a very low state, but his face animated and his voice cheerful. And now a fierce blast of wind swept down from the mountain side. Rushing swiftly along, more violent than any which had preceded it, it forced its way under Katherine's shawl, took it up as if with strong hands, and, whirling it to the front, wrapped it round the leading carrier's head. He stumbled, Katherine jumped to regain the shawl, her foot-rest broke, and the chair was thrown violently to the ground. The guide struggled to his feet, and started on, and Katherine's dragging foot was sharply struck against a projecting rock in the path, and bent backward and under the chair.

"My foot, my foot!" groaned Katherine.

"My parasol, my parasol!" screamed Dora, as the gayly-tinted thing went soaring away, and was lodged in the branches of a mammoth tree. The tragers stopped; the party seemed demoralized. Mr. Sharpe, with the water running off his hat, and down his nose in a voluminous stream, with his coat glued to his arms, and his shoes fairly spouting water, came to the rescue.

"Why, you're getting all balled up here, aren't you?" and, utterly oblivious of self, down upon his knees he went in the

muddy road, and began to mend the broken foot-rest. Mr. Sharpe was in his element; there was something to do for somebody.

"Here, you Johnny, Tommy — what's your name? Where's your knife? Any rope-yarn? No? Well, this'll do;" and out came Mr. Sharpe's handsome watch, his gold chain — made, Dora had told Katherine, in China, from English sovereigns melted down, and beautifully fashioned and chased — unfastened, and the watch slipped back into his pocket. And in less time than it takes to describe it, the chain was slipped through the hole in the foot-rest.

"That swivel seems just made for the purpose, now, doesn't it?" said Mr. Sharpe, as he admired his handiwork. "That old lariat has seen its best days. At all events, it shall never break with any one else;" and he tossed the knotted, frayed cord into the torrent below. And then the small foot was tenderly placed on the rest, and the trgaers took up their burden again. On they plodded, under the drenching floods of the heavens' wrath, which soaked them through and through with every step. Mr. Sharpe was here, there, everywhere, giving orders and advice, encouraging Mrs. Gordon and the terrified Rosie, promising little Tom all the honey that he could eat for his tea, if he would sit still and not tease his mother; joking and laughing with Dora Parker, who seemed to need no cheering, for she laughed gayly as the drops ran steadily down her back, and then Mr. Sharpe turned to go back to Katherine. Her parasol had fallen, her body was bent to one side.

"You are losing — hollo! Stop, men!" Katherine's face was colorless. She had fainted. It required but a few drops from Mr. Sharpe's ready flask to restore the suffering girl.

"Am I ill?" she asked, rubbing her hand across her forehead. "I am so dizzy. Did I faint?" Her lips were drawn and blue; she was sick with pain. "Don't let me go off again," she said, looking up imploringly into Mr. Sharpe's kind face.

"No, indeed! You're all right!" Mr. Sharpe's jolly tone was no index of his feelings at this moment. "Here, let me walk beside you; hold my hand, so. Don't mind me, child," and the kind eyes looked pityingly down on the helpless girl. "Just imagine I'm your father — I'm nearly old enough to be; there, so," and this rough diamond of a Samaritan walked along by the side of the *chaise-à-porteur*, holding Katherine's clinging hand closely in his own, looking now and again at the contracted mouth, watching the slightest change in that changed face, slipping and stumbling on slimy moss and rain-soaked roots, or muddy stones, which lined the path's edge, but, to all inconvenience to himself, holding Katherine's hand in his steady grasp, suffering almost as much as she herself when he felt her fingers twitch as the chair was jarred sometimes by the uneven tread of the half-blinded porters. Once again she lost herself; the slim hand relaxed — he felt it slipping from his own.

"Oh! where did I go?" whispered Katherine as she opened her eyes to see him bending over her, his face all compassion and anxiety. The others had gone on, unknowing, and they were left alone with the three guides. He patted her hand kindly as the men started on. "Do you think it is broken?" she asked faintly.

"Can't tell, my dear young lady; but I don't believe it is. I'm something of a doctor. I've set bones all over the world, but the first thing is to get you up to the hotel, and if there

doesn't happen to be any doctor there, I'll do what I can for you myself."

On walked the weary, dripping men, and at last, with a sigh of genuine relief, Mr. Sharpe saw Katherine's chair deposited within the hall of the Alpen Klub Hotel.

"We look as if there had been a second flood, and no ark handy," was Mr. Sharpe's remark as he met the Colonel, "but we'll be all right now."

Mrs. Gordon had arrived some minutes earlier, and had found Violet, with Fräulein Bodewitz, sitting before the roaring kitchen stove, wrapped in dry shawls, their feet encased in heavy woollen stockings generously supplied by good Frau Indergand.

"Poor mamma! how wet you are! and dear little Tom—you are soaked through!" and Violet ran hither and thither in her long-toed stockings, regardless of the fact that she had no shoes, and oblivious of the distressed glances of the good Frau, who, remembering the long winter evenings of toil over those same coarse gray foot coverings, groaned in spirit as she saw them dragged relentlessly here and there across the rough flooring of her homely kitchen.

But as our trials cannot last indefinitely in this world of surprises, the haven of refuge reached, our friends soon found themselves made comfortable in a private sitting-room, hurriedly created by the Colonel's orders, which, bare and homely as it was, seemed an abode of luxury to them: for, first and foremost, was there not a roof over their heads; and was there not a blazing, snapping fire of pine logs, by which they could be toasted to their heart's comfort; and were there not lounges in plenty, brought hastily from unoccupied rooms, upon which, after they were re-clothed, they could lie and gossip, and pity each

other, and tell the tale of their adventures to their souls' content? And was there not a hot little pot of the best English tea, sent by "the best English lady in the world?" Dora Parker said, who, having watched from her window the progress of the wretched excursionists up the valley, had dispatched her maid with the comfortable tray so soon as she heard that they were safe in their rooms. How comfortable they were now, all but poor Katherine. Her small trunk had been the first opened, and the busy hands of her friends had dressed her in warm, dry clothing before they thought of their own comfort. And while they were doing the same office for themselves, she lay upon her couch, pale and still, wondering when relief would come, and how it would come, and thinking many strange new thoughts to herself.

A knock at the door.

"I have brought a doctor to see Katherine." It was the Colonel's voice.

What a scrabbling and rushing. "Oh! wait," in agonized accents, as steaming garments were pushed into the corner, or huddled out of the way. And then Mrs. Gordon and the others withdrew into her bedroom, which opened from the sitting-room, and the Colonel was admitted.

Katherine lay upon the sofa, with closed eyes. The young French doctor, a member of the Alpine Club, drew near, and sat down by the foot of the couch. Katherine opened her eyes.

"It cannot be touched," said she decisively.

"But I must see, discover if anything is broke," urged the young man, as he laid his forefinger lightly on the fast swelling ankle. "Does that hurt you — that? No? Good, good!" and the fingers pressed the lame member firmly, tenderly, but

with ever-increasing persistence, until, at the end of a half-hour, Katherine found that her foot was undergoing a most remarkable treatment, being twisted rapidly, now this way, now that, round in a half-circle, back again, suddenly, and yet from the patient there was no remonstrance.

"My poor child! how you must suffer! How brave you are!" pityingly exclaimed her father, who sat by with furrowed brow and sympathizing look.

"It doesn't hurt me in the least, papa; so, you see, that there is no bravery in it. Of course there are no bones broken," turning to the doctor, "or you would not move it about so?"

"No, Mad'moiselle, no bones broke, only a bad sprain and twist; by to-night it would have been much worse: two or three of these treatments, and you will be recovered; quite well. Now, if Mad'moiselle permits, I will retire. She will rest, and I will see her to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and to-morrow, and with them Dr. Lavalier, and with his visits renewed strength to Katherine.

"What a wonderful thing this massage is!" exclaimed the grateful Colonel after the doctor's second visit.

"Yes, my dear Monsieur, it is indeed a blessed discovery. With the old treatment we would have put your daughter's foot into splinters. Ah! yes, splints, for six weeks, or so, and then she would have needed six weeks to recover from that, while now — a few manipulations — chut! it is gone — flown; the foot as strong as evare."

It was the second day of Katherine's imprisonment. The storm had come and gone, and left no trace, except, perhaps, that the water courses were worn a trifle deeper, and that an occasional boulder had fallen from the hillside. As the sun

came slowly climbing above the eastern cliffs, our party were up and stirring.

"To think that I cannot go!" exclaimed Katherine impatiently. "I never cared for these excursions before, and now that I am forbidden, I want to. Do you think that it would hurt me, doctor?"

"It would be a risk," said the candid little Frenchman. "It is much safer for you to remain with the nurse and maid to attend you."

"And Tom," groaned Katherine.

"You are cruel, Katherine." Mrs. Gordon spoke reproachfully, and then, catching sight of the apple of her eye below in the courtyard, making the utmost exertions to ensnare, with a view to riding, a shaggy mountain goat, she made a sudden decision: "Tom shall not annoy you. He shall go with me."

"Tom! You will take that child to the glacier?"

"I shall not cross the moraine," answered her aunt. "Your father says that I can be carried to the slope of the mountain overlooking the glacier, and after I have seen them safely on their way, I can return."

"Well, I suppose that I must content myself with Rosie, and that French maid of Dora's. Please leave me all the novels. Oh! what a long day it will be." And Katherine turned her face to the plastered wall with a sigh.

"You spoiled child! Do you suppose that your old father will leave you alone? Don't you know him better than that? There are plenty without me, and I have been there often. You and I will try it next week, when you are stronger;" and the Colonel bent his head and kissed his daughter's cheek.

"O, papa! how good you are to me."

Katherine's eyes were moist. The girl had become strangely softened since her accident. She looked down a moment, and pulled the fringe of her travelling rug with tremulous fingers, and then, without raising her eyes, —

“Is Mr. — Mr. — Sharpe going?”

“Oh! certainly, my dear. Knowing how you dislike him, I encouraged his going in every possible way. He asked me if he might see you, but I put him off as well as I could. As you have always said, he is a little pushing — a good fellow — but pushing.”

“Why did you put him off?” The questioning tone was very low.

“Why? Oh! I know how his brusque manners jar upon you, my dear. It is no matter among men, but of course I understand just how you feel.”

“Do you, father?”

“Yes, dear, yes. Who understands you better than I? Accustomed as you have always been to refined and cultivated people — the — in short, the best society at home and abroad” —

“I hate the best society!” was the petulant reply.

“Do you, my dear? Well, that is news to me. However, that has nothing to do with Sharpe's forcing himself upon you — intruding, as it were; but I was firm. I really felt sorry for him; but I was determined that you should not be annoyed. Somehow, I can't forget how he looked when I told him that he had better not ask to see you for some time to come; but I was sorry for that look in his eyes. He has good eyes, Kathie; so mild and dark. He just looked at me for a moment, as if he was terribly hurt, and then turned away without a word.”

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"Oh! don't, papa!" It was almost a cry.

"Forgive me, dear. Did I hurt your foot? No; oh! you don't like talking about Mr. Sharpe? Very well, then; but I am glad that I said what I did."

"What did you say — when?"

"Why, after he turned away, apparently so hurt, I hurried after him, and explained as well as I could. I told him that you were very nervous and quite ill; that he must not think unkindly of you or me, but, in short, my dear, I gave him to understand that his attentions were annoying to you; that I was sorry for him."

"O, father!" Katherine's burning cheeks were covered close with her hands; "and what — did he say?"

"He said that no one was less likely to annoy Miss Bedford than he; and then he walked away, and I saw him arranging your Aunt Eleanor's chair, and cutting a name in Dora Parker's alpenstock, and laughing and amusing every one with his queer speeches. He is a good fellow, but a little persistent, but I will —"

"Persistent! Father! Why, how heartless you have grown! He saved my life! I am sure he did! I had fainted — and he brought me to — and — and — stayed by me — when every one had gone ahead — and then he walked — walked along by the side of that wretched chair — in the mud — and the rain — and the wind — holding my hand — because — I was all alone, and afraid of fainting again — and — now — now — you-ou say — he-e is per-persistent. Is that your grat-at-itude?" and Katherine's disconnected sentences ended in a storm of sobs.

"Why, Kathie, my child, what has come to you?" exclaimed

the bewildered Colonel. "You are completely upset by this wretched sprain. I have never known you like this before. Here I go and offend a very good fellow, thinking that I am doing what will please you, and I am rewarded by floods of tears and storms of reproaches. Stop, dear, stop! you will break your old father's heart."

There had come a crisis in the life of Katherine, for which the Colonel was not at all prepared. A knock at the door. Jeanette had brought a small parcel wrapped up in a bit of old newspaper. She handed it to Katherine. The guides were returning to Amsteg, she explained, and one of them, on taking up his chair, had discovered this. The chair had been left in the woodshed, and he had thought no more about it until he prepared to descend to the valley.

Katherine unfolded the paper.

"Somebody's watch-chain," said the Colonel.

Katherine held the chain in her hand and lay looking at the fire. "How little he thinks of sacrificing himself, or his own belongings, when he can do anything for others!" she thought, but she said nothing to her father as she laid the curiously-wrought chain upon the table.

"Whose is it — Sharpe's?" asked her father.

"Yes."

"I'll give it to him, and say everything that is grateful. You show a very proper feeling, my dear."

"I will give it to him myself, papa," answered Katherine, as her fingers closed over the gold links. And she kept her word.

CHAPTER IX.

The Hüfi Glacier. — John, Harry, and Mr. Sharpe successively explore a crevasse. — Mr. Sharpe for obvious reasons decides upon remaining within its recesses. — A Sunday at Hotel Alpen Klub.

HARRY, meanwhile, with the guide to lead, had marshalled his forces, and they were now marching, single file, through the lovely piece of woods in which the hotel is situated. As they walked on, views opened to their admiring eyes: across the valley long thin streams of foam leaped from cliff to cliff, and the Staüber, that beautiful fall of water, swollen and enlarged by the recent rains, fell in a heavy torrent, dashing white against the projecting rocks, and helping, as it reached the valley, to swell the Kärstelenbach, whose ice-cold waters issue from the ice cave of the Hüfi Glacier. Upon the left tall cliffs reared their heads. They seemed hopelessly inaccessible, but Harry told Violet there was a path leading to the top, and that he had often come home with a fine string of fish from the mountain lake which lies in an enormous rocky basin upon this towering height.

“Where is Fräulein Bodewitz?” asked Mrs. Gordon.

“She disappeared a moment since,” answered Harry. “Ah! here she comes, sensible to the last.”

Mrs. Gordon gave a slight shiver as the little baroness approached the group.

“You do not approve, Madame?” inquired she. “I haf

merely changed my long skirt for a short one which I carried in my hand."

"But those — those —"

"And what harm, Madame? Does it not show sense, and de best of sense, to prepare for any work one has to do? Dis is my climbing dress. Is it more unproper dan your little daughter's?"

"But she is a little girl," argued Mrs. Gordon; "however, pardon me. I have no right to criticise, only — only —"

"Is it so strange to you, Madame? I haf been told, I haf thought that many ladies in America wore such dress — vat you call dem — bloomares?"

"Heaven forbid!" shuddered Mr. Sharpe, *sotto voce*.

"I think it a very jolly sort of a costume," exclaimed Harry, coming to the little lady's rescue. "After all, Aunt Eleanor, it's only an idea of yours. Now look at Miss Parker as she trails ahead in that fashionable gown. Can anything be more out of place? There! she has caught it on a bush, and torn — here — wait, Miss Parker! Let me" — and Harry's knife came out of his pocket to release this victim of fashion.

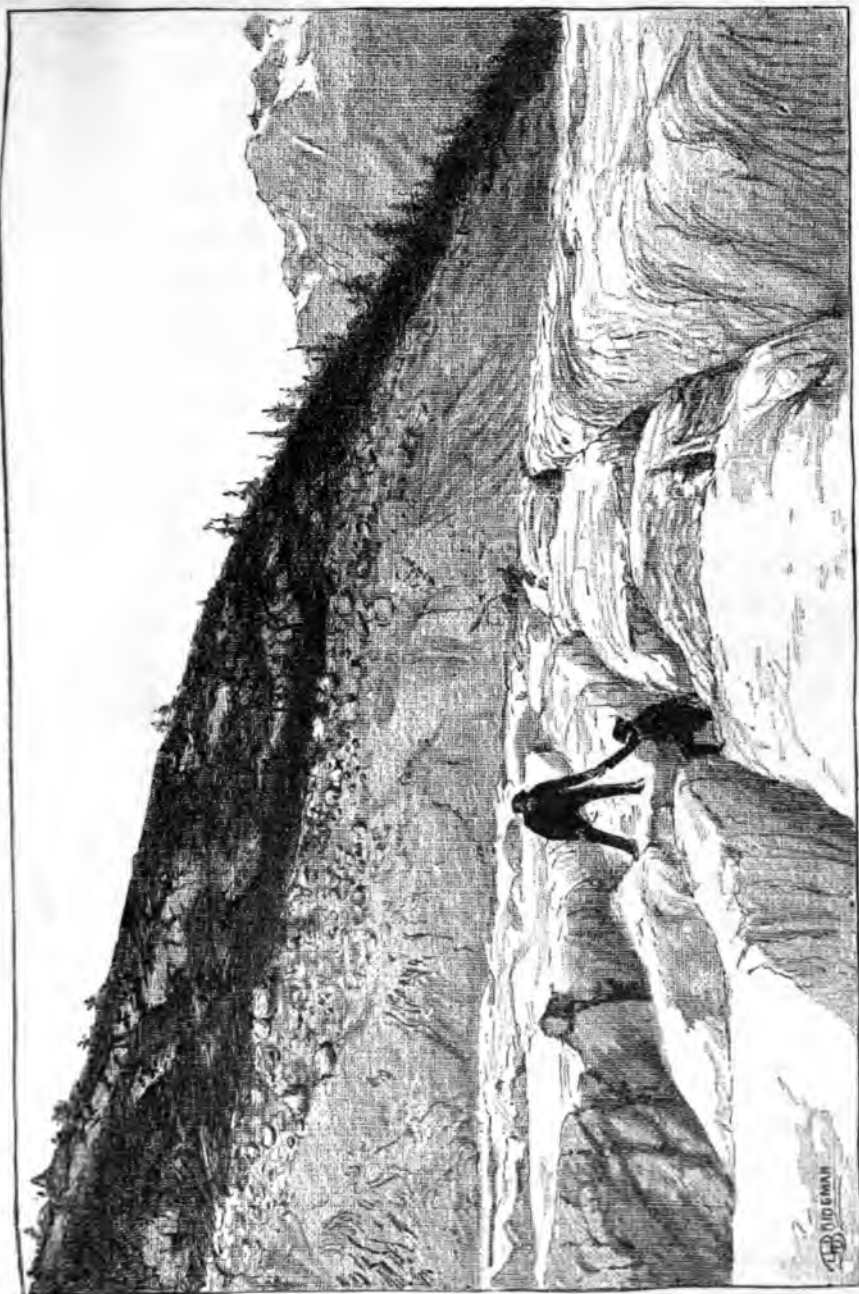
"Horrid thing! I'm glad it is torn. I spoilt my one good plain dress in that rain yesterday, and the others haven't come. How I wish that I had a climbing dress like that!"

"One convert, any way," exclaimed Harry.

A little more than an hour's steady walking brought the party to the slope above the moraine, below which lies the Hüfi Glacier.

"What are you sighing for, Aunt?" asked Harry.

"Was I? Oh! I don't know; a family trait, I believe, when we are impressed with anything that is beautiful or



HUFE GLACIER.

grand. I never saw anything like it in my life before. It looks like a great foaming river frozen in an instant as it rushed along, its onward course forever checked at the magic word of some fairy of the mountains. What a wonderful place it is! But I am satisfied not to cross it. It seems to me like a weird and mysterious place. I am not sure that I care to have Violet go. She might turn her ankle as Katherine did, among these rough black rocks — the moraine, I believe they call it."

"O, mother! I want so to go. I have never had such a chance as this," was Violet's protest.

"I will take good care of her, Aunt Eleanor, and give her up to no one but the guide."

Mrs. Gordon sighed again, but made no further objection.

Master Tom, at this point, called attention to himself by declaring that he would also cross the glacier, proposing a plan which seemed to come, ready-formed, from his brain; that Mr. Sharpe and Harry should carry him "by turns."

But this proposition not meeting with that approval for which the young traveller had hoped, he was forced to content himself with a look at the forbidden land, and, return as he had come, in his mother's arms, to the hotel.

Mr. Sharpe waited by Mrs. Gordon's chair until that lady signified her intention of returning, and, as her porters raised her from the ground, he lifted his hat and followed the others down over the moraine.

"How curious it feels, this first step on the ice!" said John.

"It seems like winter," returned Violet, "until you look across at the banks opposite, covered with bushes and vines."

"And those patches of color, are they flowers?" asked Dora Parker.

"I suppose they must be," was Harry's answer; "we passed just such patches as we came along."

They advanced cautiously upon the rounding, waving mass of ice, with its covering of frozen snow. Violet slipped a little, Dora Parker's finery caught upon a projecting edge, but the baroness strode ahead, quite independent of them all, planting the point of her alpenstock firmly in the frozen surface, and stepping out boldly and reliantly.

"This is her old tramping ground," remarked Harry, as Violet expressed in words her admiration of the little German's independence of deed and thought. "She has been here several times, she tells me. You see that the guide quite trusts her to go on ahead."

"Come this way!" The shout came from Cortland, as he stood on a small eminence further up the glacier, and beckoned to the others. The guide shook his head, and said something quickly to Harry.

"This way, he says," answered Harry; "that path is dangerous after the rain; the ice is rotten."

"O, pshaw!" ejaculated Cortland, stamping with his foot upon the white mass beneath him. "I've seen ice before. Don't you suppose I know what I'm about?"

"No doubt, young man, no doubt," replied Mr. Sharpe, saving Harry the trouble; "glaciers are so plenty out in Indiana; at the same time, if you don't come over here, I shall appear in your immediate vicinity, and when I lasso you, you'll wish that I had never seen the plains."

"I'll come," was the meek reply, and Cortland slowly and carefully skirted the ice-heap and a yawning abyss, and followed like a lamb in Mr. Sharpe's footsteps.

The guide now stopped. They had nearly reached the middle of the glacier. As they looked upward from whence the river seemed to come, it was as if the boiling flood were ready to dash its white points over and envelop them.

"I cannot realize that it is firm, fixed," said Dora; "it seems as if it must be rushing downward, and would carry me with it."

The guide now spoke a few words to Harry.

"I must give you up, Violet," he said; "Trösch says that he had better take the young Fräulein across the rest of the way; and listen, all of you: he says that you must walk a little way apart, and follow just where he leads; he evidently thinks that it was rather foolish to have come."

Trösch hereupon took Violet's little hand in his, and, without ceremony, passed it through his arm, then clasping it again firmly, he so held it, and proceeded upon his way. Thus upheld and protected, Violet felt as if there were no danger; and, when once or twice she slipped, the guide seemed not to notice, but walked steadily onward, for his own great bulk was not even jarred. Mr. Sharpe followed with Dora Parker, then came Harry, and the boys last. The baroness, amenable to no one, flitted hither and thither: now ahead of the guide, now behind them all; bent, Harry called to her, on her own destruction.

Past deep, dark crevasses they wound, skirting them on one side or the other, each following in the footsteps of his predecessor as closely as might be.

They had proceeded in silence for a few moments when there was an outcry: Cortland had slipped; and John, jumping to his assistance, had given him his hand; but, as Cortland scrambled to his feet, the crumbling ice, upon which John was standing, gave way, and he disappeared from view.

John's feet had been upon the edge of a crevasse, but his back being toward it, he knew nothing of his danger; and, as a natural consequence, when Cortland, after pulling himself up to a standing position, relaxed his hold suddenly, John fell backward.

Mr. Sharpe could not resist saying a word as he hurried to the spot.

"That was like you, young man," he said to Cortland; "you are almost as agile as the bird they call the bear."

Harry was there in a moment, and was preparing to descend into the hole as Mr. Sharpe came up.

"This is foolhardiness," shouted Mr. Sharpe excitedly; "the guide has a rope; let me go down. Well, if you must," noting Harry's refusal in his determined face, "let me, at least, knot this under your arms, so. Stand where you are, Dora, you and Violet, and send the guide here."

Together they lowered Harry down; Mr. Sharpe laid down on the ice, winding the rope round his body. The guide shook his head.

"It may not be your style, but it's mine," said Mr. Sharpe; "you stand there, where I tell you, and stick your heels into the ice;" which directions, it is needless to say, might as well have been given in Mr. Sharpe's favorite Kickerickapoo, for all that the guide understood of them; but his quick eye took in the situation, and if Mr. Sharpe was determined to lie down and wind a rope round his body, Trösch could not prevent him. So he did the next best thing; planted his feet firmly in the ice, and lowered Harry cautiously downward.

"You see I act as an anchor," said Mr. Sharpe; "if that fellow slips, you can't drag me from behind this hummock. Now,



UPON THE GLACIERS.

remember," he shouted, as Harry's head was disappearing: "two jerks to pull up; one, to lower."

"Aye, aye!" answered Harry.

Harry did not bear much weight on the rope. The crevasse was not so wide across but that he could press his back against one side of the shaft, and his knees against the other, in the fashion of chimney-sweepers; his education as an engineer, and his varied experiences among the wilds of the Tyrol, having taught him the use of all sorts of expedients.

After descending in this way for about the depth of ten feet, the crevasse turned abruptly, in a slanting direction; and, after sliding slowly down a gentle incline, the rope paying out as he did so, Harry came to the bottom and little John, sitting there in a dazed heap.

A faint streak of light came from somewhere overhead.

"I can't make you out, very well, John, my boy; any bones broken?"

"O, Harry, Harry! is that you? No; I am not hurt. My face is scraped a little, I believe; but I was just wondering if I should ever see my mother again."

Harry put his hands on John's shoulders; the boy was shaking as if in a chill.

"Cheer up, old man! we'll have you out in five minutes. There! what do you think of that? It's worth coming down for, isn't it?"

"Oh! how splendid," was John's exclamation; for Harry had lighted one of those useful little articles, a vesuvian, and the ice-cave had been transformed into a glittering palace of crystal.

"Yes, it's very fine; but we have no time to admire it: out with you!"

"What! and leave you here, Cousin Harry?"

"Oh! they will send the rope back for me."

"What is that rushing sound down below us?" asked John.

"That's the glacier river beneath; and if we make a misstep we shall form a nearer acquaintance with it than is pleasant. Here, let me slip this noose under your arms, so. Now, when I say ready, be ready, and keep yourself off the edges of the cave; that sharp bend in the roof, particularly, where it turns. Now, are you all right? Very well, then; ready!" and Harry gave two quick distinct jerks to the loosened rope.

The signal was felt above; there came a gentle strain on the rope, and John began to make his exit from the ice-cave.

Harry listened intently as John disappeared from the slope and into the straight shaft of the crevasse; and then he heard faint hurrahs, and felt that John was saved.

"I suppose they'll get me out," said Harry to himself. "I wonder why they don't send the rope down; perhaps they cannot make it pass the turn." He lighted another match; a scramble, a rush, a slide.

"Go slow!" was the characteristic remark.

"Wait until I turn on the gas; you blew it out," said Harry. A fizz, the ice-cavern reflected back a million sparks of light, and showed Harry Mr. Sharpe's ungainly length standing just above him.

"Now, young man, you put that lariat under your arms and scramble up that chimney," was Mr. Sharpe's greeting as he divested himself of the rope.

"Not much!" was Harry's not over-refined, but impressive answer. "I think I see myself going up and leaving you down

here. Why did you come down? It was absurd," said Harry, not over graciously.

"Well, you see, we couldn't make the rope turn the corner. The little German lady is picking her way over to the moraine to find a stone, but I thought I wouldn't wait;" there was an undercurrent of anxiety in Mr. Sharpe's tone. "You see I have always been curious to see an ice-cave; curiosity, as you may have noticed, is my bane; and so I thought I'd come down. While you are going up, I'll take a look round;" and the eccentric individual gazed admiringly about him while perching on his icy little platform, two feet by three, as if life had never been complete until this moment.

"Very well; take your look round, and then go back and lower the rope to me."

"Young man," said Mr. Sharpe impressively, "you'll find that I can be as stubborn as most. You think that if I go up you can get out alone, but when you come to open the door, you will find that you have forgotten the combination. Do you think I'm going up there to" — Mr. Sharpe was tugging at the knot in the rope with his teeth. — "How could I face your father and your sister — in short, young man," and Mr. Sharpe slipped the rope under Harry's arms, and drew it firmly about his chest, "I'll never leave this hole until you are out of it. The guide told the little German that I must ask you to hurry a little, if you don't mind, for he is afraid that the ice will cave in round the hole. They have to stand pretty near; the rope is none too long. They have all got hold, girls and all, God bless 'em! and it's all right; up you go;" and, before Harry could prevent, Mr. Sharpe had twitched the rope twice.

"But," argued Harry, "I cannot leave you here a" —

"Young man," the words were more sternly spoken, "by delay you imperil both our lives. Is it better that two should be lost, or possibly none? They are hauling; hand me those electric lights, will you? Thank you! good-by! Tell your sister —"

Fizz! snap! The cave was lighted again as if each pinnacle held a glittering globe of its own.

"This beats Echo Cañon!" were the last words that Harry heard Mr. Sharpe say, as he came up to sunlight, and warm air, and loving faces; and, as he raised himself on the edge, and stepped away from the cavern's yawning depths, there came an ominous crack—a crashing, grinding sound; the rotten mass had fallen, closing up the crevasse, and shutting Harry's rescuer from the outside world.

"O, Uncle Lem! dear Uncle Lem! he is killed; he is lost!" wailed Dora, wringing her hands.

"An' I just get de stone one minute doo late!" said Fräulein von Bodewitz, as, red and breathless, she deposited a good-sized rock upon the ice at her feet.

As for Mr. Sharpe in his ice-palace, he scratched a match, held it up, and looked about him. The transformation from the dark cold cave into a brilliant arch of light, which threw thousands of sparkling jets upward, downward, across in every direction, seemed almost to deprive Mr. Sharpe of the little breath that his argument with Harry had left him. Perhaps it was treason, but Mr. Sharpe had been loyal to his early love for a long time; however that may be, he drew a long breath, struck another vesuvian, raised it above his head, and as the scintillations danced and shone, in answer to the flickering of the flame, he drew a long breath and said again, reluctantly, in positive, but regretful tones, "This beats Echo Cañon all to pieces!"

A dispassionate observer would have been interested to note the effect which this catastrophe produced upon the different members of the little party.

Violet was overcome. She sank down upon the frozen bed of the glacier, wringing her hands and sobbing in a wild passion of tears.

John was white and tearful, but wordless. He looked at Harry helplessly. It seemed as if even Harry could do nothing now.

Cortland began to scramble for the further bank as fast as his legs would carry him.

"You don't catch me staying round there," he called in excuse, as he hurried away; "it might cave in again." Considering that Cortland was originally the cause of the accident, this action on his part savored somewhat of cowardice to those left upon the glacier. The little baroness remarked, —

"I haf seen worze cazes. We can dik him out if we haf some helb immediate."

Harry shouted, "It's all right. We'll have you out in no time," and then cast about for something or some one who could aid in fulfilling the promise. Failing this, he dispatched the guide at once to the hotel, telling him to procure aid, and then he begged Fräulein Bodewitz to follow with Violet and John. The little lady refused, at first, but finally yielded, for Violet's sake, for the wind had risen and was blowing with arctic temperature down from the mountains.

"Please go with them, Miss Parker," urged Harry. "You will freeze to death if you stay here."

"What! And leave Uncle Lem down there alone?"

"He is just as much alone," was Harry's argument, "whether you go or stay."

The obstinate, independent girl made no reply, but seated herself with great precaution upon an ice hummock, to await further developments.

"Oh! do please go," said Harry in anxious tones. "We shall have you all ill on our hands at once." But Dora did not offer to move, and Harry turned away with a distressed sigh, and scanned the hills and mountains, and even the upper crest of the glacier, hoping that somewhere he might see what looked like help approaching; but not a movement nor a sound broke the stillness. John could not be persuaded to leave Harry, but, like him, sought an entrance through the thick bed of ice, down which he might call some words of comfort to his imprisoned friend.

"It's all right, Sharpe," would Harry shout, with his mouth pressed close to a crevasse, which he thought might lead the sound somewhere near Mr. Sharpe's prison. "We have sent for help; they will be here soon. We'll have you out in no time." But either the hole down which Harry called did not lead to Mr. Sharpe's ice cave, or else he was not able to reply. Once Harry thought that he heard a faint,—

"Tra la li he h-o-o-o-o!"

But it might have been away over the mountain yonder; some returning guide, perhaps, who had been over the Brunni Glacier, or down to Dissentis, was singing joyfully of his return to the Maderanerthal. Would help never come? Such a little way below them he was, and yet they were so helpless to aid him!

"He has got my alpenstock, at any rate," said John. "I remember seeing it there when they drew me out. I suppose it slipped in when I did."

"Your alpenstock!" groaned Dora. "What good is that to

a man shut up in an ice cave, with fifty tons of ice closing up his only chance of escape?"

To return to Cortland. He hastened after the guide, and though, under ordinary circumstances, the little Fräulein would easily have outstripped him, now, as she waited for Violet, who was unaccustomed to such rough walking, they fell far behind. Cortland kept the guide in sight, inwardly chafing that he could not get ahead of him, and thus be the first to tell the news at the hotel. He was, however, determined to get as much glory out of the adventure as possible, and so, though much later than the guide in arriving, that functionary thought of nothing but how to get, in the quickest space of time, the aid required. He went at once to the old Wirt, requesting that he be furnished with picks and shovels, and that such guides as were at the hotel should return at once with him to the scene of the disaster.

Cortland finding that the regular habitues of the hotel had heard the unpleasant news, and determined to astonish somebody, walked across the courtyard to the new part of the hotel, in which the Colonel's rooms were situated. He knocked at the Colonel's door. Getting no response, he hurried along to the salon, or little sitting-room, and there he heard the sound of voices, as if the Colonel were reading aloud, and Katherine commenting upon what she heard. The first tap at the door was unheeded, but, at the second and louder rapping, "Come in!" said the Colonel's cheery voice.

Katherine was lying back upon the sofa, looking expectantly at the door. Her expression, however, changed to one of disappointment as her eyes fell upon the intruder. The Colonel politely laid down the book.

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"Go on, father," said she impatiently; "I can have the pleasure of seeing Cortland any time, but I can't always get you to read Whymper's 'Scrambles among the Alps' to me."

"You don't seem to be over-glad to see me," remarked Cortland, "but I guess you'll be interested before I have finished."

"What is the matter?"

"What has happened?" from his hearers.

"Oh!" to Katherine, "you do care to see Cortland, after all?"

"No, indeed! Why should I? I suppose, that as usual, they have sent you home, or else you couldn't keep up. Go on, father."

"Indeed, Miss, you're out this time. I came back of my own accord. The guide was ahead of me."

"How strange! Go on, father."

"He's getting pickaxes and shovels, and ropes, and a lot —"

"Boy, speak! What do you mean?" broke in the Colonel, rising agitatedly. "Is it Harry? Who is it? Speak!"

"The ice caved in," returned Cortland. "It was all John's fault, and then Harry went down."

"And is there now?" The Colonel was starting for the door.

"No; he's out, and John's out."

"Then why do they want picks and ropes? Come, boy, are you tongue-tied, or only stupid? Is there any one down there now?"

"No; nobody but Mr. Sharpe."

"Run for your aunt, quickly. Look at Katherine! Poor girl! so weak as she is. She has fainted! How could you bring her such news of her brother, whom she idolizes? Look

up, Kathie darling. It is not Harry, only Mr. Sharpe. There! she's off again! O, Eleanor! is that you? I need some one with sense. Open the window, Cortland. Give me that fan; there, gently, gently. See! she is opening her eyes. It is all right, dearest." The Colonel ought to be forgiven, under the circumstances, for making this statement, as he was not at all sure whether it was all right or all wrong.

"Is he safe?" was Katherine's whisper, ending in a long, bursting sob.

"O, yes, dear! Yes, certainly. Harry is out, and attending to everything."

"But — but — the others. Are they all safe?"

"Yes, Kathie, dear child, we will hope so," and Katherine was fain to be content with this answer. She lay back upon her pillows, a very white and distressed-looking girl, waiting, listening for some sound, some shout or jödel, which would tell her the news which she longed to hear. An hour passed, but still no tidings of the missing party.

"Oh! where are they?" groaned Katherine. "Why do not they come?"

"I will walk up to the lookout, dearest," exclaimed the ever-ready Colonel, "and see if I can discover anything."

Now succeeded a tiresome and weary period of watching. Mrs. Gordon's anxiety was also very great. She questioned Cortland closely, and when he told her positively that Violet had started on her return with Fräulein Bodewitz, she felt that she must believe him, and yet Cortland had been proven unreliable so many times. And now steps were heard on the stairs. But it was only the Colonel, who had come back to report that he could see, across the valley, a few persons walking.

"So they have come down the other side, instead of taking the path by which they went," he said. "It seems to me that the Fräulein and Violet should be here by this time."

The words were hardly spoken when the door opened, and in walked Violet. She dragged her feet after her, as if they were almost paralyzed, and she threw herself into her mother's arms. A very be-draggled looking child she was, but, beyond being completely exhausted, she was well. Her mother, however, listening to Colonel Bedford's advice, insisted on putting her to bed at once.

"O, mamma, how absurd! To bed in the day time, and I am not even ill at all!" But remonstrance availed not, and between the coarse, clean Swiss sheets Miss Violet went, not to emerge any more for that day.

"Where can they be?" ejaculated Katherine for the twentieth time, if such a weary groan as she gave vent to may be termed an ejaculation.

"They must be here soon, my dear. I did not tell you that they seemed to be carrying something — if only their picks and shovels, it would retard their movements very much. We will hope that it is only those useful implements," finished the Colonel, with a smile.

The rescuing party were indeed carrying something. It was, however, not Mr. Sharpe's inanimate body — which possibly the Colonel thought it might be — but it was Dora Parker, who, exhausted and chilled by her long vigil, and its disappointing termination, had slipped and staggered on the homeward trip, and finally sank down, declaring that she had not the strength to go further. It was an easy matter for the experienced guides to make a sort of swinging chair with the rope they had brought,

firmly fastened to the poles which they carried, and thus Dora rode home, if not in triumph, still in comparative comfort.

With so many friends to remember, it takes a little time to recount the experiences of all, each interesting in their way. We must now go back of all this, and see what success Harry and John met with in their attempted rescue of Mr. Sharpe. Harry's heart was glad when he at last descried the guides winding their way along the same path by which the party had reached the glacier that morning. This path lies along the slope of the mountain, high above the valley through which runs the Kärstelenbach — the river which empties from the glacier — and persons walking along this path, or in the path which leads through the valley below, seldom see each other, as the woods and trees intervene most of the way. The rescuing party appeared at last, however, and Harry and John sent up a hearty cheer as the sturdy men came scrambling down across the moraine. It was not many moments after the guides arrived before they had started vigorously to work.

"It is a little late," said one, as he wiped his brow and resumed the pick, which had been for a moment discarded.

"Yo, yo," assented another.

It was a miserable hour for Harry, John, and, above all, for Dora Parker. "Oh! if I could only do anything," she exclaimed. "It seems as if I must take a shovel myself."

Harry went to her, and found that her lips were blue, and that she was shaking as with a chill.

"You will be frozen in this cold wind," said he. "If you had only gone home with Fräulein!"

"Oh! I couldn't go," groaned the anxious girl, "and leave Uncle Lem here."

Harry's answer was to take off his coat and button it round her shoulders, and then he took up his station again, watching anxiously the progress of the work. The men worked like beavers. The picks and shovels were never still, or at least only when one interfered with another. The snow and ice flew out of the shaft in showers, and still they toiled on.

"They are nearly down to the bottom now," called Harry encouragingly to Dora; "only a little further, they say." And then Harry sent down into that hopeless crevasse, for the hundredth time, his cheering shouts, but no sound returned to tell them that the call was heard or heeded.

At last the shaft was clear, and the hardy Swiss at the bottom pushing the débris which had collected, down the incline with his heavy shoe, proceeded to follow it. With the rope knotted securely under his arms, held firmly above by those stationed at the edge of the shaft, he slid gently downward. Cautiously he descended, and when his feet rested on a solid and horizontal ledge of ice he struck one of the vesuvians with which Harry had provided him. If there had been any one there beside the would-be rescuer, he would have seen an astonished pair of eyes gazing into every corner of the shining cave. He turned and twisted himself, looked keenly in every direction, stooped and peered downward, but nothing but the scintillations of light flashing back at him from a hundred thousand glittering jets, met his eye, and when he raised his voice in his wild and musical national cry, only its own echoes answered him, accompanied by the tinkle, tinkle, of the icy brook below. Instead of what he confidently expected to find — Mr. Sharpe's inanimate body — meeting his gaze, the cave was empty except for himself. The cork which he had removed from the flask, that he might

be ready to lend succor at the first opportunity, was slowly replaced, and the flask returned to his breast pocket. A little lower he descended and lighted a second match. Again he sent forth his echoing jödel; only echo answered him, as before. With a long-drawn "*Ach!*" he twitched at the rope, and, aiding himself as best he could, returned laboriously to the upper world.

"Well, speak!" said Harry, almost before he had appeared at the mouth of the shaft. "He was too heavy for you alone? I thought so. Let me go down; I will help lift him. Now, who will go with me? You? you?" said Harry, excitedly, looking at those standing about him. "What do you say? What!"

"*'St nicht da!*" repeated the guide, who had not been able to make himself understood above Harry's excited appeal.

"Not there! what are you talking about, Androz?" said Harry hurriedly, in *Schweitzer-deutsch*, a dialect which he spoke with ease. "He must be there! We saw him go down this very hole. We certainly have not seen him come out. Where else can he be?"

"*Ja;*" Androz shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, and put on that utterly hopeless look which these people can assume at times, which, in most cases, puts an end to all argument. But Harry was not to be so baffled. He knotted the rope under his shoulders for the second time that day, and, bidding the guides lower him cautiously he went down, to satisfy himself that Androz had made no mistake. But his experience was similar to that of the worthy Swiss. Mr. Sharpe certainly had, for the time, disappeared from mortal eye.

"And you never brought up my alpenstock, Harry," said John, as Harry reappeared with his astounding news.

"There was no sign of that, either," said Harry. "I looked on all sides."

Androz confided to Wilhelm at once that he had always heard that the ice spirits haunted the caves of the glaciers, and that now he was sure of it.

"When I jödeled they answered again and again," said he, "and they have carried away the Herr Englander where his friends will never find him."

Whereupon the three guides shouldered their picks and shovels, and started for the hotel, the dejected little party of three following them, Dora Parker shaking with the cold and crying bitterly.

And now to return to our adventurous friend:

When Mr. Sharpe found himself shut in from the light, and the sound of his friends' voices, he felt for the moment rather dismal, but trusting to their not deserting him, he waited patiently for a while, lighting his matches and amusing himself by noting the brilliant illumination of what he ever after called his ice palace. Before long he began to find it very cold, and cast about him for a place where he might move about somewhat. He looked beneath the small ledge on which he stood. Yes, there was a sort of platform of ice, to be sure, but on which, with the aid of a stick, he could exercise cautiously, and possibly keep his limbs from growing stiff. The stick was ready to his hand; John's alpenstock lay close to his feet, and eagerly he grasped it, and carefully he descended, carrying his lighted match in his teeth to show him where to place his foot. He heard sometimes faint sounds over head as of persons walking upon the roof of his prison, and once he thought he heard a shout.

"How anxious they must be," he thought; "and my poor Dora, God bless her! I must try to make her hear me."

And then rang through the vaulted chamber the notes of Mr. Sharpe's peculiarly sweet tenor voice, which, as we know, Harry heard faintly.

Mr. Sharpe looked still below the place where he was standing. Another ledge, and still another. "I can climb lower still," he thought. Now the flowing of the river sounded louder to his ears. He was nearing the stream which had its birth in the melting of the glacier ice.

A sudden thought came into his head: "Why not try to follow the river? If it can find an opening, why cannot I?"

Cautiously he descended, walking at times for some distance along an ice ledge, and then stepping to a lower one; getting many a slip and bruise, but persevering in spite of every drawback, for had he not John's alpenstock? With this he prodded right and left, holding himself in perilous positions, while, as he inwardly said, "he took a view of the situation."

A very unpleasant view it was at times, but Mr. Sharpe, during his wanderings, had been placed in circumstances almost as perilous as those which faced him now, and his motto had ever been, "While there's life, there's hope."

This latter feeling certainly sprang eternal in Mr. Sharpe's breast, and caused him to push forward, if with prudence, still with courage and determination.

He had now reached the ledge, close to which the river ran, and along this he walked confidently. Now a faint streak of light shone in the distance ahead of him. Who can tell what joy arose in his breast as this tiny glimmer met his eye? Cautiously, carefully, joyously he picked his wary steps along his

icy shelf, when, oh! despair! a blank wall confronted him; the ledge on which he was walking had suddenly ended.

Below him ran the black cold water. He could see a ledge upon the further side, similar to that upon which he stood; but it was some yards across the chasm; there was nothing to do but return.

"I might plunge in," thought he, "but the question, gentlemen," — Mr. Sharpe sometimes gave vent to his thoughts in speech when all alone — "the question, Mr. Speaker, which now agitates the public mind is, would the gentleman referred to, the Member from Colorado, be of any permanent use after he floated out? My opinion is," and the eccentric man pounded his alpenstock violently into his patform, "that he would not" —

Mr. Sharpe finished this sentence in the water. The point of his alpenstock had broken off the extreme edge of his ledge, and, plunging downward, the violence of the shock carried our friend into the wintry stream.

"I'm done for now," though he, as the Arctic coldness of the glacier water struck through him. As he gave vent to this exclamation, however, he found himself scrambling to his feet. Yes, to his feet; for the water was not so deep as he had thought. It was, it is true, above his knees, but what was that to a man, who, while he hoped, had had little real hope, but, now — now, saw ahead of him a real gleam of day?

Slipping, tumbling, falling almost flat at times; his whole body aching with the cold, this persevering being pushed on. No need for uneasiness now. The cavern grew lighter at every step; higher the roof, broader the arch, wider and shallower the stream, until at last, dripping, half-frozen, exhausted, the courageous man emerged at the spot where the river leaves the

glacier, into the sunlight, and saw the blue sky once more. He struggled to the meadow grass, which on one side edges the Kärstelenbach, and threw himself down amid the warm leaves and flowers.

It was still, oh! how still, down there in the valley. No sound, save the bleating of a goat or two, and the distant tinkle of a cow-bell upon the nearer hills. He had no strength to call; he could not raise his voice; but, move onward, he must; for, if help was sent for, if it came, the upper hill-path would be the one taken. "And they will never see me here," he thought.

So crawl ahead he did, stiff, and cold, and miserable, but grateful, oh! so grateful. Onward he took his halting, foot-sore, weary way, and, at last, after a steep climb, which exerted his powers to the utmost, he saw upon the crest of the hill, but a few paces above him, the yellow-shingled walls and weather-beaten roof of the thrice-welcome Hotel Alpen Klub.

When Harry entered the little salon, with lugubrious face and sad heart, prepared to break the news as gently as possible to the friends gathered there, the first person on whom his eye rested, sitting quite intimately with his father and sister, was Mr. Sharpe, clothed, and, apparently, in his right mind. He wore the chain which Katherine had told her father that she should give him with her own hand.

"Probably she has given the hand with it," remarked the astute Colonel in private to Harry.

"What is the matter with girls, any way?" exclaimed Harry. "They say that they hate a person, and the next moment you discover that they can't live without him. Just imagine Katherine becoming Mrs. Lemuel T. Sharpe! What will Von Z—— and all the other fellows say? However, she won't be Mrs.

Lemuel T. Sharpe, after all. You see, father, if she doesn't get a card-plate engraved

“ ‘ Mrs. L. THROCKMORTON SHARPE. ’ ”

Harry wrote it several times, in various hands, fine, and coarse, and flourishing.

“ Well, that isn't so bad; besides, he's a thoroughly good fellow, but, I must say, that I did not for a moment imagine that I was trying, up there on the glacier, to dig out my future brother-in-law. If we can get Sharpe to have his hair cut, and make him wear a high hat, and button his coat, he will be quite a distinguished-looking man. At present he's a sort of sublimated Buffalo Bill; and that Katherine, of all girls! ” — Harry's words ended in a prolonged sigh and a profound reverie.

As this is no love story, except insomuch as we have drifted into it, we will not follow the fortunes of Katherine and Mr. Sharpe too closely, but return to a young person who claimed the right to be heard at all times.

It was Saturday night, and as Master Tom had not made himself very prominent of late, it seemed natural that circumstances should so work together as to place him again conspicuously before the public, or those who stood for the public with him.

As those of the friends who were able to sit up for the allotted time were gathered round their blazing wood fire, quietly talking over the many exciting events of the day, their ears were suddenly saluted with terrific shrieks, which one and all felt simultaneously could issue from no pair of lungs other than those of little Tom Gordon.

Harry flew to the nursery, closely followed by Mrs. Gordon

and Colonel Bedford. Even Mr. Sharpe left Katherine's side for a moment, thinking that the child might be in real danger; but the shouts of laughter from Harry and his father, which greeted his ears, assured him that there was nothing to fear. He reached the door, and, looking over the heads of the others, he descried Master Tom standing up, in his little bed, flat against the wall, his face red with excitement, anger flashing from his eyes, aiming his last pillow at the rugged form of a large goat, who had not only invaded his premises, but had torn, with his crooked horns, every particle of cover from the sleeping child. The moment that the child awoke, he was on his feet, defending himself.

"Bravo, young America! let him have it," shouted Mr. Sharpe delightedly.

At this sound the goat turned, and, lowering his horns, prepared viciously to do battle for possession of the floor, offering to run at any one who attempted to interfere with him. A well-aimed book, which little Tom procured from a hanging-shelf above his head, struck the animal a heavy blow in the region of the spinal column; and, though it would need to be a cannon ball to take effect on so hardened an exterior, still it angered the creature yet more; he turned, and, running toward the bed, placed his forefeet upon it, as if he would jump up there himself, lowering his head viciously, the while.

"Oh! my poor child, he will be killed," shrieked Mrs. Gordon.

And now ensued a scene which beggars all description. Telling Mrs. Gordon to stand aside, the attacking party of three rushed boldly into the room. Harry seized the goat by its short tail, and Mr. Sharpe grasped its horns, which were imme-

diately twitched away, with apparently no effort, by the wild creature, who dashed about the room, upsetting tables and chairs, and overturning water-pails and pitchers, until the place looked as if there had been a second deluge, and the world, or so much of it, had relapsed into chaos.

But this could not last, and the goat, after doing all the damage possible, escaped through the doorway, overturning a very stout old German, who had come to remonstrate regarding the noise, by running between his fat legs, and leaving him stranded on his back, in dressing-gown, cap, and slippers, his pipe slipping far down into his throat, and nearly causing immediate strangulation.

The goat having gone under the German gentleman, Harry nimbly skipped over his prostrate form, and followed the common enemy down the hall, belaboring him unmercifully at every step with the towel-rack; the only weapon, which, in so peaceful a place as a nursery is supposed to be, was available.

As usual, Rosie entered upon the scene just as the mischief had been done. She had "on'y been ober to de big house to git some milk fer Mass'r Tom."

"Very well; you can restore order in your own way," said Mrs. Gordon, in severe tones, as she carried the excited child away to her own bedroom. "Master Tom shall not be left to your mercies to-night. Imagine it! The door open, and that wild beast mounting a pair of stairs, and coming to the end of this long hall! He might have killed the child."

"Why, it's worse than the frontier," said Mr. Sharpe. "That's what comes of leaving every door in the house open day and night. I should think these people had been born and raised in a saw-mill."

"What does he mean by 'raised,' mamma?" asked Violet, who had opened her door as the sound of the disturbance reached her, and had heard Mr. Sharpe's concluding remark; "I didn't know that people were 'raised.'"

Mrs. Gordon paid no attention to Violet's remarks as she was petting and soothing the little hero, who, however, would not lie down, but sat up with blazing cheeks and wide-open eyes, declaring that he would "like to fight another goat, or eleven or ten goats all at once." Considering the disasters that one of the animals in question had created, Mrs. Gordon sincerely hoped to be spared further raids from the same family.

When Violet asked Harry the next day why, Mr. Sharpe said "raised," and if people were raised, Harry answered, laughing at the little girl's serious tone and manner, that they were out West; which was the only answer that he would give.

And now succeeded a quiet Sunday at the Alpen Klub Hotel. Every one had grown tired of hair-breadth escapes, and dangers by flood and field, and glacier bed and cave, and they could scarcely be tempted outside the door. It threatened rain, which was a fertile excuse. Every one gave it as a reason why he or she should not stir from the house; but every one needed rest. And the day was, what it was meant to be, a true day of rest to all of them.

At ten o'clock Harry came bounding upstairs, two steps at a time, with the news that the English clergyman, who had arrived on Saturday morning with two pupils, with whom he was travelling, had signified his willingness to hold service in the reading-room of the hotel, if any one could lend him a prayer-book.

Mrs. Gordon supplied this necessary article, an American

prayer-book though it was, and the short, stout, pleasant-faced Englishman stood up, in his plaited blouse, or climbing-suit, and knickerbockers, and read, with great impressiveness, the morning service, supplying the prayer for the Queen from memory. The accompaniment to the chants and hymns was played by one of the boys under his care; and the few English-speaking people present, joined, with pleasure and satisfaction, the simple, impromptu Sunday worship.

The musical young man pounded the piano with so much vigor as to nearly drown the voices of the singers, and the curious Swiss and Germans, attracted by the sounds, gathered at the open windows on the porch to discover, if possible, what the *Ausländer*s were about.

The second English pupil came up to John, when the service was finished, and saluted him with, —

“I say! Didn’t Carrisbrooke let into the tin-pan, you know?”

“Carrisbrooke? The tin-pan?” repeated John, bewildered.

“Yas, Carrisbrooke; that’s my chum — Lord Carrisbrooke; he’s much better at climbin’, you know, than he is at playin’ music.”

While the service was going on the rain continued to descend violently, as if one period of twenty-four hours of fair weather were all that could rightfully be expected. It poured steadily all the afternoon, and Violet was much surprised to see the Swiss and German ladies come down to the general sitting-room, their arms or knitting aprons filled with colored wools or embroidery, upon which they set industriously to work.

She came out into the hall with big eyes, and such a look of

distress that Mr. Sharpe (kinder and merrier, if possible, than ever before), descending the stairway at that moment, caught sight of her puzzled face, and broke into a hearty laugh.

"What is the matter, little Miss Round-eyes?" he asked; and then, looking through the open door, he took in the situation at a glance. "Why, they are breaking the Sabbath all to flinders," said he, smiling down upon her, "aren't they?"

"O, Mr. Sharpe! isn't it terrible? I never saw anybody knit or sew on Sunday before."

"One of the penalties of a wider experience, Miss Violet. In travelling round the world one sees and hears a great many things that one would rather not even know of; but is it any worse than gossiping and abusing one's neighbors all Sunday afternoon, as they might do, if they were not otherwise employed?"

"Oh! I say," exclaimed the English boy who had played the piano in the morning, "they are doing that, too; and aren't they letting into everybody? oh, no!" finished young Lord Carrisbrooke, who seemed to understand German.

"I heard one of the dear old ladies going it under my window this morning," remarked Mr. Sharpe, his eyes twinkling; "and I'll venture to say that if you were to fasten a pedometer to her chin, you would discover that she had talked two hundred and fifty miles to the hour, or three hundred and seventy-five miles before breakfast. I'm pretty certain that she has beaten the record."

This novel idea so convulsed the young English boy that he was good for nothing for the space of three minutes.

"What was that collection taken up for, at the service this morning?" asked Cortland, joining the group.

"Oh! for the poor Swiss, who live round here, I suppose," answered Mr. Sharpe, who did not think it necessary to add that he had slipped five *louis* under the cover of the basket, when it was handed to him.

"Well," said Cortland, "I had only a five-franc piece and a kreutzer, so I just slipped in the kreutzer; the cover was on, and nobody saw."

"De Lawd can't be fool', Mass'r Co'tland, ef de usher kin," broke in Rosie, who was employed in trying to keep Master Tom from dashing out into the rain, jumping off the piazza into the deepest puddles, that he could by vigorous search discover, or standing under a stream of water which trickled down from the edge of the porch-roof.

"Your leedle girl, iss she weary? would she like to pe amuse? yes?"

The words were rapidly rattled off by a large, stout, but comely German dame, who had taken note of Violet's woe-begone, bewildered expression, and thought that the child must be utterly neglected by her friends.

"Does she make the knitting? no?" as Violet rewarded her interest with a horrified look; "I coult deach her gamess, carts, vat she vill. Ah! you likes not dem? Vell, den, I haf in my room decalcomanie; how you likes dat, heh? picksurs. Dat I coult deach you. I haf all brebarations. De rules goes thus: 'Imbibe first de prush in warnish, den ad-here de picksur to de wood, den,'" with much impressiveness, "'bung it wid a 'umid sponche.'"

"I'd like to bung her with a humid sponge," muttered Cortland; "she keeps up such a gabbling in there, that you can't understand a word you are reading."

Mr. Sharpe's face was a study. His natural politeness being nearly overcome by a violent inclination to laugh, but proper feeling triumphed, and he thanked the voluble lady, and said that the little girl was not accustomed to Sunday amusements, but would, perhaps, if the rain kept her in-doors, be glad to accept the kind offer on the morrow.

"Oh! you haf de sgruples," said the good-natured creature, nodding her head, and smiling. "Ferry vell; but, *Ach! du Himmel!* vat sat lifes de Amerigains must leat. I, too, am religious. Religion is teached in our sgools. I, too, haf a Bi-bel, peautifully pinded in hog's leader! I garry it efferyveres, efferyveres!" and the beaming face smiled benignly, and the head nodded as if to give emphasis to the statement.

Mr. Sharpe shook his head sadly as he took Violet's hand and walked out upon the piazza.

"And they consider us outside barbarians!" he exclaimed; "they do certainly need missionaries sadly, sadly."

Pour, pour, pour! How it did pour! It grew dark early, and Mrs. Gordon, coming over from the dining-room at the large house to the one where she lodged, and divesting herself of overshoes and rain-coat, stepped for a moment into the reading-room, and, seeing an unoccupied chair by the cheery open fire, she slipped into it, to rest before going upstairs.

She had played chess on Saturday evening with the English clergyman, who, though a stranger, had attached himself to the American party at once, paying them the highest tribute, which one of his nation can pay, by saying, "I thought that you were English when I heard you speak; but," looking at the close, well-fitting dresses of the American women, "I must confess that your gowns puzzled me."

In these secluded mountain hotels people make friends very soon with those by whom they are attracted; and after Master Tom had been disposed of, Mrs. Gordon had gone down with the Colonel to the reading-room for a short time, and it was then that Dr. B—— had challenged the Colonel to a game of chess.

"I do not play," answered the Colonel; "but my sister is considered rather a superior player."

Dr. B—— then asked Mrs. Gordon to play with him, and, though tired with her anxious day, and ready for a night's rest, she had thought that a refusal would seem ungracious, so, acquiescing, she had played three games, and had come off victorious each time.

Now, as she sat by the fire, she, to her surprise, saw Dr. B—— drawing the chess-table from the corner. Then he proceeded to set the men; and then, approaching Mrs. Gordon, with quiet deference and charming manner, he said:

"Madam, are you prepared to give me my revenge?"

"But, you have forgotten, Dr. B——," she answered, smiling. "Time does, indeed, pass slowly when it rains as incessantly as it has done to-day. This is not Monday, but Sunday still. I do not blame you for forgetting. To-morrow I will play with pleasure."

The clergyman looked at her, with surprise mingled with amusement.

"Forgotten? O, no, Madam! I am well aware that Sunday is not over. So you have scruples; can it be possible? I thought all such ideas were exploded long ago."

Mrs. Gordon's astonishment was so great that she could hardly speak.

“I shall be glad to argue the point with you another time,” she said politely; “at present I must take my little daughter upstairs.” She bowed, and left the room, followed by Violet, whose faith in what she called “good people,” had received another blow.

CHAPTER X.

Back to Dresden. — A trip to Saxon-Switzerland. — Tom breaks the eighth commandment, and introduces himself to royalty. — Cortland makes close acquaintance with one of the royal boars.

AND now succeeded some days of quiet pleasure. Long walks and scrambles among the steep hills, slippery with the fallen pine-needles which were like satin under the foot, and seemed more dangerous to step upon than even the ice of the glacier. Every evening brought a recital of happy hours past, and each morning fresh anticipations for the coming day. Pleasant friends and acquaintances were made, and some of the friendships thus formed bid fair to last a lifetime.

The first break in this congenial party came when the little baroness said one day to Mrs. Gordon, that, as the rest were going north when they left the valley of Maderan, she had decided to accompany the Countess Anna over the St. Gothard Pass.

“De Countess Annah is alzo a great draveller like undo me,” explained Fräulein von Bodewitz; “and she ex-tends her drip intefinite. O yes! intefinite.”

So one morning when the sun's beams had hardly risen above the eastern mountains, when the paths were damp with the night dew, and the grass and leaves held, each one in its green pocket, a gem from mines richer than those of Golconda, the little woman said her *Leb'wohl*, with tearful eyes, to all those

whom in so short a time she had learned to know and love, and took her way down the valley, beside the *chaise-à-porteur* of Countess Anna, her English ulster buttoned closely to her toes, her monocle securely held in one eye, and her alpenstock jabbing its point deep into the roadside at every step.

Our party watched them out of sight.

"And it is time that we were leaving also, Henry," said Mrs. Gordon, giving her habitual sigh as she looked about her at the beautiful hills, the dark cliffs, down which jumped and sputtered the milk-white waterfalls, made full by the late rains. "I almost feel like exclaiming, with Milton's Eve, 'Must I leave thee, Paradise?' It seems as if I never could have enough of this charming place; but I brought the children out to study, for at least a time, and we must turn our faces northward."

A chorus of disappointed "O dears!" met this declaration.

"But Dresden is full of beautiful and attractive things," urged Mrs. Gordon; "think of the galleries alone; and your uncle tells me that there is a drive—a different one, I mean—for every day in the year."

"Many drives we'll get when we once get settled down studying!" growled Cortland.

"Oh! you are mistaken, my boy; I intend you to take some interesting excursion every Saturday; and then there are the gardens, and the music; I am sure that you will thoroughly enjoy it all; and then when we hear from Uncle Tom that he has come, we will fly to the south of France."

"And what will Cousin Harry do?" asked loyal little John.

"I go," said Harry, with a deep and solemn voice; "but," with deeper and more mysterious tones, "I return."

"What do you mean, Harry?" asked his father.

"Why, father, one of our contractors lives in Dresden, and sometimes I have had to take a flying trip up that way to see him, and it may happen once again; who knows?"

With many a sigh of regret our friends said farewell to the lovely spot where they had passed hours never to be forgotten, and descended to Amsteg by the way that they had come.

Just as they were starting Harry approached Cortland, holding toward him a long stick.

"I've got one," said Cortland.

"Yes; but don't you want your own?"

"My own!"

"Yes, your own. It wasn't so shattered, after all, over the backs of those Italians as you supposed."

"Why—how—" stammered Cortland.

"Oh! I thought that it would be found somewhere along the side of the road, and as nothing can be lost in Switzerland, I told the *kutscher*, who drove us, to explore carefully the interior of the tunnel, and to send it back by some carrier coming to Amsteg. It arrived last evening, just in time."

"It isn't mine!" declared Cortland stoutly.

"Oh! yes, it is. See! there is where I burned your name in the wood for you: C. V. Delano, Kreuz; there is no mistaking it."

Cortland took the alpenstock in silence, but it was such a source of misery to him, that he pitched it over the hill at the first opportunity.

Again the sail through the waters of that wonderful Vierwaldstätter See was taken. Nothing very startling occurred, except that Master Tom, in throwing his broad straw hat up in the air, managed to throw it overboard, where it floated away in

the white wake of the steamer, causing that obstreperous young individual to weep bitter tears, refusing to be comforted; also declining firmly, to wear the red bandana which Rosie insisted on tying over his head.

"Tom look like a fool," he sobbed.

"Tom, where do you learn such dreadful language!" exclaimed his horrified mother; and he was seized upon, and a scarf of Violet's tied over his ears, for the wind was blowing; an adornment which he was forced to wear until he reached Lucerne.

Our people left the steamer at Vitznan to make the ascent of the Rigi, where they stayed over night; but this excursion has been so often and so well described that I will say nothing further regarding it, except that they went by the railway which ascends the mountain, which railway was copied, Cortland proudly related to every Swiss with whom he came in contact, from the one which is built to the summit of our own Mount Washington.

John was inclined to disbelieve this statement, but the Colonel rejoiced Cortland's heart by saying that it was perfectly true.

"But I cannot see the use of saying anything about it," added he; "you could not possibly make a Swiss believe it."

A night's stop in Lucerne, another visit to the Lion, a walk along the quay, much buying of photographs and mementos, and the travellers turned their reluctant backs upon the most beautiful lake in the world, and its grand attendant snow-capped sentinel, Pilatus, and another day saw them safely arrived at Dresden.

"O, Henry! what a man you are," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon,

as she walked into her modest, though charming, little apartment in the Lüttichau Strasse.

The neat, white-spread table was set near the long French window, which opened upon the little balcony. The window-sills were full of flowers, blossoming as only Germans know how to make them. A green sofa ran along the wall behind the table, chairs were placed opposite, and upon the dainty-looking board were set cups and plates, bread, honey, butter, cold meats, and all that goes to make up a late tea — what they call supper in Dresden. There were hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, and after the tea, which tasted and looked very much like a decoction of hay, and toast had been served, *blinzen* were brought in hot from the tiny closet, which Frau Zeidler called her *küche*.

"The Americans, they eat much and they eat it hot," she would say.

"Just think of Uncle Henry's having taken all this trouble without saying one word to any of us," said Mrs. Gordon to Violet.

"No trouble to me, my dear Eleanor, I assure you. Thank the Consul, if you wish. I know pretty well all the desirable apartments in Dresden, and I asked Mr. — to take one for you. Of course, there are better situations, but the price is correspondingly high. Katherine and I will be near you at the hotel, as well as Mr. Sharpe and his niece, for a time, I believe. And I shall come in every morning and see how you are progressing."

And now our young people "settled down" at last to that course of study which had been marked out for them. Violet went to a German school during the mornings, and had her music and drawing teachers in the afternoon hours.

The same plan was pursued with the boys, but there was always recreation from four to six, when Uncle Henry was ever ready to spend the joyous two hours with them at the garden concerts, or in taking long rambles quite far outside the limits of the city.

The wonderful galleries were a source of great enjoyment to Violet, who possessed quite a talent for drawing and painting, and the music was her special delight. She will never forget driving to her first opera, at six o'clock, broad daylight, through the busy streets of the town.

"I always thought that people went to the opera in the evening, mamma," she said, "very late — much later than you ever allow me to stay up. But here it is perfectly splendid. Go at six and home at nine or ten. I do hope that you will take me often; once every week, any way. Do say that you will."

Mrs. Gordon smiled at Violet's impetuosity.

"I will make no promises, my dear, until I discover how lessons and opera agree."

Upon hearing which Violet determined that if these were to be the conditions the lessons should never give cause for complaint.

A few mornings after their arrival at Dresden, Colonel Bedford, upon walking into Mrs. Gordon's apartment, found her laughing heartily over something which she was reading.

"It is the butcher's book," she explained. "The hausfrau told me that he could speak English like a native. So he does — like a German native. This is what he writes me," and again Mrs. Gordon's laugh rang gayly out.

The Colonel took the book, which she offered him, and read:

"I have to myself friendly said, that I will you kindly a little

book make, wherein you can what you want write, and how you like say."

The Colonel's laughter was joined with Mrs. Gordon's.

"Yes; they are very amusing. Many of them speak remarkably well, others again can never learn. When I asked Baron von G——, the other day, if he had met Madame R——, he replied, 'I know her a very few till now.' However, we probably make much worse mistakes every day ourselves. But, to change the subject, I came in to say that we must plan our first excursion to keep these young people contented, and I thought that perhaps you would like to join us in a trip to the Saxon-Switzerland."

"Oh! anything that is at all like Switzerland," declared Mrs. Gordon, "will be hailed with joy by the children."

"Well, I do not know that it has any very valid claims in that direction, but it is a curious, interesting and charming place, and well repays one for the short journey. Were you not so inexorable regarding your young people's lessons, I should suggest a week in that wonderful region. No? very well, then. Yes, I know that I am incorrigible; but I will say no more, only begging that you will all join us on Saturday."

Mrs. Gordon readily promised, and was asking the Colonel some questions concerning the objective point of the coming trip, when the little *Dienstmädchen* knocked at the salon door, and entered noiselessly, carrying in her hands a large tray of lamps which she had been cleaning and refilling.

"What a starved-looking little creature," remarked the Colonel, when she had gone through to the sleeping rooms; "where did you pick her up?"

"Yes; isn't she a wretched-looking little object? I think, however, that she has improved in the few days that she has been with me. I took her from the hausfrau. I engaged her to help our servants: do all sorts of little errands; odds and ends that no one else cares to do. She is very useful."

"Yes," remarked the Colonel dryly; "as Mr. Sharpe would say, you need her as much as a toad needs two tails. Now, Eleanor, let me give you one piece of advice. Do not begin by taking in all the starved little *Dienstmädchens* whom you may see in Dresden, or you will have to rent the hotel opposite."

Mrs. Gordon colored, as she felt that the Colonel had thus early discovered her real reason for taking little Tina into her service.

"But, Henry, I could not bear to see that small child doing the amount of work which was put upon her every day."

"Yes, yes! I know all about it; outside stairs and halls to keep clean, wood, coal and water to carry to all the apartments, and a thousand other things to do."

"How well you know it all," said Mrs. Gordon, sighing. "But possibly you do not know that in addition to all this she had as wages twelve thalers a year and slept in the cellar—some terrible hole far under ground—beside which she was expected to let every one into the house, no matter how late they remained out, when she heard the outer door-bell ring. She is fourteen years old, she tells me: younger than my Violet, and she looks about ten." Mrs. Gordon's sympathetic voice trembled and her eyes were wet. "I could not bear it, Henry. One day I said, 'Tina, are you not afraid to sleep down there alone?' My German is very imperfect, though I am learning it slowly. She understood me, however. '*Ach, nein!*' was the answer, '*es*

giebt viel kohlen da ! ' Just think ! *plenty of coal there* for companionship ? Oh ! isn't it pitiful ? "

" I suppose that what you give her seems a mine of wealth, Eleanor."

" The poor little creature is certainly very grateful," said Mrs. Gordon. " I have taken a room for her with the other maids, in the attic ; and she has at least a clean, light place to sleep and dress in, free from the gases of that terrible cellar."

" You are a real missionary, Eleanor," said the old Colonel, with a suspicious quaver of the voice, " and you will, I suspect, be a sister of charity wherever you go, though you do not wear the dress, or hold with the faith of the sect to which they belong."

" Tina is a very literal little creature," said Mrs. Gordon, as if the subject of her little German maid was a pleasant one to her, " and we have long since discovered that she cannot, by any possibility, be made to comprehend a joke. ' Yesterday I came in very tired, from a shopping tour with Katherine, and when I went to my room I threw myself down upon the sofa, to rest before Tom and Rosie could get in from their walk, or the children get home from school. Seeing Tina passing through the hall, I called, ' Tina, I can see no one. Do you understand me ? No one. You must not admit any one. Not even the king himself. ' *Kein König kommt hier,* ' was the solemn and reassuring answer." The Colonel laughed heartily at this.

" Well, I can only say that you brought it upon yourself, my dear. But, come ! Shall it be Saxon-Switzerland on Saturday ? Very well, then, meet us at the Boehmisehe Bahnhof at 8.30 A. M., for we must make a long day of it."

" How good it seems," ejaculated Violet, as she took her seat

in the train on that sunny Saturday, "to get off for a real long holiday. I have only been at school since Monday, but I feel already as if I had earned a rest."

"Yes, you look worn and pale," remarked Mr. Sharpe, looking down upon the rosy face upturned toward his; "as if, in fact, the life of confinement which you are forced to lead were telling upon you."

"Are we all here — baskets all in, Tom not left in the station? Why, Tom, Tom," continued the Colonel, "what a funny shape you seem to be. Too many *blinzen* at No. 9?"

"Why, Rosie," began Violet, "what has Tom got? — what! O, Tom! you didn't —"

"O, Mass'r Tom! you wickedest boy —"

"Why, he's brought the zoölogical gardens with him," said Mr. Sharpe, as a succession of faint mews fell upon his ears. Mew, mew, mew!

"Tom wasn't goin' widout 'em; dey'd die an' starve to deff."

A chorus of O, Toms! filled the railway carriage as that surprising child pulled from underneath his cloak, where they had been safely hidden, two funny little kittens, whose bows of pink and blue ribbon were the largest part of them.

"I thought you felt very pudgy, Tom, when I lifted you in," said Mr. Sharpe.

"Now jes' to t'ink how dem kittens 'scape my obsewation," from Rosie.

"Yes; that eagle eye of yours, Rosie, is everywhere at once," from Cortland.

"Oh! *you* go 'long, Mass'r Co'tland; any young man who'd go an' tie strings —"

"What, again, Rosie?" asked John roguishly.

"The guard will take them away from him," groaned Mrs. Gordon.

"What! the strings?"

"O, no, child, no! the kittens. What can we do? We cannot send them back. O Tom, Tom! you are too much for human endurance."

But Mr. Sharpe, that most universal genius, had solved the difficulty. Opening the door, and running rapidly back to a fruit-stand, he reappeared with a covered basket of peaches. These he rolled all about, tossing them into everybody's lap, and scattering the rest on the seats, which run like sofas from side to side of the carriages. Then, taking the furry balls from their not too pleasant position in Tom's loving embrace, he tucked them into the basket, ribbons and all, shut down the cover, set the basket under the seat, and felt that *that* matter was disposed of. Master Tom was so busily engaged in devouring a large, ripe peach, that he quite forgot his pets for the time, but finally he began to look about for them, and insisted that Cortland, whom he considered the scapegrace of the party, had "frowd 'em out de window." At last, to reassure him, he was shown the little animals, quietly coiled up in their basket, sound asleep. This also seemed to suit his views, for a few moments, but, as the engine started, and there was no more excitement to be gained by looking at the people who had come to take the train, he could stand the separation no longer, and slipping off the seat laid himself flat upon the floor to play with his darlings.

As the train passed out of Dresden, by the Grossen Garten, and along the banks of the Elbe, all the occupants of the compartment were eager to hear what the Colonel had to say about

the region through which they were travelling, and Master Tom was, for the time, quite forgotten. Rosie had fallen asleep.

"And that is how the peasants here, work," explained the Colonel; "they use the same implements that their grandfathers and great-grandfathers did before them; their methods are not new; the women work in the fields. I have even seen one — Here, you sir!" Every head was turned in the direction of the Colonel's eyes.

The sight was appalling. The delinquent, Master Tom, stood paralyzed with fear at the Colonel's sharp words, caught in the very act of raising the smallest kitten aloft in one hand, while with the other he grasped one furry paw, holding it just over the sunken button, which, former experience had taught him, would stop the train.

Tom never moved. He stood like a statue, glaring at the Colonel as if fascinated, with wide-open, stony eyes, until his terrified appearance caused a simultaneous outburst of laughter, which seemed to break the spell; and, throwing the poor kitten wildly from him, he burst into tears, and running along the seat threw himself upon his sympathizing mother's neck, sobbing his very soul out in the floods which poured down his cheeks.

"Minnie wanted to get out," he said as well as he could, for his shaking and trembling. "An' her wanted to touch de button. Tom didn't want her to — Tom tr-ried to 'suade her not — 'leven or ten times," and then, with a roar of misery, "and I do — don't want Uncle to speak to Tom so" — more sobbing and shaking. "An' Minnie do-on't want to go to Swiss-land; her wa-ant to go back to D'esden."

This constant disturber of the peace was at length quieted,

and, almost before this happy state of affairs was reached, the train had stopped at Pötzscha station.

A short walk brought the excursionists to the river, where, in common with two German travellers and a few peasants, they took the ferry boat and embarked for the little village of Wehlen.

Imagine them not, O youthful reader, as you peruse these sentences, comfortably seated in one of the wonderful boats such as ply between New York and outlying cities across the East and North Rivers, and down to the islands through the waters of the bay! Such a ferry-boat would be quite as much of a revelation to the German native as the ferry-boat which crosses from Pötzscha to Wehlen was to our young people.

They walked upon a broad flooring of rough, uneven planks, marred and scarred by the hoofs of horses and the wheels of heavy carts, and watched, all standing in their interest, as the lumbering scow swung out and round in the current, and finally landed them on the shore at Wehlen; a curious little town built upon the steep side of a hill, with paths and stone steps leading upward until the hamlet suddenly ends, and the tourist finds himself in the country.

The Colonel had ordered horses to be in waiting for those who preferred to ride, and great was the amusement caused by Rosie, at this, her first attempt at equestrianism. She plainly saw, poor soul! that the walk would be an impossible thing for her to accomplish. She could not be left behind, and mount she must; but she did so, shaking the while with nervousness, clutching the good-natured pony round the neck so violently as to nearly cause strangulation to that unfortunate beast, uttering the while a succession of faint squeals, as the animal, with

a peculiar loping gait, struggled up the first steep part of the ascent.

The Colonel could not suppress his amusement, and his laughter rang out in chorus with that of the others.

"I never saw such a gait in a horse," he exclaimed; "he reminds me of the camel on which I crossed the desert. Just that weaving, loping run."

Whereupon the children seized upon the idea, and Rosie's pony was alluded to throughout the day, and whenever the excursion was recalled, as "The Ship of the Desert."

Little Tom, to his overwhelming delight, for the first time in his life, sat astride a pony. He was firmly strapped to the saddle. The stalwart guide took the bridle rein, and the little boy gazed about him with pride and satisfaction, evidently considering himself an experienced horseman.

"Don't get so frightened, Rosie; just look at Tom!" he would say in encouraging tones. The kittens, still in the basket, were strapped on behind their little master, and the entire party reached the Bastei, for which they were bound, in safety and comparative comfort.

"We are wise," said the Colonel, as he walked by the side of Mrs. Gordon's horse, "to ascend from Wehlen. One who has never been to the Bastei little knows what awaits him when he reaches the top. By this route the valley to the east is almost entirely hidden from us, as our road lies through forests, and behind, in part, slight elevations. This last little bit leads through a thick woods, as you see. Now, had we ascended from Rathen we should have been looking over our shoulders all the way, and thus, in a measure, should have anticipated the view."

The riding party now dismounted, and, joining the pedestrians, they all walked through the wood, past the little inn, and to the extreme edge of the precipice which crowns this particular mountain of Meissen, as these remarkable elevations are called; and here such an astounding view burst upon the sight as those who had not made the ascent before had never imagined. It is certainly unique in Europe.

Our travellers, one and all, approached as nearly as possible to the railing which surrounds the projecting plateau of rock, a position which gives the beholder a "coign of vantage" in the way of overlooking the remarkable scene.

The plateau projects some distance over the edge of the precipice, much as did Table Rock at Niagara before the fall of that grand platform; so that there is nothing to obstruct the range of vision.

"Here we are standing nine hundred and sixty-seven feet above the sea," said Colonel Bedford.

"But that doesn't convey any idea to us, at least, to me," said Katherine. "We cannot see the sea, father."

"True, my dear. Well, then, we are seven hundred and twenty feet above the Elbe."

"And where is the Elbe? Oh! that little silver thread?" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon; "it does not seem possible that that can be the respectable river which we crossed a while ago."

"Respectable for Europe," growled Cortland, who had walked up the mountain, and was warm and tired, and, as a natural consequence, just a little cross.

"What a magnificent view!" exclaimed Dora Parker. "And what a remarkable one!" added her uncle.

"What are all those monuments?" asked Violet.

"You may well ask, my dear; their appearance has puzzled older heads than yours."

It was, indeed, a remarkable scene over which they gazed. Hundreds of feet below them stretched the plain; and, marking it here and there, as if in memory of some gigantic people whose burial places they were standing to commemorate, there



SAXON-SWITZERLAND. — THE PREBISCHTHOR.

rose in the air enormous pillars of rock, whose duty it seemed not only to act as monuments of an extinct Titanic race, but to guard, like sentinels, their borderland from intrusion. These pillars vary in size and height. The Mythenstein, which rises from the waters of the Lake of Lucerne in the Canton of Uri, is not unlike, in shape and size, some of the smaller ones. Then, larger and more square than the monuments that dot the valley, rise abruptly, enormous masses of rock, like Titans' castles. No

gradual slope is apparent, nor can one at the Bastei, and seeing them for the first time, imagine any method by which they can be scaled without serious danger to life and limb. Bold and perpendicular, they shoot upward, the square fortresses, the great rectangular columns, bare in some instances of tree or shrub, or green leaf or vine; in others, as one enormous mass of rock supports another which lies transversely across its summit, a third block being piled on top, out from the crannies where a scanty supply of soil is still remaining, shoot vines which trail downward, and branches which rise upward, waving their green leaves in the breezes that blow past their unassailable footholds.

“What sort of rock is this, Colonel?” asked Mr. Sharpe.

“It is the green sandstone — *quadersandstein*, the Germans call it.”

“I s’pose there isn’t any fooling about those pillars of rock down below there,” remarked Cortland. “Don’t you suppose these Germans put them there just to try and make people believe that they are natural wonders?”

“Cortland!”

“Put them there!”

“Have you any idea of the size of those pillars?” were the exclamations heard on all sides, and John added, “I believe that there’s only one person in the world who would be goose enough to suggest such an absurd thing.” Which remark stirred Cortland’s easily-heated blood, causing Mr. Sharpe, when he heard the rude reply, which it is not necessary to set down here, to break in suddenly with many questions.

“And what are those two great square masses of stone which rise so solidly from the plain, Colonel?” said he; “they look

like fortresses ; they, I suppose, are not works of Nature, but of art."

"No, you are mistaken. As far as we can see from here, they are works of Nature. They are fortresses; that is, one has been used as such, and the other is still one of the impregnable garrisons of Germany. That on the left of the Elbe, as we look at it, in reality on the right bank of the river, is Lilienstein, and the one across the river is the fortress of Königstein. Lilienstein is the rock to the summit of which Napoleon had three pieces of cannon dragged, that he might throw his shots into Königstein, but the distance was too great."

"What perseverance that man possessed!" exclaimed Katherine. "I wonder how he got them up there! What year should you think that was?" turning to Mr. Sharpe.

"Well, about 1805, I should say," returned Mr. Sharpe, who had an excellent memory for dates; "the year of Austerlitz, I suppose."

"In these days of Krupp and Armstrong there would not be much trouble in throwing shell across from one fort to the other," said the Colonel.

"Which is the highest?" asked John, Lilienstein or Königstein?"

"Lilienstein, my boy. Let me see," musingly; "Lilienstein stands twelve hundred and ninety-five feet above the sea level; Königstein eleven hundred and forty-eight feet; what is the difference, quick!"

"One hundred and forty-seven feet," replied Dora Parker promptly, to whom figures were as her A B C.

"Homely old schoolmarm!" muttered Cortland in Violet's ear. "Never gives a fellow a chance."

"What a country to travel through, taking a different excursion each day," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, looking up from her guide-book, which, to Katherine's openly expressed horror, divided her aunt's attention with the scenery.

"You do not over-rate it, Eleanor," answered Colonel Bedford; "this region is full of beauty and interest, and one could spend a long time here both pleasantly and profitably. There are Schandau, the Kuhstahl, and any number of charming places waiting for us, but we must take them some other day; to-day we have not more than time for the Bastei and Königstein."

"There must be many a grewsome tale told about these wild places. It seems to me that I remember some of them, father," said Katherine.

"Yes, every nook and crevice, every recess and cavern has its own peculiar legend. There are supposed to be treasures concealed among the rocks of Lilienstein, over which countless hosts of spirits are ever keeping watch and ward."

"*What* a place for robbers!" whispered Katherine, behind Cortland's ear. The boy started.

"Robbers!" he exclaimed.

"Do you ask if robbers ever existed here?" asked Colonel Bedford. "O, yes! undoubtedly. They made their homes in the most inaccessible caves. There is one just back here. The entrance is on one side through a natural arch of rock, and over a drawbridge, and on the other through a cleft three feet in width. This was closed by a portcullis formed by a slab of stone. Imagine the hopelessness of trying to dislodge a band of desperadoes so firmly entrenched."

"Even if one had the pluck to try," added Mr. Sharpe.

"You see, the narrow planks which bridged the chasm were

very easily removed, and thus they were isolated from all the world; from this high point they could sweep the Elbe as far as the eye could range, and when in the dim distance a vessel appeared in sight, they would swoop down upon the poor sailors, attack the vessel, destroy it, and carry off the treasure or whatever it contained."

"But how did all these monuments get where they are?" asked Violet; "I cannot see that Cortland was so very unreasonable to ask what he did," looking at her uncle for a reply.

"No, perhaps not. They were simply the framework of a great structure of rock and earth. Gradually, through the centuries which have passed, the earth has mouldered or been washed away, leaving the supports, or uprights, standing alone. At least, that is the way in which I account for it. It is the 'survival of the fittest,' as Mr. Darwin would have said; though, from his point of view, this may be a misapplication of the term."

"Come and see the Jungfernsprung," said Katherine.

"What is that?" asked John.

"Why, there, that."

"I don't see anything," said Cortland, "but a rock sticking out."

"And a precipice underneath," added Dora Parker.

"And that is all that she saw, Miss Dora," remarked Colonel Bedford.

"She! Who?"

"Why, the 'Jungfer,' as they say here. The girl who leaped off the rock. It is called The Leap of the Maiden. She was pursued by an obnoxious suitor who pressed his love

upon her, and rather than accept him, she threw herself over the precipice."

"Was she killed?" asked Cortland.

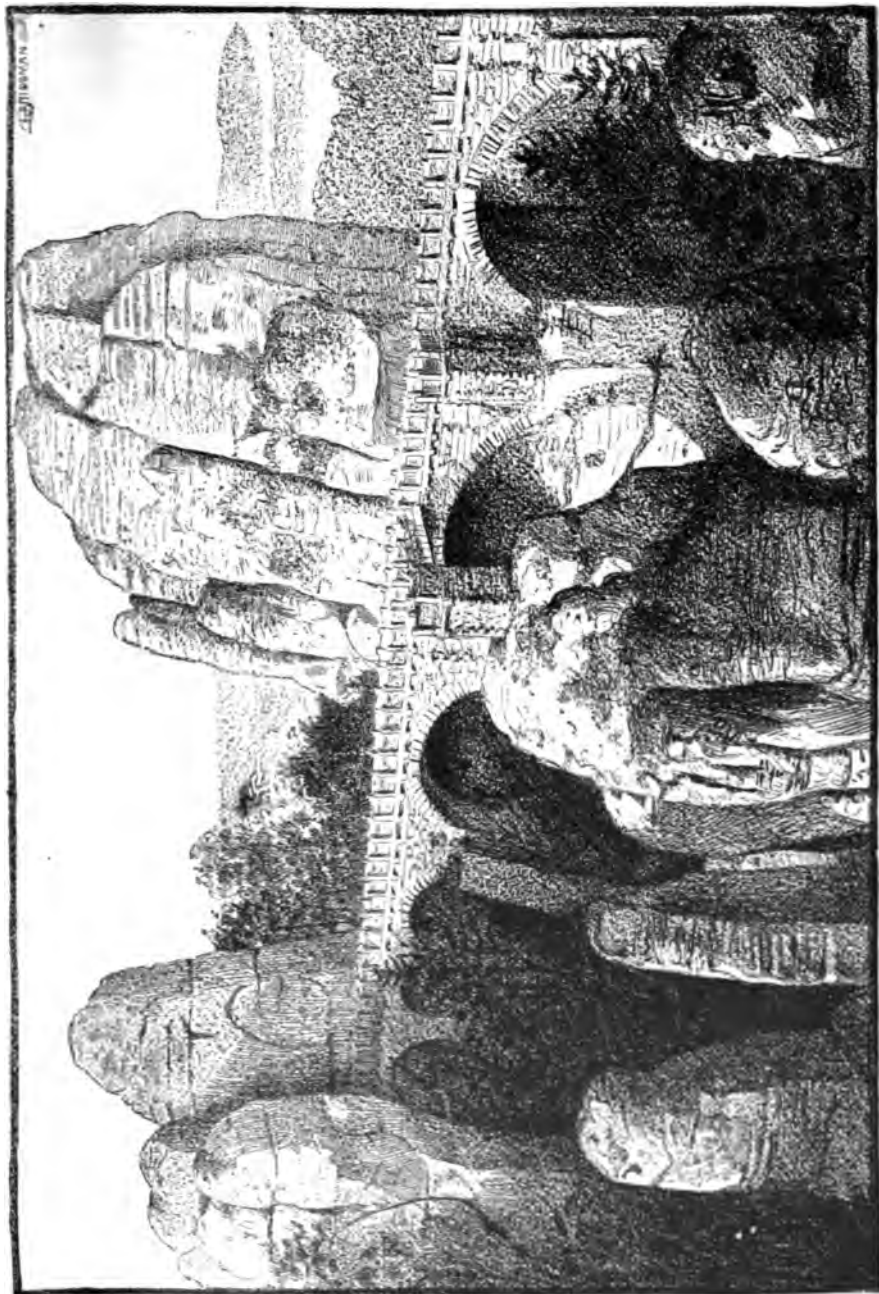
"Cortland!" exclaimed Katherine, "you certainly do remind me more forcibly every day of the Innocents Abroad. You ask such idiotic questions. Just look at it, and answer for yourself."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Sharpe, interrupting the conversation, as he saw a cloud gathering over Cortland's features, "that a glass of lemonade, or some coffee, would be acceptable?"

Our friends now discovered, for the first time, that they were all suffering the pangs which nothing but food can assuage, and they were soon seated at the long table in the simple little restaurant, while the waiters were dispatched for *kalbsbraten*, *kartoffle salaad*, *kaffee*, *bier*, *limonad*, and all the substantials as well as the delicacies which the place afforded.

After lunch a short ramble was taken through the woods and over the fine stone bridge (built by one of the late dukes of Saxony) which connects two pinnacles, of this remarkable place; but soon, all too soon, in fact, the Colonel's voice was heard calling to them, and with regret they started on their downward way toward Rathen, turning their backs unwillingly upon the wonderful Bastei, with all its points of interest, its pure free air and unrivalled view.

The descending path was very steep in parts, and every one, even Rosie, preferred to trust their own legs to those of the horses. Master Tom, alone, rode secure and safe; his kittens, which had been well-fed at the inn, strapped in their basket securely behind him, his guide walking with an arm thrown



BASTEIBRÜCKEN FERDINANSTEIN.

across the pony's neck, listening to the prattle of which he could not understand one word. The Colonel afterward heard him saying to a crony at Rathen, —

“ They are high well-born (hochwohlgeborn) people. See what they have given me! And, but look at the little one! He is not stupid. Why, he speaks the English — the English, mind you, as well as you do the *Schweitzer-deutsch*. Oh! but he's a clever one!”

And now across the river again to the railway station opposite Rathen, and away in the train for Königstein.

Nothing of moment occurred during this short journey but the discovery, through numerous scratchings, snarlings and yelpings inside of Tom's basket, that that ever-fertile individual had surreptitiously laid violent hands upon a small puppy belonging to the station-master at Rathen, and, when no one was looking, had tumbled him in on top of Minnie and Kätchen.

Mrs. Gordon's distress, the amusement of the children, and the hilarious shouts with which the Colonel and Mr. Sharpe greeted the advent of a very small woolly dog among their party, can better be imagined than described.

The basket was a scene of fluff and fur; the air was rent with snapping and growling, spitting and hissing, but the difficulty was finally solved when the Colonel, with tears running down his face, handed the guard a sufficient sum to salve over the wounded feelings of the bereft station-master, and to insure the safe journey of the puppy by the returning train.

Königstein station reached, the Colonel decided that, as the day was hot, they should drive up to the gate of the fortress, as there would be walking enough to do when once inside its walls.

Up the long dusty road which slopes toward the summit of

the rock-pile, the horses toiled. The great stone gateway reached, the children felt a dim sense of mystery pervading all things as they passed under the solid archway cut in the living rock, and learned that the plank flooring over which they were walking, was a drawbridge, which, when removed, left the fortress entirely isolated and inaccessible.

How cold it seemed entering this gloomy gateway, surrounded on the sides and overhead by the heavy tunnel of stone. But these feelings were dispelled as they emerged again into the sunshine, and saw some country flowers growing about what looked like a paved courtyard, and noticed some little children playing near, and some very contented-looking fowls pecking at bits of grain between the stones.

Cortland looked back at the grim archway through which they had entered.

"Suppose they won't let us out?" he said.

"I can imagine no reason, Cortland, why they should want to keep you here;" it was Katherine's voice. "I have never discovered that you were particularly useful, and you are certainly not or —" A touch on the arm; Katherine stopped suddenly.

"You are good," she said, looking up at her monitor, Mr. Sharpe, "but, as Harry would say, that boy always rubs me the wrong way."

A guide now took them in charge; and, still on a level with the courtyard, and some distance below the summit of the rock, they were taken to see the treadmill.

"For horses, I suppose," said Mrs. Gordon.

"No, for men," answered the guide.

"Oh! what cruelty," in chorus from two or three feminine voices.

"Not so, Madame," said the man, a red-faced Saxon in the infantry uniform. "We have prisoners here who have offended against the laws of Germany, as well as soldiers who have broken the military regulations. They must be punished, and so they are forced to walk, walk, walk, for so many hours, each one."

"How cruel!" said Violet again.

"And no use in it, either," added John.

"There you are mistaken, my boy," said the Colonel. "The wheel which actuates the shaft on which the rope is wound draws up, by this means, cars, which are laden with materials most necessary to those living inside. Much of the provision is, I believe, drawn up in this way."

"I consider it barbarous," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon; "let us see something more civilized, if possible."

"The well," said the Colonel, as they followed the footsteps of their guide. "This is a wonderful piece of work, and must have required many years of labor to complete."

"How deep is it?" asked Cortland. "Ours out in Indiana is forty feet deep. We consider that a pretty deep well out there. I don't believe that these Dutchmen can beat it."

"No, very little, if at all," answered the Colonel, with the calm and smiling manner with which he accepted all of Cortland's boasting remarks. "This immense circle, five or six feet in diameter, descends for six hundred and thirteen feet, into the very bowels of the earth. There it strikes a never-failing spring."

"Six hundred and thirteen feet!" exclaimed several voices.

"I'd like to know how they prove it," argued Cortland; "we can't see so very far down. They can say anything."

"Cortland, you seem to think that every structure or improve-

ment of any kind in Germany, or the whole of Europe, even the natural formations of the country, are gotten up by a grasping and deceitful people to 'fool,' as you elegantly express it, all the foreigners who come here. I never gave you credit for a great deal of sense, but I did think " —

"Sh-h! the guide is going to show us what the depth is," said Colonel Bedford.

The soldier had taken from the nail, where it hung, a good-sized mirror, and, holding it in his right hand, so that a ray of sunlight shining through an opening in the well-house fell full upon the glass, he dipped up with the other hand a cup full of water from the bucket near by, and saying *jetz!* to command attention, he threw the water from the cup down the enormous cavity. The well-curb was surrounded by eager faces, and interested eyes followed the shower as it descended, for the guide so dexterously threw the glowing beam of sunlight upon the falling rain drops that they seemed like a shower of diamonds in their brilliant downward flight. They struck the surface of the water, splash! The sound arose from the depth of six hundred or more feet below them.

"Just sixteen seconds," remarked the Colonel, whose watch had been in his hand from the moment that the guide took up the mirror. "Allowing one half second for the return of the sound to us, the drops were just fifteen and a half seconds in reaching the surface of the water."

"O, dear papa! spare us statistics," from Katherine.

"I couldn't half see," complained Cortland. "John, as usual, had his head in the way all the time."

"We will try it again," said the good-natured Colonel, and once more they watched the water as it descended, sparkling

under the ray thrown upon it from the mirror ; once again they saw it strike the surface below, and a half-second later heard the splash that its falling caused.

"That is the most perfectly splendid thing that I ever saw," exclaimed Violet in delight.

"My dear," from her mother, "what a misapplication of terms!"

"But every one misapplies words, Aunt Eleanor," said Katherine, coming to Violet's rescue. "I know some people, well-educated people, too, who talk of elegant moonlight, and elegant buckwheat cakes, and they always say that they have had 'a perfectly elegant time.'"

"I am sorry that you know any such persons, my dear," said Mrs. Gordon somewhat severely for her. "I am glad that there are none on the list of my acquaintances."

"I'm sure I don't think it any worse," said Cortland to Katherine, "I mean elegant, than awfully nice, and I've heard you say that, Miss, lots of times." There seemed to be some secret cause for irritation on Cortland's part.

"You ought to hear every thing that ever was said, Cortland, for, from outward appearances, at least, you were not neglected when ears —"

"Hs-shh!"

"Well, I won't, then," to Mr. Sharpe. "I suppose that I ought to have more dignity than to answer him."

"Perhaps charity, or kindness, would be better words to use," said he.

The Colonel looked on in surprise at Katherine's meek acceptance of Mr. Sharpe's gentle rebuke, and inwardly designated him ever after as Petruchio.

"Think of any one's having such an influence over Katherine," he said in confidence to Mrs. Gordon. "I am more and more astonished as the days pass by."

"He gave her a good snubbing that time," whispered Cortland to John, in secret delight, but he wisely spoke in too low a tone for Mr. Sharpe to hear.

"And what are these horrible looking shears?" asked Mrs. Gordon as she turned away from the well. "More instruments of torture?"

"No; those are grapnels," answered Colonel Bedford, "and are kept ready in case any poor fellow should fall into the well; but I imagine that there would be little life left in the unfortunate creature when he reached the surface of the water. But come, come! time passes;" and away from the well-house and up through the terraces and out upon the broad esplanade walked the travellers.

"Why, I see corn growing, and there are two cows feeding. How strange it seems—on the top of this isolated rock!" said Dora Parker.

"How large is this plateau, Colonel? I mean the whole flat surface upon which the fort rests."

"It is several acres in extent, I believe."

"If we can get here in time of peace, why cannot the enemy in time of war?" asked she.

"Because the only method of approach is through the arch by which we came, and when the bridge is drawn away, there is no means of crossing the chasm."

"Why not?"

"Because, Miss Dora," said the old Colonel, smiling at her persistence, "all communication with the outer and lower world

is cut off. The fortress commands the river and the railway, and guns can be trained to bear upon any party organized for attack."

"Ho!" exclaimed the contemptuous Cortland, "I'd show them something if I was a king or a general. They wouldn't defy me long; I'd starve them out."

"You would have to keep a powerful force near here for a long time, then," answered the Colonel good-humoredly, "to prevent their making a sortie when they chose. They have provisions always on hand to last for two years; and I think, Master Cortland, that, were you a king or a general, as you say, you might find it a rather impregnable place."

They were all standing by the high wall surrounding the highest terrace. It looked a very warlike place, with its rows of guns, their black muzzles sticking out over the precipitous sides, the pyramids of shell placed symmetrically at certain distances apart.

"Has the fortress of Königstein, then, never been taken?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"No, not taken; but in 1866—the Germans always speak of it as *sechs und sechszig*—it was handed over by treaty to Prussia, and now it is guarded by the Saxons and Prussians alike. It always reminds me, at a distance, of one of the hill forts of India, and I have heard English officers say the same."

"I wonder if there is treasure buried here, too," mused John, looking across at the great rock of Lilienstein, which had given rise to the thought.

"I know nothing about that," answered the Colonel; "but I do know that in time of war, the most valuable pictures and works of art, the crown-jewels, and all that is of value in the

Green Vaults, are sent down here from Dresden, for safe keeping. I suppose that the Saxons think if Königstein is lost, all is lost."

They were standing close to the wall, and looking downward over the western side of the fort, where first the solid masonry, and then the sheer natural rock, fell downward until lost to sight amid the tops of the trees which grow upon the hill below.

"I don't consider it impregnable at all," remarked Cortland. "I should just like to try it once; I'd start at that hill below there, and cut places in the rock for my hands and feet, and get up as Washington did when he climbed the Natural Bridge of Virginia."

"I hardly think that you could manage it in these days, my boy," replied the Colonel; "even if you succeeded in getting a foothold the sentries would pop you over without mercy; but the fort has been entered, and on the very spot where we are now standing."

"It has been done?"

"By whom?"

"Oh! do tell us about it," and more exclamations of a like character from the interested group.

"Yes, the fortress has been scaled; but by no warrior bold. It was a poor little waif, a boot-black, I believe, who was certain, as Cortland is, that he could make the ascent. He started from the hill far below there, and, cutting a cleft in the rock, helping himself by a tuft of grass here, and a vine tendril there, he found himself at the top of the parapet. Poor little fellow! He had so often wanted to see what was inside the great frowning fortress: but he had no money to pay the entrance fee, and

so could not pass the gates. You may imagine that when his head appeared over the top of the wall there was a commotion. Drums were beaten, orders were given, sentries who had been looking drowsily out over the plain, half dreaming, perhaps, of home and friends, were suddenly aroused, and knowing that they had not been as vigilant as they should have been — but who could have dreamed of an entrance being effected from that unscalable side? — they one and all pointed their muskets at the poor little intruder. He, poor child, exhausted with the weary climb, frightened at all this warlike commotion, stumbled and fell — inside the fort, it is true, but it might as well have been outside, for, on falling, he struck his head upon a spike in the stone, and died at once : just here.”

“I believe that they killed him,” said John, “and made up the story.”

“Whatever the case, they should have conferred a title and fortune upon the unfortunate boy, instead of terrifying him so that his death was certain, for his scaling the wall proved to the Saxons that the wall on this side could be ascended, and it was at once made so smooth that now nothing but a fly can cling to its surface.”

A walk round the ramparts, a last look out over the sunny plain at the pillars of rock and the wood-covered mountains, and “Come, children !” was the cry.

Little Tom could with difficulty be dislodged from his position upon a cannon, astride of which he had proudly seated himself ; and Rosie, whose appearance excited great admiration and wonder among the soldiers, could hardly persuade him to be lifted down from his warlike perch. But the statement from Cortland that the horses had eaten Kätchen, and that Minnie

had been thrown down the well by the guide, hastened Master Tom's departure, and he reached the carriage with wet cheeks and quivering lip, to find his pets safely asleep in their basket, under the seat of the carriage.

"I hear a great deal about the Green Vaults," said John as they travelled homeward in the train, "but in all the time that we have been here, in Dresden, I mean, we have never been taken to see them."

There was a universal smile at John's expression, "All the time."

"And do you happen to remember just how long you have been in Dresden this time, John?" asked his aunt.

Then the boy joined in the laugh which he had raised at his own expense.

"Just eleven days to-day, I think," said the Colonel.

"And this is the first holiday that we have had since school began," added Cortland.

"John is right," said Mrs. Gordon, turning to Colonel Bedford; "and we really must visit the Green Vaults at the first opportunity. Let us say next Saturday, Henry, for I want to see that wonderful place as much as the children do."

"Very well," replied the ever-accommodating old gentleman. "I had arranged to have the organist of the Hof-Kirche play for you on next Saturday morning, but we can manage both, I think."

The following Saturday found our friends walking down the Schloss Strasse. When near its terminus they entered the gateway which leads to that stronghold of protected treasure, the Green Vaults.

"Of course I don't care anything about seeing the sights,"

said Mr. Sharpe, as he joined the others at Mrs. Gordon's rooms. "We, all of us older ones, go, I suppose, to 'take the children.' Did you ever notice, Colonel, how many grown persons are required to take one child to the circus? The lowest computation, made by a clever compatriot of ours, is five adults to one small boy. We will prove it when Renz's circus arrives; for I wouldn't miss that if the race of 'small boy' were extinct."

Again the sight-seers found themselves walking through a paved courtyard, under lowering arches of stone, and after many necessary preliminaries had been gone through with, they were given a guide and started on their rounds.

How shall be described the wonders that these far-famed walls contain? From the diamond necklace, with its stones of immense size, down to a basket which seemed to be carved of the most delicate ivory, but which, the astonished children learned, was in reality made by some ingenious creature, of common bread, everything was a cause of surprise and admiration. There were the Crown Jewels of Saxony, exquisite enamels, and wonderful decorations by Benvenuto Cellini, there were carvings both antique and modern, and curious figures made of pearl and ivory, and set throughout with precious gems.

This mine of wonders has been so often described that it would seem of little importance to write of it particularly, were it not for one reason. As the party, having gazed their fill at the beautiful works of art in the cases, were passing out of the last room, the custodian came hurriedly after them.

He drew the Colonel aside, and said, in low tones, that a very small, though valuable, article was missing, and that, possibly, one of the party had picked it up by mistake. "Oh! certainly, quite by mistake." It was a dwarf of fossil ivory inlaid with

pearl and precious stones, and was much prized for its antiquity as well as for its exquisite workmanship.

"Does he think that one of us have taken it?" asked Mrs. Gordon indignantly, her face flushing as she spoke.

"Well, my dear Eleanor, we are strangers," replied the Colonel; "and of course they know nothing of us. The article is missing, and we are the last persons to whom it was shown. Let us be reasonable."

"It is positively insulting, papa," said Katherine hotly.

"My dear, do be reasonable. We could send for friends to identify us, but that would take time. Your best way will be to let them look in your small satchels, and make no fuss, as we are cases of conscious innocence."

Mrs. Gordon at once opened the little bag which she carried; Dora and Violet followed her example.

"I never carry such things," said Katherine loftily.

The guide's face was full of distress; the custodian's full of anxiety. Of course it is quite needless to say that the missing antique did not come to light. Whereupon Master Tom, held in leash by Rosie, turned from the contemplation of the Court of The Great Mogul — small figures an inch or two in height, made of pearl and ivory, and set with jewels — and asked his nurse what "all dis fuss" was about.

"It's yer pore ma," returned Rosie, with a secret feeling that through Tom's sympathies she might reach the root of the matter; "see her face! it's dat red, and her tears is jes' a-wellin' ober. P'haps dey'll chuck us all in de lock-up."

"What for?" asked Tom, his lip quivering.

"'Cause dey's los' a dwarf, an' dey done say **we stole it** —"

"Ho! guess dey won't," was the quick reply; **and snatching**

his hand away from Rosie's grasp, and walking up to the custodian, he opened one hot and chubby fist.

"Take you ole dorf," said the child, disclosing the missing curio. "My Uncle Henry buy me anodder; got plenty more in 'merica."

Mrs. Gordon sank, in abject misery, upon a seat near by, and almost gave way.

"O, Henry, Henry!" she exclaimed, in trembling tones, "what will they think of us?"

"Nothing very bad, my dear, I am sure. They can see that it is only a child's freak," returned he, laughing exaggeratedly, both to reassure Mrs. Gordon, and for the benefit of the guide, who was wiping and polishing his regained treasure, before it was again locked up for safe keeping.

"O, Tom!" groaned Mrs. Gordon, as they reached the outer walls, "what shall I do with you? You mortify me to death, in some way, every day of your life."

But who could long remain angry with the rosy, bright-faced darling who repentantly kissed away his mother's tears, and promised to be a good boy henceforth, "forebber and ebber?"

"Come, Eleanor, we will cheer you up by going into the church, as I promised you, to hear the organ played. Tom will perform a miracle if he gets into mischief there."

Into the Hof-Kirche they went, and up to the organ loft. The organist, one of the famous musicians of Music's fatherland, was awaiting them, and with a low bow to the strangers, and a cordial greeting to the Colonel and Katherine, whose teacher he had been, he seated himself and began to draw such divine strains from that complete mechanism, as only a master's hand can.

The music entranced every one. Even Tom sat where he had been placed, with eyes uprolled, listening in ecstasy to the soaring, fluttering notes.

"He will sit quietly now," whispered Mrs. Gordon to Violet; "for if there is anything that Tom loves, it is music."

On and on played the master, the little circle sitting silent and enthralled by the sweet melody. As the last low sobbing strain died away, there was perfect stillness.



THE HOF-KIRCHE.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Colonel, looking at his watch. "How time flies when one is listening to such music as yours! We have not moved for fifteen minutes."

"Except the little gentleman; he stole out of the door near me while I was playing that loudest drum accompaniment."

It was needless for Mrs. Gordon to turn her head; she knew that Tom was missing. Her face expressed the blankness of despair. She rose hastily, and moved toward the doorway;

once in the narrow passage outside, the sound of voices reassured her, and, motioning to the rest to remain in the organ-loft, she passed through the corridor, and reaching the entrance to a square sort of room, she stopped on the threshold, for inside the comfortable-looking place was a lady, seated upon a sofa, and upon the lady's lap sat the lost child. He looked confidently up into the sweet eyes bent upon his own, and prattled away unconcernedly. The lady was evidently much amused with the child, and shook with merry laughter.

"And was dat your dorf?" asked he.

"What, child?" The words were English, but the accent German.

"Why, de dorf. Tom stole a dorf, but dey made a fuss. De king can keep his ole dorf. My Uncle Henry git me plenty."

At the allusion to the king, the lady laughed louder than before.

"And I suppose that you will be a brave officer like your papa?" Tom had evidently been letting his new friend into the family history.

"No; fink I'll be a king," was the solemn reply. Evidently the pleasure of owning the dwarf was not underrated in Master Tom's mind. As the lady's sweet laughter rang merrily out, Mrs. Gordon knocked gently.

"*Herein*," was the answer.

Mrs. Gordon obeyed the summons, and, softly entering the room, she found herself in a sort of box overlooking the altar, and the grand interior of the *Hof-Kirche*.

"Pardon me if I intrude," said she; "I have come for my little son."

Master Tom, in no wise abashed, sat playing with the bracelet of his new-found friend.

"And so this is your son, Madame? Ah!" and the tears sounded through the musical voice, "he is so—so like one who is gone. Give me a kiss, sweet boy, and say that you will be my little friend."

"Tom will kiss you 'leven or ten times," said the child, suiting the action to the promise, and thereby seriously disarranging the hat which the lady wore.

"And were you worried about your little son, Madame? I am sorry. I should not have kept him. And may I know his address? Ah! Lüttichau Strasse. Ah! yes; I know it well. And now, good-by! good-by, my sweetest! *Herzliebchen Gott behüte dich*;" and again she kissed the child as if she were saying farewell to all that she loved best on earth, and then, with a parting smile, though with wet eyes, she bowed to Mrs. Gordon and was gone.

"I have seen the most charming woman," said Mrs. Gordon, as she rejoined the others, leading little Tom by the hand.

"Where?" asked Colonel Bedford. "My dear Eleanor, could it have been in the royal seat!—yes—at the end of the corridor? It must have been the Princess——. She comes here often, I am told, to listen to the music; who but that young rebel Tom would have dared to intrude upon her?"

The Colonel seemed to know at once where the small delinquent had been discovered.

"A princess!" exclaimed Cortland. "Weren't you frightened, Aunt Eleanor?"

"Frightened? Why should I have been? Of course I had no idea to whom I was speaking; but my only feeling was one

of anxiety for fear that Tom was annoying a stranger. Further than that, I thought nothing about it. When she spoke I thought her like any well-bred woman of my acquaintance, only I think that she seemed more sorry than any one usually appears, that I had been troubled, and more anxious to make amends. She had such a lovely voice! She certainly impressed me as the truest lady that I have ever met."

"Cortland," said John, "could it have been the Princess that you turned back from coming in here?"

"When?"

"How?"

"This morning?" from a half-dozen voices. Cortland's face was crimson.

"No, indeed," returned he, in his most blustering manner; "only an old tramp who wanted to force her way in, and I told her that the performance was a private one."

"I remember now that there was something very peculiar about her laugh as she turned away," remarked John, to Cortland's added discomfiture.

"But she wasn't dressed like a lady," said Cortland; "just a dowdy, old-fashioned gray dress, and a white shawl and a white bonnet."

Mrs. Gordon's groan caused Cortland to halt suddenly.

"O, Cortland, Cortland!" she exclaimed, despair in her tones, "what will she think of us? Will you never learn that dress does not make a lady or a gentleman? You have described her exactly. It was the princess!"

"Don't mind it, Aunt Eleanor," said Katherine, in comforting tones, as they descended to the street. "There is one pleasant thing to remember: she will never for a moment imagine

that Cortland could be in any possible way connected with you ;” and she looked admiringly at Mrs. Gordon’s refined face and dress.

“ Ho, Miss,” broke in Cortland, who had overheard the last of this sentence, “ you needn’t be so uppish ! Do you know when my ancestors came, or went, rather, to America ? ”

“ Long enough ago, evidently, for you to have forgotten their good manners, if they ever had any,” returned Katherine sharply.

“ Suppose that we go over and dine on the Terasse,” suggested Mr. Sharpe, giving every one’s thoughts a pleasant change. “ Why not make it a real gala day, and take some pleasant excursion this afternoon ? ”

“ A capital idea,” said the Colonel enthusiastically : “ Tharandt, Moritzburg, Wessenstein ; which shall it be ? ”

Upon reaching the Bruhlische Terasse — or the terrace so named from the Count of Bruhl — which is a broad and handsome esplanade overlooking the river, the Colonel ordered a private dining-room, and upstairs, through the nearly empty restaurant, the whole party trooped, and there, in the handsome room above the terrace, they renewed the conversation regarding the afternoon’s excursion.

“ I propose that we go to Moritzburg,” said the Colonel.

“ O, how perfectly splendid ! ” exclaimed Violet.

“ Why shouldn’t some of us go on horseback ? ” asked Katherine.

“ For once in your life you have said a sensible thing,” said Cortland. Katherine made no reply, but her cheek flushed. This was more than Mr. Sharpe could endure. Taking Cortland by the shoulder, he marched him out upon the balcony.

"See here, young man," said he, "there are bounds beyond which you cannot go. If ever you speak in that tone again to Miss Bedford, in my presence, I will do my best to see that you are excluded from any excursions in which she takes part."

"It was only fun," mumbled the discomfited boy. "She teases me all the time."

"That is a lady's privilege. She teases me, too, and I am proud to have her. Now, let me hear no more of it;" then, changing his tone, "Who speaks to ride?"

"I do," shouted Tom.

There was a general burst of merriment at this.

"Yes; you'll ride in the carriage, on your uncle's knee, young man," said the Colonel.

"Can I ride, Colonel?" asked Cortland.

"Most assuredly, my boy, if you can manage a horse sufficiently well."

"Dora, do you care to join us?" asked Katherine.

"Oh! I should like it of all things," exclaimed the girl.

"And so should I," added John.

This conversation took place while the friends were waiting for the elaborate meal which Mr. Sharpe and the Colonel had ordered.

"It is a little late for breakfast, and somewhat early for lunch," said Mr. Sharpe, looking at his watch.

"All the better for our excursion," answered the Colonel.

"You have ordered a perfect dinner," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, as the different courses appeared, carried in by the heated, though smiling, waiters. Colonel Bedford was evidently a well-known customer. For such there is always a pleasant smile and a ready and quick service.

"And I advise you to eat it all, for if we go to Moritzburg, we shall be late in getting home."

"Then Tom would better not go," said Mrs. Gordon.

"O, mover!" pathetically exclaimed that young martyr. This appeal, to which was added the Colonel's kind persuasions, softened Mrs. Gordon's heart, and at two o'clock Master Tom was lifted into the large landau, and deposited upon Rosie's lap, next to Violet, and opposite his mother and his uncle.

Rapidly trotted the good horses out through the Neustadt into the country, and the ten miles of picturesque woodland scenery was accomplished before any one imagined that they had driven half the distance. The equestrians had arrived already, as, at the small hamlet near the gates of the palace grounds, the horses were discovered in the care of some grooms, and the girls appeared almost immediately from a covered arbor, where they had been indulging in that German institution, afternoon coffee. Katherine and Dora held up the skirts of their habits as they picked their way through the dusty road, anxious to hasten on and explore the beauties and mysteries, if there were any, of Schloss Moritzburg.

"Girls, you will all ride up to the Castle, of course," said the Colonel.

"There! What did I tell you?" said Katherine, looking triumphantly at Mr. Sharpe.

"You are always right," returned he gallantly; "but you know that I joined the Ignoramuses long ago, and am a very humble member of that intelligent club."

A short rest having been given the horses, the equestrians remounted, and followed the carriage up the long avenue toward the Castle.

"What an old barn!" exclaimed Cortland, as they entered the massive doorway.

"Yes; it's bare enough now," answered the Colonel.

"All these show palaces look very dreary to me," said Mrs. Gordon.

"What fearful-looking pictures!" was Dora Parker's exclamation. "I think that it is better not to have any ancestors, than to have them look at you like that."

"Look at this drinking horn," said John.

"I should call it a gallon measure, rather," said Dora Parker, as, in common with the rest, she crowded round the enormous cup made of the single horn of some mammoth creature.

"Well, whatever it holds," said Colonel Bedford, "the barons were obliged to quaff it at a single draught. It was considered a great feat, and yet if one could not manage it, he was held up to the scorn of the others."

"What a horrible idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. "How they must have dreaded an invitation to Moritzburg! Of course, Henry, there are no creatures nowadays with horns on their heads as large as that; it must have belonged to some extinct animal."

"O, no!" replied the Colonel, "I have seen cattle in Mexico, and even in Italy, with horns nearly the size of that one. Of course Augustus must have the largest, and grandest, and most magnificent of its kind, and no doubt he had the known world scoured to procure a thing which he had set his heart upon."

Some time was spent in wandering round the bare rooms, and up and down the wide dreary staircases, to gaze from the windows out over the Saxon landscape; and later, in looking

at the outside of the immense schloss, with its primly laid out grounds.

"Who was the Augustus that you spoke of when we were inside the castle, Uncle Henry?" asked Violet as they walked toward the outer gates.

"Why, my dear, I thought that we had talked him over many a time. Don't you remember that immense statue of Augustus The Strong, which we passed shortly after leaving the bridge this afternoon, and getting into the Neustadt? This is where he lived; at least, it was one of his country palaces: a sort of hunting lodge, if any thing so fine can be called a lodge."

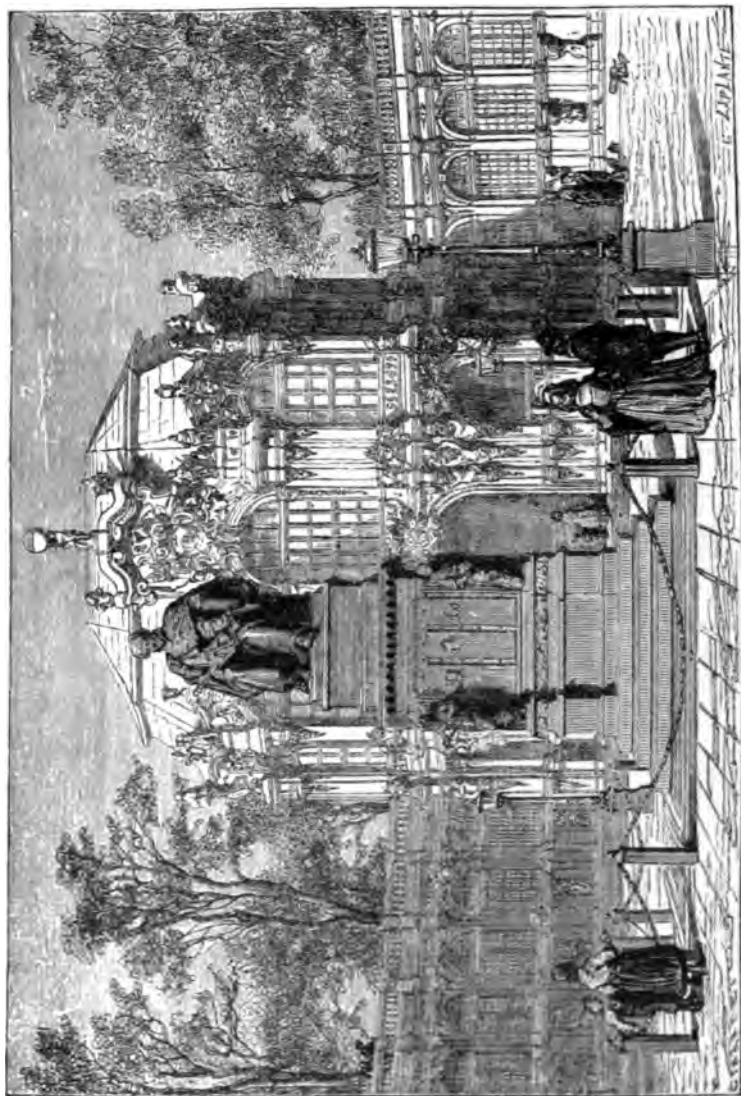
"What was he, a prince or an emperor?" asked John, who, thirsting for information, had joined himself to the Colonel's party.

"Neither, John, by name. He was Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; but he was a sovereign, and a very absolute monarch. He was pleasant-tempered, but most arbitrary in all that he did, and ruled the Saxons with a rod of iron; he was powerful and eccentric, and physically the strongest and largest man of his time. There is a story of his bending an iron horse-shoe with the mere strength of his hands, but I have forgotten the exact details. His reign was marked by scenes of wild riot and the most lavish extravagance."

"When did he live, Uncle?" asked Violet.

"In the early part of the last century, my dear. He was born in 1670, I think, but his eccentricities had not become so marked until the year 1700. There are many strange stories told of him."

"O, dear!" sighed Katherine, who had joined the group, "I am tired of his very name. You see statues of August der



STATUE OF FREDERICK AUGUSTUS.

Starker, pictures of August der Starker, palaces where lived August der Starker, and hear tales about August der Starker, until you most devoutly wish that there never had been such a creature in existence."

"Perhaps other persons have also wished it in their day, Kathie," said her father. "As I have said, he was a most arbitrary monarch. He did what he chose, asking advice of no one, apparently, and making no excuses for his strange conduct. He changed his religion from Protestantism to Catholicism."

"That was that he might become King of Poland," said Mr. Sharpe, who was walking by Katherine's side. "I don't think much of him for that."

"How do you know?" asked Katherine.

"How do I know what?"

"That he changed his religion to become King of Poland."

"I have read a little history," answered Mr. Sharpe, smiling, "long before I ever expected to see the home of the Elector of Saxony."

"His reign was, I believe, one of great magnificence," said Mrs. Gordon.

"O, yes! and of display, and lavish waste. But he did begin the collection of works of art, and pictures, which has made Dresden so famous throughout Europe. What is that story about a summer sleigh ride, Colonel?"

"O, yes, Sharpe! I know to what you allude. He was entertaining some nobles, and beautiful women, at his court in Dresden, and promised one of them, possibly that lovely Countess of Königsmarck, who was so celebrated during his reign, that she should be entertained with a sleigh ride. His nobles, probably, after the fashion of courtiers, said that they

were aware that the Great Elector could accomplish almost anything, but should he give them a snow storm in summer time there would be, in their opinion, no bounds to his power. Nothing daunted, Augustus had the sleighs brought to the door, one night, and out they started toward the Grossen Garten, the runners of the sleighs sliding over white powder, and sparkling crystals, which the flambeaux, held by the torch-bearers, lighted up, and made to shine like a diamond-bestrewn pathway."

"And what was it?" "Was it snow?" "Where did he get it?" "How did he manage it?" from his listeners.

"It was simply tons and tons of rock-salt poured upon the roads, and crushed so fine that it looked like new fallen snow filled with ice crystals; and so the beautiful Countess Königs-marck had her sleigh ride, and could not complain that Augustus had not kept his word."

The party had by this time reached, by road and by-path, a pretty pond with mossy banks upon each side, across whose outlet stretched a rustic bridge; upon this bridge Violet and John stationed themselves to watch for the carp which, the Colonel told them, make their homes in these waters.

"Look at that great mass of moss and grasses; see how they wave in the stream — those long trailing ends — as the waters rush by," said Violet to John.

"It seems almost alive," returned he, as he dropped a pebble into the water just over the object. "Why, it is alive!" exclaimed John, as, to the surprise of both, the immense green mass moved slowly off, and, as it secreted itself underneath the opposite overhanging bank, they saw the faint wiggling of a tail which proclaimed it a fish.

"One of the moss-grown carp," said the Colonel, attracted by their exclamations of astonishment; "perhaps Augustus fed him with his own hand," added he, laughing.

"I'm sure he looks old enough," said John.

The carriage now drove up, the horses were brought forward by the men in charge, and, all taking their seats, a visit was made to the *Phasanerie*, or Pheasant House, built by Augustus, and which has been kept up since his time. Tom was delighted with the pheasants, and begged to be allowed to feed them; but this pleasure being denied him he was fain to content himself in following the others through the curious little house which shows at every step some new proof of Augustus The Strong's ingenuity. Here were the most remarkable pieces of furniture: book-cases, wardrobes, tables, and even panels in the wall were exhibited, which, when touched in a certain place, quietly let themselves down into beds or other articles of necessity.

"This does not seem at all remarkable in our day," said the Colonel, "but it shows that Augustus must have possessed a very inventive mind. Wonderful presents which had been made to the great monarch, were shown. One, which Violet admired more than any thing else, was a coverlet made entirely of the downy yellow and white feathers of small birds. "And just think," said Violet, with tears in her voice, "how many poor little birds had to be killed to make that king a coverlet!"

In the gardens wonderful works of the gardener's art were to be seen: Trees so cut as to resemble birds and animals; but the most wonderful of all, the children thought, were some enormous green letters which sloped up and backward from the beholder, and made, from closely-shaven treetops, the letters A. F. A. But a few feet in height, in front, the flat green sur-

faces inclined upward until at the extreme point, that is, the top of the letters, the height was over thirty feet from the ground.

"Amelia, Fredrich, Augustus, I suppose," said Mr. Sharpe.

"Unless it is Augustus, Fredrich, Amelia. I imagine that Augustus The Strong was first in everything; but come, children, come! it is time to go and see the boars fed," called the Colonel.

"What are the boars?" asked Violet of her Uncle as they drove through the forest.

"They are supposed to be wild boars," was the answer, "but it has always seemed strange to me that, if they are, they should come at stated times, morning and evening, to a certain place to be fed. They were preserved for hunting."

"Oh! look at that lovely deer," exclaimed Violet. "See. Tom! and that sweet little fawn scrambling after through the bushes."

"Yes; these forests are filled with such game, and they are most carefully kept."

Meanwhile John and Cortland were riding along in the train of the others.

"Look at that old porker!" suddenly exclaimed Cortland. "What a shot! I should like to have a shy at him."

"Don't disturb the poor thing, Cortland," returned his cousin; "he is lying quietly there, and he doesn't trouble you, does he?"

"Well, I don't care, I want to stir him up a little," and before John could again remonstrate, Cortland had thrown his rein to John, slid to the ground, and, raising a stone, fired it at the unoffending animal. The first blow upon its back caused the

creature to start and raise its head, and snort loudly. This startled John's horse, and he ran rapidly down the road, John leading Cortland's horse as he was in duty bound to do. The distance was not great, and John soon came out into an open plain, upon a slight elevation, where stood the carriage, and where the riding party had drawn their horses into line, that all might view the interesting proceeding of feeding the boars.

"Where is Cortland?" asked every one, as the riderless horse came in sight.

"Has he been thrown?" said the Colonel, rising hastily.

"No," said John, disliking to reveal the true state of the case; "he got off for a moment." But further explanation was unnecessary, for a tearing and rushing was heard, and through the underbrush and fallen leaves, hatless, breathless, colorless, came flying the terrified boy. Just behind him trotted a large black boar, with tusks in the air, ready in another moment to plunge them into his body. There was a general rush. The keepers, who were waiting to feed the boars, ran to Cortland's assistance, and in much less time than is required to describe the scene, the frightened boy had fallen in a heap on the floor of the carriage, while the keepers were occupied in beating off the enraged animal. Discovering that his prey was not within reach, and evidently recognizing the authority of the keepers, he turned and trotted down the hill, and entered the enclosure to which he was accustomed to repair every evening at sundown.

As usual, it was, by Cortland's own showing, no fault of his that he had been attacked by the boar, and John was too loyal to tell the truth of the matter. The Colonel, however, from past experience, suspected what the facts might be, and said, as Cortland arose, and brushed the dust from his clothes:

“ These are dangerous animals for a stranger to attack. They are not entirely wild, but enough of their savage nature remains to make them very unpleasant antagonists. There is an old proverb, Cortland. It runs, ‘ Let sleeping dogs lie ;’ for dogs, let us substitute boars.”

“ All right, Mr. John. I’ll be even with you ! ” said Cortland as he remounted his horse.

“ Be even with me ! What do you mean ? ”

“ Going and telling that tiresome old lecturer all about my throwing stones at the boar,” and Cortland looked as savage as the animal in question.

“ I never told him a thing,” said John stoutly, “ if you mean the Colonel ; and you’d better not let Katherine or Mr. Sharpe hear you speak so about him. I must say that you’re grateful ! holding your horse and all.”

“ There they come ! ” shouted the Colonel, holding Tom up on the box of the carriage, that he might be among the first to witness the amusing sight. “ The gathering of the clans has begun.” For, from the thick wood, far across the wide meadow, came one after another of these peculiar animals. Two friendly, half-grown ones came trotting across together ; from the left appeared an old mother, with five or six little ones following in her steps ; from the extreme right trotted out an old fellow, who looked as if he also might have remembered Augustus The Strong. And so they kept coming, old and young, big and little ; small black boars, and those grown hoary with age ; some with long sharp tusks, and those guiltless of a single weapon. Across the fields and from the forest, up the hill, down the hill they ran, those who were in time walking leisurely along, those who were late, scampering like hungry

children late for dinner, all hurrying and crowding toward the space, where, at the appointed hour, they were accustomed to be fed. Then the great sacks of potatoes were emptied by the keepers, and the scrabbling, and squealing, and fighting, and snorting was something appalling. But it was of short duration, for wild boars make short work of civilized meals, and in a few moments there was not the smallest fraction of a potato skin remaining within the enclosure.

Remarkable to relate, little Tom did nothing to excite the wrath of any member of the party, nor did he once bring a blush to his mother's cheek. It is true that he claimed a very small baby boar, with a curled-up tail, as his own, and wept bitter tears when he was refused the privilege of taking the little pig home. But his sorrow was soon forgotten in sleep, and he only awoke to see the stars shining overhead, as the carriage drew up suddenly before the door of No. 9.

CHAPTER XI.

The true story of Countess Kilmansegge. — A message from Uncle Tom. — The journey to Nice. — Arrival. — Disappointment. — Ville Franche. — A joyful meeting.

MANY were the long and rambling walks on which the good Colonel accompanied the school children during that pleasant autumn time. Once it was to the Japanese Palace, just over in the Neustadt, again it was in the opposite direction, to mount the hill and see where the battle of Dresden was fought, and where the French General Moreau was killed.

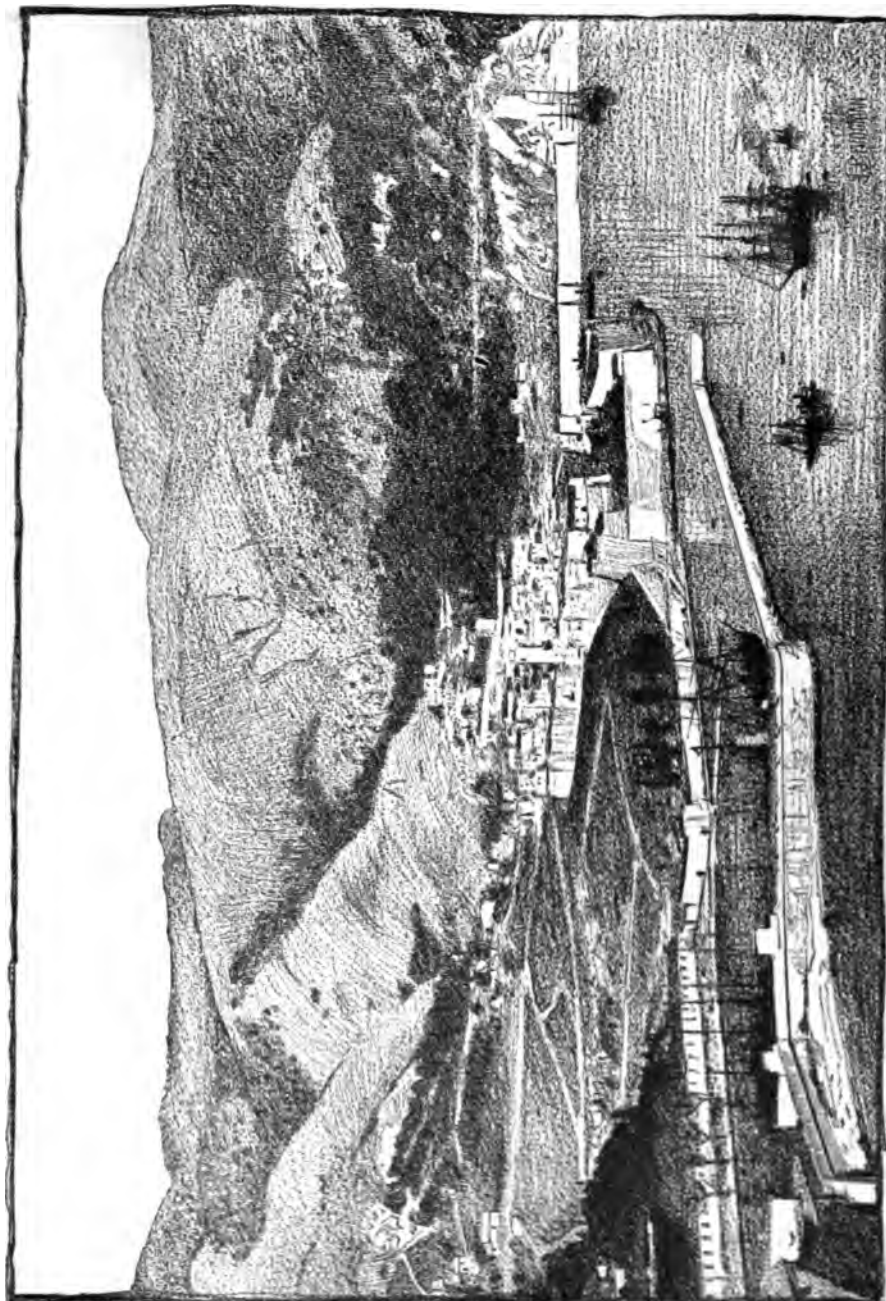
“At least,” explained the Colonel, “he was mortally wounded, as his legs were both shot away, and here they are buried underneath this monument.”

“Poor man! how sad to be killed so far from the land for which he was fighting — his own land, too,” said Violet, with ready sympathy.

“Yes; only that he was fighting as a Russian, and with the Germans, against his own countrymen.”

“Oh!” said Violet scornfully, “then I don’t feel sorry for him at all.”

Thus each day the Colonel escorted them to some new and interesting place, and told them all that he knew of its history. Sometimes it was the Great Garden whose numerous walks, alleys, and by-paths are kept so carefully for the people, for whose benefit the good old King John gave up this charming residence, turning the palace into a treasure house for painting



VILLE FRANCHE — SUR MER.

and sculpture, and the grounds into a pleasure garden for his people. Sometimes they wandered through the Zoölogical Garden, feeling almost acquainted, after many visits, with the fish-otter, the beautiful cat-like tigers, the grand old lion, recalling, as he lay there, gazing quietly through the bars of his cage, the pictures of the patient, solemn sphinx as it looks out steadily across the sands of Egypt. Sometimes they would wander through the magnificent gallery of paintings, and sit long before the Madonna, which Violet welcomed as an old friend, the very first time that she saw it, from the very fact of her having seen a fine engraving of that wonderful painting ever since she could remember anything, as it hung over the piano in her mother's parlor. Then up the broad stairs they would go, to take another look at "that lovely Leonardi, you know, John, which papa told us about on the lighthouse cruise," Violet would say. And having looked their fill at the paintings, old and modern, at the Greuze's, with their lovely faces, at Vogel's charming children, at Napoleon in his coronation robes, and at the young David so beautiful and strong, with the proud look of a victor on his youthful face, they would descend the broad stairway, and saunter out into the sunny *orangerie* — the garden court of the *Zwinger*, as the gallery is called, with its green and white striped tubs filled with orange-trees, standing each side of the long straight paths, like Saxon sentries in their national colors.

One day, in walking along the streets on the outskirts of Dresden, the Colonel, with his three young admirers — for it was only occasionally, when in an exceedingly bad humor, that Cortland failed to appreciate the kind old man's ever-ready friendship — came upon a strange-looking house surrounded by a wall. As they approached the house from a slight elevation,

they could look down into the grounds which surrounded it, or, rather, stretched out behind it, for on one side, the front, the house stood quite near the wall, and the road which ran along below it. There were roads inclosing it in every direction, and no other building beside the melancholy-looking habitation within the grounds.

"What a curious looking place!" said Violet.

"Yes; and it has a curious history," answered the Colonel. "I had not intended bringing you here, but as we are here, and you have seen the place, I will tell you something of what I know concerning it. This was the home, for many years, of a woman who lived always with the hangman's rope round her neck."

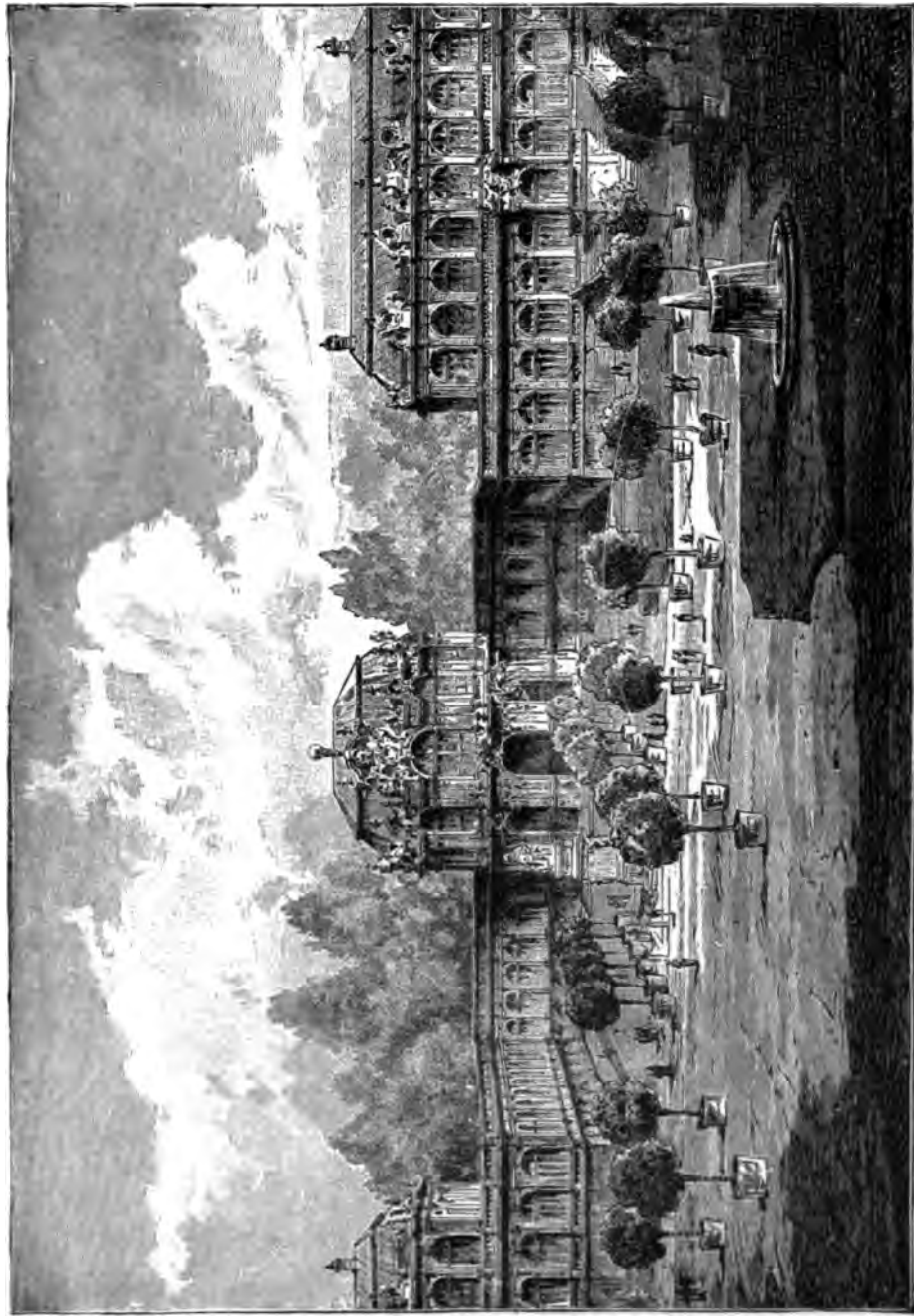
"I suppose you mean that she had done something, and lived in the fear of being hung," said Cortland.

"Hanged, Cortland," said John.

"No," said the Colonel, answering Cortland's remark, "she lived literally with the rope round her neck. But I will explain. This house was the home and prison of the Countess Kilmansegge. Now do not begin to pity her, for she deserves no sympathy from any one."

"Why, Uncle Henry, what did she do that was so dreadful?"

"You may better ask, Violet, what she did not do. First, she killed her husband, and then, fearing that her young son would discover this, or grow up to scrutinize her actions, she apprenticed him to a tradesman, some persons say to a boot-black, determined that he should have no education, hoping in this way to escape his knowledge of her life, for she was always a wicked woman; but the boy suspected his mother, and, coming in some way into the possession of the facts, he wrote an account



ZWINGER. — INTERIOR VIEW.

revealing them; when she discovered this she determined to kill him."

"Kill whom?" asked Cortland.

"Can't you listen, Cortland," asked John, "and not interrupt all the time?"

"Why, the son."

"What, her own son?" asked Violet.

"Yes; and so she had him poisoned. Wasn't she an inhuman wretch?"

"I should think so!" returned Violet; "but we read of such things so often in history. It isn't as if it came down to our own times."

"But this does come down to our own times, at least so near that I remember to have seen the Countess Kilmansegge myself."

"O, Uncle Henry! where?"

"Why, just there in that house."

"And how did you see her? Why were you there? Do tell us all about it!" exclaimed Violet, now thoroughly interested.

"It was in this way: I was a much younger man than I am to-day, and, though I was not a student, I was living in Dresden for some months, for the purpose of studying. I had been off on a tramp to Plauen — the Plauensche Grund, of which I have told you; for it was in the season of cherry-blossoms, and that part of the country is filled with cherry-trees; and the time is made a fête among the people of Dresden, and the country round about.

"I was coming home late in the day, and was slowly mounting the street which slopes up to where we are standing, my

ears full of the gay songs that the peasant girls had been singing as they danced under the trees, my eyes full of the pretty sights I had seen, the air filled with the scent of the lovely white flowers that filled every branch and twig for miles around, when suddenly I stopped and looked upward. Why, I do not know, for I had forgotten where I was. My steps were mechanically taken in the direction of Dresden and the Prager Strasse.

"I found myself in front of the very house at which we are looking. I had often noticed it, passing it by, in my long rambles, and had never seen the shutters opened. Every window was barred like those of a prison.

"But, now, as I raised my eyes, attracted in some strange manner, I noticed that one of the windows was open, that the heavy inside shutters were withdrawn, and that behind those very bars, stood a very old and wrinkled woman. Her dress was quaint and curious; but what I remarked, particularly, was the immense yellow satin ruffle, or frill, which she wore round her neck.

"Her eyes were fastened upon me, and, as I stood and gazed, fascinated, she beckoned to me, and I drew nearer. She motioned to the gate, that I should open it and enter the house. I approached the gate in the wall, and tried to open it, but it was high, and securely closed upon the inside.

"When she saw that my efforts were unavailing, she threw her hands above her head, as if in despair, then wrung them and moaned. Then she raised the yellow satin frill that was drawn about her throat, and disclosed, to my astonished gaze, a rope firmly fastened about a skinny neck, which vied with the satin in color; I saw no knot, and suppose that the strands were so

interlaced and entwined — what sailors would call spliced — that it made one continuous circle.

“All this I thought of afterward when the truth of her terrible story was told me. As I stood there looking up at that mysterious, barred window, the feeling came over me, this is some harmless lunatic who is taking every means to escape. So, to humor the poor creature, I smiled and bowed, lifting my hat courteously. This simple act of sympathy seemed to drive her almost frantic; possibly it recalled to her all that she had lost, for she began to moan, and cry, and beat at the bars with her small, withered hands. As I stood looking pityingly at her, I saw that a respectful hand was laid upon her shoulder, that she was drawn gently away, and the window closed.”

“Oh! and was that all?” asked Violet, gazing at the house as if she would penetrate the solid walls and closed shutters.

“No, my dear; I turned away and resumed my homeward walk in deep thought over these occurrences, and even after I reached my rooms in the Prager Strasse I could not settle down to my studies. Wherever I looked I saw that brown, wrinkled face, and the yellow ruffle raised to disclose the rope encircling the withered old throat.

“I studied diligently all the following day; and when, at last, late in the evening, I laid down my books, my steps were drawn irresistibly toward the mysterious house. It was late when I reached the wall just below us there. I remember that a neighboring church clock struck the three quarters, which, as you know in Germany, tells us that it wants a quarter to the hour. It was ten o'clock when I left my rooms; it was then a quarter to eleven. I had walked, — in fact, had run part of the way, — so strangely was I attracted to this lonely spot.

"I looked up at the windows: they were dark; not a light was to be seen. I crossed the little stream that flowed between the road and the wall, and skirted the place with stealthy footsteps, and, finally, I found myself close to a small gate in the wall. Why I went there I cannot say, for surely I had no intention of trying to enter the place."

"I should have been frightened out of my wits," said Violet; "just think of being alone in the dark near such a terrible sort of place!"

"There was nothing to be afraid of, my dear; unless the police had noticed me skulking near the wall, and taken me for some thief or housebreaker."

"Well, Colonel, what happened then?" asked John, impatient of this interruption.

"I stood there, John, for some minutes, undecided whether to stay a little longer and await developments, or to return, when suddenly it seemed to me that I heard stealthy footsteps upon the other side of the gate. They drew nearer, and I heard the gravel crunching under what seemed a hurried, though feeble step.

"Suddenly there was a sound close to my ear, and something cold moved against my face. I started; but it was only the knob of the door or gate which had been turned round by some one on the inside. Then there was a fumbling with a chain or padlock, and then a helpless beating against the gate itself. Just then swift and heavy footsteps came running. An exclamation of surprise was uttered by a strong young voice, and then burst forth a wail in an old and quavering treble, which struck a chill to my very marrow. 'Oh! Liberty, freedom! Liberty, freedom!' it repeated again and again.

“ Then sobs, and the sound of bitter tears came to me, and I could almost see the poor creature prone upon the gravelled walk, crying and grovelling, and imploring for her lost liberty. Then, in most respectful, though decided tones, the attendant, as I supposed her to be, told her to rise. She called her Frau Gräfin, or Countess, and warned her that she would take a severe cold, lying there upon the ground, and thus soothing and arguing I heard the footsteps of the pair die away in the distance. I lingered long, but no other sound came to break the stillness of the dark spring night, and I retraced my steps to the city. I hardly slept during the hours which remained before dawn, and as early as propriety would permit on the following morning, I presented myself before the old Count of O——. He had been my father's friend when my father represented our country as Minister to Germany; and, though I was hardly young enough to be under his care, I was, in a measure, under his patronage. I probed the old Count with questions, telling him, with great excitement, I remember, of all that I had witnessed, in which, I must say, that he seemed highly interested. He drew out of me all that I knew, but I noticed that he seemed loath to dwell upon the story. Possibly those were the orders at the Court. He did, however, give me the brief facts concerning the Countess of Kilmansegge, which I have related to you.”

“ But what did he say about her wearing the rope, Uncle?” asked Violet. her eyes as large as the typical saucer.

“ I was just coming to that, my dear. He told me that in some way the guilty woman escaped death. Possibly because her crimes were not clearly proven; possibly because of her powerful family, and her connection with distinguished people.

I have heard that, after her death, which only occurred about twenty years ago, —for she lived to be a very old woman, — among her effects, letters were found from the old Napoleon, and that his contemporary, Alexander of Russia, was also a friend of hers. Whatever was the cause of the leniency, she was allowed by the powers that be, or were, to go unchanged, but was condemned to be imprisoned always in her own house, and to wear continually around her neck a rope, to remind her of the fate which she had deserved. Also, the Count told me something which I promised never to divulge as long as the Countess lived. The executioner was ordered to come to her once in three months, examine the rope to see that it had not been tampered with, and renew it. She was a very vain old woman, as she had been a young one, and to conceal the terrible reminder of her crimes, she fashioned for herself the satin ruffles, one of which I saw her raise to disclose to me the rope."

"What could have been her motive, Colonel?" asked John.

"Possibly she thought that I, a stranger, would pity her and aid her to escape. It is possible that her confinement, and brooding over the past, had indeed turned her brain. Let us be charitable, and imagine that she was insane from the first. No one could have aided her to escape, however, for she was so constantly watched that breaking out would have been a very difficult matter; and I imagine that severe punishment awaited her custodians had she been allowed to get away. The Count told me that she was not allowed to leave the house in the day time, but that at night she might walk in the grounds with an attendant. It was, I suppose, during one of these nocturnal ramblings that she flew to the postern gate, where I heard her crying out for her lost liberty."

The young people stood gazing at the house which had been the prison for so long a time of this remarkable woman.

"How I wish that we could go inside," said John.

"I don't," said Violet. "I wouldn't go in for anything. The very thought of it makes me shudder."

"You could not get inside, John," said the Colonel. "The house looks deserted, and, I doubt not, is uninhabited. Let us leave it, as the 'powers that be' have, to crumble away unmolested."

Time passed on, and each pleasant afternoon found our young people taking their daily ramble with the Colonel, and every Saturday found them all, old and young, far away from Dresden on some never-to-be-forgotten excursion, which only the Colonel knew how to arrange to the satisfaction and pleasure of every one.

Now away they went, bright and early, to Tharandt, that quaint little town, where the day was spent in wandering through the pleasant autumn woods, or following the course of the literally babbling brook, or picnicing amid the ruins of the picturesque old castle upon the hill, or in climbing the ridge high above the valley, to see the grave of good old Heinrich Cotta, and the grove of trees which he planted with his own hand.

Again, they were found at Wessenstein, that wonderful pile of rock built as a fortress and castle combined, by the robber knights of Donau, and filled with mysterious passages, unexpected rooms, and suggestions of deepest dungeons, where one finds, with surprise, that the stables are in the third story, and the ice-house in the fourth. This was explained to the young travellers, by reminding them that they had ascended a steep curved road to enter the castle gate, which brought them to the

level of the third flight from the plain below. And now the days became colder, and the snow began to fall. The excursions into the country were exchanged for sleigh rides, and skating, and concerts in the glass-inclosed concert halls. As the weeks went by Mrs. Gordon's face became anxious, for no late word had come from her husband, and she had expected to join him in the south of France before this.

"I cannot see why I hear nothing more, Henry," she would say. "Why should he stay on the coast of Africa? I certainly should get some message! Can anything have happened?"

"Nonsense, Eleanor!" would the Colonel say, too anxious to save her pain to hesitate about interrupting. "Your letters have miscarried, that is all. The first thing we know you will get a telegram from Tangier or Gibraltar, and the next thing that we know you will be off, and we, like Lord Ullin, shall be left lamenting."

One afternoon when the ice was like crystal, and the sun shone brightly, the young people had been to the Grossen Garten, with their guide, counsellor, and friend, Uncle Henry. There had been a double concert; that is, two of the wonderful regimental bands had played alternately. The *Pfann Kuchen* had been particularly good, and they had eaten enough in the little restaurant to spoil their appetites, the Colonel told them, for anything further that day.

"Just one more turn," begged Violet, as she and John started up the long *teich*, or pond, evading a chair filled by a stout German dame, who was taking her amusement in being pushed about by a paid *dienstman*, swinging dexterously clear of the enormous curled-over tips of the skates, on the feet of some Saxon novice in the art of skating, taking the long outer roll to

the left with a far-reaching stroke ; to the right, with the same reversed, keeping time to the strains of music as they poured out upon the frosty air, turning at the end, and coming back to the entrance houses, the lights, for it was growing dark, and to the Colonel and Cortland waiting with their skates in their hands.

"In with you," said the Colonel, and they were soon covered closely with the heavy robes, and driving rapidly toward the town. Violet and the boys ascended the outer stairs cold, and, notwithstanding their numerous raids on the *Pfann kuchen* stand, very hungry. Tina, the little German *mädchen*, opened the door at their ring. Her face was radiant. Tom was dancing in the hall. Rosie was singing, and Mrs. Gordon, as she came hurriedly from an inner room, with her arms filled with clean linen, had such a pretty flush on her cheeks as had not been seen there for many a day. The rooms looked disordered and dismantled. Evidently, something had happened.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel.

Mrs. Gordon's eyes were shining.

"I know!" exclaimed Violet joyously. "Papa has arrived, or mamma would never look like that. How did you hear, mother?"

"A telegram, my dear, sent from Gibraltar. It came just after you left, and the servants and I have been packing ever since. We must start to-morrow."

It was not long before all the trunks were packed and ready for the journey.

"Oh! if you could, all of you, only go with us," said Mrs. Gordon, looking at the Colonel and Katherine, Mr. Sharpe and Dora, as they stood on the platform at the railway station, waiting for the train to start. "You have all been so good to us

What would the children, what should I have done, without you?"

"Perhaps we may join you later in the winter, Aunt Eleanor," said Katherine, blushing, as she bent over and whispered in her aunt's ear, "and then we may possibly take that long-promised trip to Madeira, of which we have talked so often."

"We most certainly will, if you say so," said Mr. Sharpe, smiling.

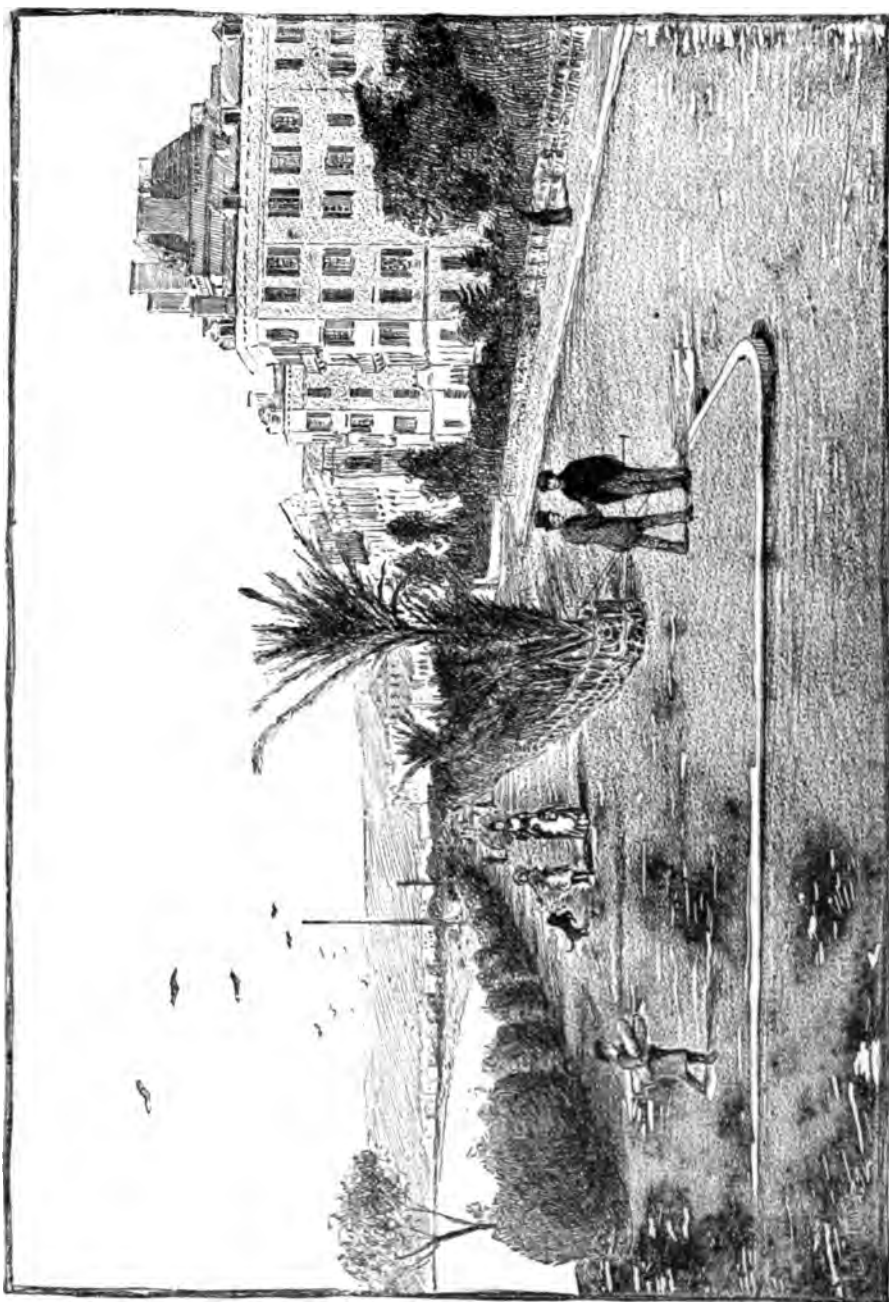
The compartment was fragrant with flowers, for Mr. Sharpe and the Colonel had followed the charming German custom of sending to Mrs. Gordon and Violet these sweet reminders of those from whom they were so soon to be parted, and the large bouquets laid in the laps and filled the hands of the mother and daughter.

"Tom," said Mr. Sharpe, raising a warning finger, "don't you touch that button," pointing to the source of previous disturbance.

"Ho, Mr. Sharpe! Tom's a big boy now," was the response, notwithstanding which the innocent eyes wandered longingly toward the ivory knob, as if the owner could ill resist the forbidden pleasure.

"O, Mr. Sharpe!" exclaimed Violet in despair, "why need you have said that? I sha'n't have a moment's peace now, unless Tom is asleep."

But why prolong the details? The parting came, and was over, but more than one eye was suspiciously moist, for the friends had enjoyed their pleasant sojourn together, and who could tell when they might all meet again? Little Tina had not been forgotten, and, seated in the corner of the railway carriage, she looked about her with wide-open, bright eyes, upon every-



PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE.

thing and everybody. Her face was wreathed in smiles, for was she not going with the *herrschaften* to see that world of which she had heard so much?

The long journey from Dresden to Geneva, to Lyons, and to Marseilles, need not be described. The eight hours from Marseilles to Nice seemed to Mrs. Gordon interminable; but when she arrived at the station, no familiar face greeted her sight, and she was forced to gather her small company together and proceed disconsolately to her hotel. Early on the following morning she ordered a carriage, determined to drive to Ville Franche and, at least, look upon the place where Commander Gordon's ship would lie. The charming drive along the *Riviera* was enjoyed to the full by every one.

"The water is as blue as that of the Swiss lakes," said Mrs. Gordon, as she gazed out over the sunny Mediterranean flecked here and there with its white sails. They were approaching the top of the last hill. As they reached its summit, and looked down at the waters of the little bay "Why, there is a vessel just coming to anchor!" said John.

"Oh! if I only knew what her name is," exclaimed Violet, in a state of mingled despair and ecstasy.

"Can't you see her name, John?"

"What do you think my eyes are made of, Violet, to see a name at this distance?"

"Well, can't you tell something about her—the shape of her hull, or the set of her sails, or something? See! they are lowering a boat! Doesn't she look like papa's ship? O, mamma, mamma! don't you know?"

"No, my dear," was Mrs. Gordon's reply as she looked anxiously seaward, "I never saw the vessel but once, and they

all look alike to me. But, see, children! is not that some one coming up from the deck to descend the companion-way? Yes, it is; it is an officer, I think, and he is getting into the boat. Drive fast down into the town," she said to the coachman in French. The man started down the hill road.

"Aunt Eleanor, don't be too certain! It may not even be the ship," said John; "and if it is, it may only be a steward or somebody, coming ashore."

"John!" exclaimed Violet, in tones of utter derision, "a steward come over the starboard side! Even I know more than that!"

"Oh! if we only had a glass," said Violet excitedly.

They had reached the little village now, and were driving towards the landing-place. An occasional glimpse was caught of the boat as it approached the shore.

"It's a gig, any way. O, mother! does it look like papa? Don't say it does, if it doesn't!"

"My dear, I will not say any thing," was the answer.

The boat was hidden from sight again, but it was only for a moment. Oars were trailed, and up the ladder ran some one in uniform. No need to wonder now, for it was Uncle Tom's quick step which rang out as he rapidly walked across the landing stage, and Uncle Tom's bronzed face which gave back the welcoming smile to those dear ones with whom, after so many months of separation, he was once more reunited.

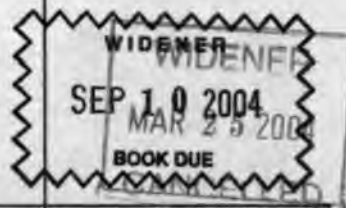


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